

## De-Elite

Royce da 5'9"

Once again relax, it's just music.  
Niggaz right here, show you how I do  
Niggaz right here, show you my crew  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah

Fuck a team like you who swing like you  
We block shots in the ring lightning  
Rock hot rocks kill, get the cream still  
Blasphemous mind ill steal rhyme skill  
Nas couldn't rhyme for this, Nickel-Nine will  
I go through, cool out, blow a whole crew  
Cool out bro, out-glow a whole jewel  
We bout to blow up, got your nose up  
You could catch a blocka-blocka try to stop or hold us  
And your block a whole bust, live news  
Ride through with one girl and five dudes  
Best crew in the D, niggaz best move  
All you niggaz gun sleep and your vest used  
Niggaz bluffin, bore me, nothin for me  
The only overlord me, only glory, you reach!  
Wake up and smell the aroma nigga you sleep  
The contract is out on The King, nigga you breach  
D-Elite - Jah, Cut Throat  
Billy Nix, Little, Nickle, Cha, upmost  
Respect dawgs, expect your neck cut rope  
The barrel of the Swiss, whole tec up close  
If the block was any hotter I could start a cult  
I was trouble the minute my momma's water broke  
You never see the weak destroy me, I'm focused  
I was raised by a postal employee, need I say more?

State ya name gangsta!  
Tre' Little don status hold my dick  
Say ya label push the date back now that's what you get  
I came in this game like it's more than rap  
Dog, I'm tryin' to destroy the salary cap  
The Source is happy we came six covers its covered  
That'll last about May, June well into the summer  
Why talk about different colors for various coupes  
Shit green fart Blue, ooh clever you  
Help me ma' I'll take a shot at any one of y'all  
Got mami droppin' draws before the first phone call  
We some gangstas study the ten crack commandments  
Stay big worship Hail Mary that's how we live  
Lay low good guys catch you with a hook I, know why you lie  
Ya crew aint quite like mine  
Spit it like ooh my, these labels like ooh my

State ya name gangsta!

its the C-H-A, say it wit me niggas Cha Cha Cha  
Y'all Cha Cha Cha  
You cannot lie or deny these niggas aint rah rah  
Put the barrel on the bridge of your nose and turn you cock-eyed  
Steppin to us not wise, told you how to get live  
Go in depth best with the finger next to the index

Such threats expect five guys, five techs  
Make they gats all sing in unison like a quintet  
They don't say whodi, son, dun, or youngn  
You can owe em and say hi and they greet you like "Hey Guy"  
What up though Nickel, Jah, Tre', X, and Cut Throat  
My brethrens all veterans all throwin up sevens  
When we rock hits to the sky throw em up to the heavens  
Us and crews clash no more we built it from poor  
Me and Royce hit and restore what we were buildin before  
So add a million sold or more when I get at you whores

State ya name gangsta!

Cut Throat the living threat street shit to blueprint  
The guideline rappers sideline until they bow down  
Them little guns y'all blow I stay on the low  
Rap like this and work the scale like "So"  
Take it to the gutter we could duke or shoot it out  
Switchblades pump gauge, whatever you about  
Burn you to ya hood we could bang for the work  
For the building or the blocks do the thang to the dirt  
I'ma FUCK-in fool crews DUCK and move  
Stay in a FUCKED up mood one FUCKED up dude  
When its hot I, breathe in the heat don't even sleep  
I be knee deep in the beats that made me  
Certified gangsta specialize in Duct Tape  
Let you know how many fo' five slugs ya gut take  
Show ya favorite thug how to be a thug, top that (NIGGA!)  
Turn ya favorite drug into another drug, cop that (NIGGA!)

State ya name gangsta!

Jah da 5'9 speak and shake rhyme great history made  
The street gangsta city flow race against time  
Never sign for cash my hustles the shit  
You feel the breeze push past you get a grip  
Millennium game, earth tone keep it in range  
Close to the grey I rock fake niggas shouldn't doubt us  
Surrounded by crooks, full clips and fine weed  
Choice clothes my mind blocked seein fine foes  
Long nights bust those in small Christ  
Niggaz playin themselves just thinkin we rhyme alike  
How would you fight me I'm like ten families strong  
Manipulation by song relate to it niggas  
Henny on the rocks toast to the real in God we trust  
Calm gladiator song navigator  
Them whole blocks gotta story tell  
All of a sudden seasons change, your welcome

State ya name gangsta!

Billie Nix black man is here listen close  
Spittin just to niggas, X address the niggas  
Most niggas don't see right see light like its darkness  
No guns in sight no might for the heartless  
We run ya mics you write like you retarded  
No offense but ya flow is slow and dense  
I know my niggas hearin the D ya smellin this  
You smoke that what you wrote while broke, yellin rich  
Didn't know you shoulda spoke while broke sayin poor  
Then biggie up kick in the door play it some more  
This is the evolution of emcee who dissin us?  
Gettin Rah stick up nigga hand me ya listeners  
Get a job we here D-Elite touch it

Matter fact, niggas is wack, wall street fuck it  
X government agent remember yo name  
Remember yo game you niggas wont be spittin the same, motha fucka  
State ya name, gangsta!  
My God!