

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 movin
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 loved 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