

Royce Da 59, What We Do

yeah, still u lame
? is beef, im your heiness in the streets
i can honestly comepete
wit any nigga, feel the pain
my odyssey discreets
beat a nigga, steal his chains
no diamonds in that piece
i been chillin on yall for years
now u hard? i got scars bigger than your individual carreers
who the f**k is Denaun? he dont even write rhymes
actin like you rhyme harder than who? the Kon Artist is you
no you just spoken up and now the heats on you
nigga you must be smokin' or jokin'
slim got 50 and now its time for change
shady records lookin like a broke down dollar, you gotta be ashamed
and damn, you cant even stop it
slim got 50 cent, the rest of you niggas change in his pocket
dont you niggas see? he let you come and get twisted
you dissin me? you niggas is unfinished business
f**k is you niggas tryina be?
on every other niggas nuts in the industry, you find and meet
from busta rhymes, to jay-z, to nas, to me
couldnt see me if them niggas wrote you a rhymes a piece
niggas is hiding in the streets, lie for me
its funny 'cause they paint a picture like i be in tons of beef
be out every night fightin, provin shit
jealous ass niggas, i aint gotta prove shit
that means you could die from the felt response
fear my next move, like Eminem huggin on Elton John
except yall playin carreer russian roulette
there'll never be another d-12 album, whatchu bet
who aint eatin? im a star
nigga on my 4th deal im so full im feelin fatter than bizarre
minus the shower cap and them dirty ass nikes
minus the stud, minus the ugly ass wife
yall dont know what it takes to win
nigga ill spark witcha boss, we made each other show up late to the gym
so i said that you niggas is whack
that nigga asked me my opinion, its the truth, dont call me for that
niggas step up to the turf, everybody think yall whack
what... you gon' write a diss record to the earth?
you niggas is gay statistics
the whole world know who the broke ass group wit the radio hits is
long as niggas is takin ya pictures
you just dummies, you less money than slim spends on Hailie for Christmas
i know slim sees the mistakes that he made
treatin yall like dre treated hitman and lady Erade
even them niggas is smarter than yall
niggas the cloth that i wipe my f**kin gun down with is harder than yall
ya hustle is over the rhyme bout is through
i got ya coach on the sideline touchin his shoulders, time out!
its over... its over...