

## Gun Harmonizing

Royce da 5'9"

"Somebody lift me up, yeah  
And give me a hannnnnd  
Give me a ride, I'm sliding off the highway  
There's a curve in the road  
I don't know when I'm going, crazy"

Verbalizin my fiend murder  
Communicatin while you debatin usin machine squirters  
Brrap, that trigger's my tongue, I let you lick it  
Nigga that, fo'-fifth'll, lift a nigga, whole clique up  
The Lord call for your soul, it's time to go pick up  
Answer the horn, it's blowin at you, you cold stiff up  
My heat, heatin my whole hip up, all we do is court strippers  
Your metal freezin like it's a morgue zipper  
I (I) ride around with Preme  
Not the Preme from Queens, but the Preme from [? ]  
'Bout to change the game, 'bout to fly the desert, eagle  
For y'all people like the wing's the clip, and the barrel's the  
beak  
My perilous fleece, I'm a throw on them diamonds  
I'm a pharoah deceased, like a spawn was rhymin  
And, I would advice ya not attempt to  
New "Temptations", the gun harmonizin

Every bullet's a note  
I write with a firing pen every time the, trigger pull it's a q  
uote  
Inside a poof full of smoke  
Sniffin lines of that gunpowder I'm hotter than a pair of boots  
and a coat  
And a turtleneck  
The best rapper alive could be the best rapper that died, a mur  
derous  
If you ain't get it by now I'm suicidal  
I'm wild, a nigga better than me is who I ain't heard of yet  
So I ain't murdered yet  
He ain't even been born, his momma's a virgin, she ain't even f  
urtile yet  
Prepare to get back - next time you take a shit  
Stand and turn around and look in the toilet then compare me to  
THAT  
Don't compare me to none of these motherfuckin  
Wannabe hustlers tough until they standin in front of me duckin  
It's off with yo' head nigga 'less you one of them Dodgers  
We sound off as one, we gun harmonize!