

Dinner Time

Royce da 5'9"

Aiyyo Royce Da 5'9"

Why you wan' share your food with these niggaz?

We don't share food in the recession

Bite these niggaz like you bite the microphone

Livin legend inside of a Smith & Wesson slidin out of the barrel

I'm fire, don't try me cause I am HOT!

Police cars with they sirens combined when I'm rhymin

Sayin they got a call that somebody 'round here done fired SHOTS!

Mac-11's in order, the flow is like water

Each quote's a quarter of blow, the chorus is followed by the DOT!

Goons, goblins and creatures and monsters are bouncin

And beat ya and stomp ya and eat ya, don't get swallowed by the BLOCK!

I pay a shrink every week to basically tell me

"Lay here and speak to me" just to say how psychotic I am NOT!

I'm too fly with the viral and physical copies, niggaz sloppy

Look up what you under, I'm what you tryin to TOP!

I'm scared and compared to no man, I'm like the big hand on Big Ben

I get in and I'm hittin my numbers 'round the CLOCK!

I'm 'bout to give it back to my nigga Busta Bust and have a seat

It's convenient I'm already coppin a SQUAT! [echoes]

Nowadays when niggaz walk around

They start to look like hamburgers and frankfurters

Aiyyo Royce Da 5'9"

Feed on these motherfuckers homie, c'mon!

Take him, gut him and take out his organs and smorgasbord him

The more important he is I'm toe-taggin his BEAT!

Turn him to chicken chowder, dip him in some sniffin powder

Season him with gasoline and THROW his ass in the CREASE!

Mention my name in a record I'm a come get you lyrically

Individually I'm a take it back to the STREETS!

Cannibalistic mentality, rappers hatin, decapitate him

Rap 'bout what I naturally happen to BE!

Flow is superb and you heard us forget it, two verses

Two murders acquitted, personally it's a wrap, CAPICHE?

Fingers snappin and tappin they feet, clappin what happened the street

'Bout to happily bring it back to the D!

Niggaz claimin harder that all of this time

Niggaz believe him until I see him and then slap him and SEE!

I ain't havin it, havoc is average to me

War's normal, only thing I'm havin is havin a FEAST!

Royce Da 5'9", you my dawg and I'm yo' dawg

Bein that I already sic'ed you on these motherfuckers

It's yo' turn to sic me on they ass

Let's go!

Every time that I marry the rhyme and the beat

I go hairy and grind in the street then I'm fuckin up E'RYBODY

Mobilizin shit like we gorillas and peelin your skin

Like we banana peelers, it's hazardous if you copy

Don't you know that I'm one of the coldest courageous, the boldest contagious

Ain't no one can phase this thing that I do

Well you know since I report the latest that niggaz can't fuck with me

Cause I'm the greatest, my shit is sick like the FLU
You see I'm animalistic, the cataclysmic events
That'll happen whenever I grab the mic and talk
Indeed them bag us specifically that I'm hickory dickory dock
Of this rizzy, the diddy bop in my walk
Now I'm the messenger to set the temperature nigga
Whenever the heat will be needed to hot the block up, I'm sayin
I got the dillinger, Harry Kissinger with the ratchet
The fact is I'm back with the clack and the click, see I ain't playin!

Why oh why oh WHY!
Royce Da 5'9" please tell me why!
Why the fuck these niggaz gon' let us get together and do this shit to 'em
It's so fuckin unfair!
Shit is so unfair!