

# Black History

Royce da 5'9"

DatPiff dot com, world premiere  
Trust the fucking shooter

Soon as I was born I knew I was due to do some damage  
Came out the womb, doctors passed me around the room and panicked  
Four pounds, dark purple, couldn't even breathe on my own  
Shakin' baby in an incubator  
Breathing machine for my lungs  
Doctor told my mom and pops they gon' have to keep me for a couple months  
Papa regretting doing coke, mama probably those couple blunts  
Little did they know there was nothing to be ashamed of  
As long as we keep the unconditional love between us  
I feel like the Mona Lisa  
Hospital found out my pops had a lapse in his insurance  
I learned just how people are quick to turn  
The doctor came back and said "we gon' release him"  
That's the same thing in my first deal the label head said  
Same as the judge after 365 days in jail cells  
You probably think my moms and pops ain't raise me well  
Wait, please, I was hard-headed  
The only person who could get through to me was maybe Jay-Z  
They tried to give my autistic son medicine for ADHD  
Same kid who could look at a piano and memorize all 88 keys  
I learned everything I need to know at day one in the hospital  
They gonna doubt you, nigga  
And you can't even pay no one to care about you, nigga

As we proceed to give you what you need  
My name is DJ Premier  
I'd like to introduce to you Ant Man Wonder  
On behalf of Bad-Half Entertainment and Works of Mart  
PRhyme 2 is coming

1966, March 21st  
In July 17th, '61 marks the birth  
The birth of two phenoms  
I'm talking about Chris Edward Martin and Keith Edward Elam  
This is for the real Gang Starr fans  
Not the ones who call us P-Rhyme  
One come from Massachusetts, the other from Texas  
Had a dream to become the next shit  
Filled up his whole truck trunk with records  
And moved to New York  
That's where Premier the god linked with Guru the lord  
If ever duplicated, hell froze  
And there was a blue moon before it  
And that shit birthed Group Home  
Freddie Foxxx, inspired shit like Jay Z, Nas, B.I.G  
I'm just comin' clean like the Jeru song  
Yo! MTV raps, Rakim in the back  
Fab 5 Freddie in the hat interviewing Chubb Rock  
Pac in cut with his boots and juice on  
Pac still killin' to this day, still the one they tryna be  
Y'all know I'm from Detroit  
I'm digging in the crates, now I'm from the diamond D  
I ain't wit show biz  
I'm just AG tryna sign me a Fat Joe deal and go and ball

And every bitch I got OG is on call, that's O.C  
Bitch, I confess that I finesse  
I smile at death like Malcolm X  
I'm solid, yes, in '99 I told myself  
If I could figure out how to bottle it I'd be out of debt  
Y'all niggas just novices  
Y'all can just move inside  
I got that car pedestrian confidence, yes sir  
I got that Uber Drive  
Y'all wanna know who the best is  
Look around at who alive and who done died (Then what?)  
Then look at me, Kendrick Lamar and Pusha T  
Em and the Slaughters  
Y'all don't have to look any further for the rhymers  
Y'all are the past, at the present time I'm the future  
Cause all my competition tryin' be designers  
I'm just tired of being underrated by these lazy bloggers  
They just tired of re-rewinding  
Y'all tired of me saying I'm the greatest? (Y'all tired yet?)  
Fuck y'all, I'm tired of re-reminding  
I survived Vietnam and my city laid me a grave  
Prem laced me boom-boom-God-damn with Lady of Rage  
Since then I've been on my Jaimie and Rae  
Nobody seeing me  
She douche, I give her dick she never forget, that's D and D  
Prem cut  
Come on back with me, this black history