

Gone (The Return Of Malcolm)

Royce da 5'9"

This shit right here is called The Return Of Malcolm
Don't take it too personal. Listen close

I feel like I'm at the height of my jump while y'all pivotin'
While y'all visitin' I'm livin' here, ball in a year
The hundreds and fifties in cheeseburgers
The twenties is balled up
You lookin' for singles they all in the air
The hundreds of bitches that we murdered
We ain't literally speakin'
We just team up and we squirt all up in they hair
Give us some coke and a promise
Give us some nut in the throat
She suck till she spittin' up coconut vomit
Get it?
Pardon me miss
I'm just fed up with the way the system is set up
The shit that they had me livin' in prison was better
Rhymin' perfection
Is it a set up?
To give me a year in the county around the time of election?
Or should I just shut up?
Zip it or kick it?
Try to get you to picture the vision
Lyrically, this is my petition to picket
Free me or, eventually see me
The heat in my belt hangs an inch from my pee pee like a key to my cell
To censor me is to censor my CD which inspires me
To spit what will eventually be the key to myself
Times is changin'
Everybody's Gods the same
But they minds ain't
So I talk about they kind is dangerous
Blacks against Affirmative Action sounds as insane
As the war in Iraq while Saddam is hangin'
A dead man's a dead man
Ain't two of a kind
You can't break me
I'm head standin' doin' my time
It's nothin'
My crew bakin' my bread while I'm jail
Had niggas buffin' my boots and makin' my bed
Time will tell who down to bail
If you gettin' down and how wild your arms will flail
When I bomb I unwind like I'm a spawn from hell
The only shots you takin' are those that evolve from shells
(The following name has been edited to keep the peace)
Something is on your mind then nigga say it
You scared?
If I was tryin' to X you out then you know you'd be dead
You need beef with me like you need a hole in your head
You little Stone Throwers
You signed-to-a-label-ass-niggas ain't sayin' shit till you own yours
Whenever them triggers is buckin'
I got to write a label to Trojan requestin' them niggas to up it
Cause my dick get bigger
My balls get larger

To a size that my drawers can't swallow
For y'all it suicide
The verbal amphetamine
The [?] is cold place, inserted with Ketamine
Spoken, they pulsate
Earthquake
Houston we got a problem
I'm settin' your turf straight
Your troops I private piles 'em up
The holocaust (cost) you pay is Hitler's
Way
You dis me, and get merked for Christmas
But the curse if gift less
I'm the first to spit shit
From a podium
Go to your local church to get this
Y'all sell chickens I only serve the biscuit
Leave your blood on the street
You get curbed with blisters
Chicken noodle soup your brains, let it rain
And I clear it out
All the vets say I'm official
And you can ask Diddy
But now that I'm doing time like Shyne
Nigga I'll probably "Press Play" on a pistol
Political prisoner
Got ammo around my torso like Rambo
Banana around my waist like I'm a gorilla
It's time to apply my pace now on the fo' rilla
Bandanna around my face like dead prez
Statik Selektah

Take a breather
You are now ridin' with a flow the fliest
Selassie inside
Who Jesus chose
Who Hov inspires
Extreme formula in this chess game
Accept change
You the king
We the queen corner a
Best thing spittin' since a geyser
The methane rhythm, it's supplier
Written with the fire
Doused by the best team
With him when he ridin'
Out
Cause the check flame when it get divided
Bout
Niggas livin' through decisions
Learnin' ain't givin' you the business
Quittin' is a privilege
Suited at a funeral, killin' any witness
Over dead prez's
I'm here to view the digits
Clearin' out the air space
Pointin' out who ain't dead
Gods gift to this world
I'm going out with reindeer
Comin' back and bang ya
Leap Year is a thang of the past
When I return and spring from my ashes
Like a deranged angel

Who came cause you asked
But I ain't here to save you, I came for your ass
It's sorta like the reaper
Blowin' at your concert
We write through the speakers
Knowin' that it's God's work
Rap is a prison that'll trap you in freedom
The contradiction of your past
The after you see Him
I don't have to proceed with no master's degree
To change the art
I came and waxed the museum
I saw, I conquered
I paused my disc to do a bid
So y'all can spit bout how you do it big
Nigga is you grown or you a kid?
You trash
And don't make me blast
And turn your dome into a lid
Open your mind
Put led in your brain
You dope for your time
I'm ahead of your game
The door's open
And I'm in it
I'm so focused
You still focusin'
And when I'm finished you gonna be hopin' it still opens
Maybe I lucked up?
Either I'm straight crazy or slavery got a nigga fucked up
Eminem and Kramer
The minimum will blame 'em
The average nigga got the word spinnin' in they chambers
The average nigga raised by the average nigga, aye
It's the average nigga way
To say "nigga" with an "a"
Riddle 'em and hit 'em with the K
Let it speak when he fiddle with the trigger
Let 'em kill 'em with the say
Sodom or Gomorrah
Which one are you the more of?
Chevy's sittin' on 30's and 20's on the Saurus
Fiendin' for that spot
The money bout to burn a hole in my pocket
So I got to extinguish that with a "Blao"
Put it out with a Phantom
Bring it out on the block
With no driver
Hoes, y'all wanna drive or not!
I gotta peel the peddle
A lot of troops done died
Why deal with the devil, knowin' I got a truce with God?
Gotta peel the peddle
A lot of troops done died
Why deal with the devil, knowin' I got a truce with God?
I gotta peel the peddle
A lot of troops done died
Why deal with the devil, knowin' that I got a truce with God?