

## Bomb 1st

Royce da 5'9"

Bomb First niggas  
You gotta hurt niggas  
Put in work niggas  
God made dirt niggas  
It don't hurt niggas  
Drama ain't certain niggas  
But death is  
So you gotta go and get 'em!  
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So somebody gon' get it!

Nigga get in ya car, if he pissin you off  
Get him, I don't want to picture you pausin, 'cause  
With you from the peddle to the floor  
From the shevel to the fo' fo' the devil only showed up for show  
Turn this up, turn off your phone  
And leave the "you want to talk peace?" at home  
Faces corps or face them in court  
If you don't face 'em you gon' pay yo safety is short  
I got a babe to work for the courts  
I'ma license plate number away from the front of your porch  
Or the side of your house, the product of a ride or die is about  
I'm the opposite of a lot of mouth It's strange y'all repent  
After saying my name I'm about to change it like Prince call me  
The skit master, beef with the street trash  
The leafs the trees, grass at ya pad, he's mastered  
Squeeze faster, instead of beatin his ass  
Just let 'em have it and you can be the last one standing

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At night or in broad day, drive by or sitting in the bushes all day  
However you hunt (go get 'em!)

The K the are, the Pump, the Hand Gun, get it however you want  
Park in the front, get out, walk and then dump  
Pull off slow leaving no tire marks in the front, go

The go-rilla, know he gon' leave footprints  
So he gets his shoes the size a soul bigger  
I learned niggas will turn on you young  
Just as the gun misses it hits shit, hence the term killa  
Stop lights are not at night it's where you get chopped up  
If you stop, nigga maybe the cops might  
Surround through and fast forward his life  
Blow noodles on hi sdash board nigga no excuses  
I seen plenty survive, weighing 185  
In a land where the skinny niggas die  
You gotta

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