

Flow Boy

Royce da 5'9"

Yes, bitch, they call me the flow boy
I'm dope, I'm about dough, I'm a dough boy
The mag light up like a glow toy, I let it go
I got a couple skeletons in my past to show...
... The mag light up like a glow toy, I let it go
I got a couple skeletons in my past to show for it
No disrespect to Mr. F.A.B but nigga
I ain't never really been out flowed by no boy
You food look just right, I'm a eat yo porridge
Even though I'm full as a motherfucker, like no storage
I kid you not, I spit too hot, to diss you
Man I should go out and challenge a blow torch
Respect no boy, except maybe Bun B
I'm from the place with the area code shady-1-3
Fuck?, I'm in some new jeans and, guccis
Rockin a District 81 tee
I ain't sayin I'm a ladies man all I'm sayin is
Nigga I don't want every lady that want me
So do the math nigga, they be like "Damn Nickel
You be runnin through hoes like you a shoe string"
I tell you 2 things, 1 don't ever disrespect me
2, call me God, like you from Wu-Tang
I put a bullet inside you cause the truth ain't
Your record deal advance to me, is loose change
Nigga is you sane? I'm the shit, I don't smoke
But I been known to light up a square like butane
The fame made me wait, but not the hoes nigga
I done fucked mo' than Big Daddy Kane in '88
So tell ya man to get back cause the dogs with me
They obedient, I lift a finger up on my hand they attackin
I like my hoes fast, I like my cars fast
Fuck it, I should just go out and date Danica Patrick
I manufacture a maniac rap if you askin
Put life back in hip-hop then put it back in it's casket
Fuck peace, you try to dap and bury the hatchet
Then I'm a clap you and find somewhere to bury the ratchet

The flow boys in the buildin tonight
You know I(flow boy, go boy)
The flow boy's in the buildin tonight
You know I(flow boy, go boy)
The flow boys in the buildin(flow boy, go boy)
The flow boys in the buildin(flow boy, go boy)

And yeah, ain't nobody true as us
You ain't gotta like me
I like me enough for the two of us
Don't compare me to the best rapper alive
I contemplate suicide to be compared
To the best rapper that died
I'm chillin with them boys in the hood, like Cuba Gooding
I go to the place in the hood that you shootas shouldn't
We do the case and you do the bookin, like the police
Speakin of them, we reason they do the lookin
I'm the label, I do the songs, I do the pushin
So I'm sittin ontop of the world, while you the cushion
I clean pussies up, yea I do the douchin'

I'm Bill Cosby's tea spoon, and you the puddin
My cousin I've is crazy, all I gotta do is wave
And yeah, it's bye bye baby
I'm higher than Wayne and I rhyme like crazy
I shoot a niggas ass with the 9 like gravy
I sound like Shady, I keep a dime like Halle
In the dark brown cream gut klondike savings
It's like my kidneys compensate for what my liver couldn't
I'm a wolf, to kill me you gon need a silver bullet
Any one of you niggas fuck with me then it'll heat up
Ya'll do niggas beats, I make niggas get a beat up
Any nigga step up, I'm a make him step back
With either that tech black, or the .50 caliber
Glow plated desert eagy, that's for whoever rebellious
The cartridge to it lookin like the Legend of Zelda
Born winner, rhymin like there's two horns in em
After I win the battle rap I'm a blow your
Mothafuckin head off, so you can call me a sore winner
I'll fuck with the game, the rest of ya'll give a fuck
About to much shit, me I don't give a fuck about nothin
I don't give a fuck about shit but the outfit
My name fall out your mouth, I'm at your house quick
You don't want them boys at your crib about 6
Ready to let out a clip like rap about this
My crew like your audience, they clap about shit
We sick, we don't be fightin nobody we probably
Fight eachother whenever we drunk, that's about it
Approach the enemy with caution, born leader
My identity is bossin, aw, ain't he awesome
I been on the? nigga, no homo
My dick get hard when I feel on the trigga nigga
Murder every verse, my rhyme is like a heavy hearse
Each word is deeper than cemetary dirt
That fully automatic I pull it and let him work
Do him a favor and spray his head, I ain't go let him hurt
You better watch your mouth, cause I could knock you
But I'd rather get a glock, somethin to talk about
I'm in ya bushes with the ump thump and ya'll about
To dance with the one night stance soon as you walk it out
Give you the after life, you gotta smart mouth
You a dick and a pussy like you were hermaphrodite
Assassinate you this evenin this here assassin night
Have you weezin, you and Eddie Murphy could laugh alike
The Revival, you could call it the Preme project
But it's violent, you should call it the pork and bean project