

Flesh

Royce da 5'9"

Baby! Baby!
Damn, slow down a little bit
I just wanna get to know you baby
You know what I'm saying?
I don't wanna bite you, it's all chicken except for the bone
Shit, I'm just
Hey, I'm getting a little money out here
I just wanna spread the wealth
You know what I'm saying?
I got, I got money, I got credit cards, I got PayPal cards
What ever you want to do, we could do EBT
You need groceries?
Shit baby, what you looking at?
What the fuck you see over there?
A Unicorn?

Niggas sweat bitches
While bitches sweat the chill nigga in the sweats
If you don't get no respect
It really don't matter, you could be Louis Vuitton'd up
You might as well have on Von Dutch and Tommy Hilfiger with a debt
I don't do dirt, I don't call scenes
I send niggas through to leave a mess

I'm a real nigga in the flesh
I will find a bitch in distress
I will make her feel so alive
Then beat her with the dick of death
Real nigga in the flesh
If shit ain't right between us
We will leave a nigga left
Real nigga in the flesh

I despise rapping niggas
Y'all niggas fly private, I come sky jack you niggas
You disrespect me, I'll get on board with three Ks out
And go to your PJ's pilot
Tell him I need those jet's keys like I'm DJ Khaled
Seems like every artist out there snorting coke and smoking base
I just opened up the briefcase and dumped out the contents
To close up an open case
If my soul shall rise, I'm a lift the hood up like Tray Martin
I'm a clapper, they targets
They trappers, I'm a convict slash escape artist

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I'm p-o-p you d-u-d
You bark up this tree, I'll make you turn over three new leafs
You live right by the code or get left like three two three

I'm A Tribe Called Quest, I'm the new G
I'm here going dumber than Tweedledee
I'll these youngin's wanna redo me, like these movies
Cause I'm so Pablo Escobar-esque
Elephant in the room, never out my element
Oh, always on my P's and Q's like RSTUV
Ah, never tell your in-tell to a gent who's intelligent
Cause he'll tell a friend who'll then shall attempt
To turn bullets into shells to spend, and turn humans in skeletons
Yeah

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I'm breaking now cause I'm dating goddesses
The haters tried but couldn't feed me salt
Cause I seasoned all them
Now I'm raking dollars in
Say goodbye, I'm finna take you outta here
You can't deny it, I'm the H in igher
Here the four door Porsche or whatever vehicle
I nigga like Lincoln couldn't survive without made it out and over four scores and seven years ago
I know time flies by, yours tick-tick-tick
Mines whip-whip-whip like eleven layers ago
My flow so heaven sent
When I go to heaven, I'm a go "Heaven here you go"
I'm a go tell God "I know I promised that I'd never steal your flow", I lied
Ain't nothing like side pussy on my dick
Word to that motherfucking DJ Quik
Bunch of girls wanna have a bunch of relations
Even when the nigga wanna be they friend
I learned that faithful women need they men
They don't really wanna leave they men
They just don't wanna get a phone call
From another chick saying where he done been
If your 'bout to leave better ask yourself questions
Like "fight for her? Why?"
You better step up and fight for her like you're fighting for Hawaii
You motherfucking B.J Penn
I'm a real nigga in the flesh
My wife almost left me but she ain't do it
I don't like the way ex-wives sound, that don't got a ring to it