

## In The Presence Of Wolves

Royce da 5'9"

Yo Tre', you gon' spot me or what?  
Let the games begin  
Jah 5'9", where you at?  
Round one (CHI-CHI GOT THE LLELLO!)  
Yeah, real niggaz on the prowl, HOO!

You's in the presence of wolves, let go your goods  
I smell your blood in my neck of the woods  
Fuck around with us and get found on your neck in the woods  
Give him respect in his hood, don't mess with his crew  
Niggaz be, salty as pretzels when I'm in the Lex' and it's movi  
n  
Invadin and steppin in my shoes is a definite intrusion  
I'm exceptionally cool, never expect to be under pressure  
Or rescued, definitely only sweat in the BOOTH  
I'm officially fuckin you up with, nuttin but wit  
A blizzard is frozen, hidden under the clothin  
Listen, you lyrical nothin you, you touchin who?  
When it was wrote, you spit it, you thought you ripped it you l  
oved it  
It's like, the sun is above us when the wrist is uncovered  
Like, all you gon' spit is blood or kick is the bucket  
Like 99 percent of you niggaz that rhyme SUCK!  
This is, the point of no return, I'm stuck

Yo, yo you fuck-head niggaz ain't makin gangsta music  
I make music for gangstas, it's therapeutic  
You wild out to it, let the guns go too  
Spittin out, skeet out, smoke a blunt to it (ERRR!)  
Fake niggaz don't dare, it's too real  
Have you doin drive-bys on my command, NOW KILL! (UHH!)  
Go on, sniff the chi-chi, rock along with me  
It goes - guns, murder murder live in Rock City  
You knowwww - don't let you get beside yourself  
It's just a, terrible thing to just lose your health  
Look wrong, don't speak, just lose your wealth  
That's the truth baby boy - shhh, quiet as kept  
They games we play, official