

# 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?