

# 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 scor  
es 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