

## It's Tuesday (Intro)

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, you scared ain't you? Haha  
Relax.. it's just music  
(It's Royce 5'9!!)  
D-Elite, Jah 5'9, Royce 5'9  
Cha Cha, Cut Throat, Billy Nix  
My nigga Tre' Little, my nigga E  
The Rock City niggaz, we in a world of our own  
Don't you wanna come ride wit us?  
Come ride wit us  
Yeah, ride wit us down in Seven Mile  
Niggaz with Rock City tattoos on they forearms  
Niggaz throwin they sevens up wit..  
Detroit D tattooed on they hand  
That's how we do.. niggaz'll die for this shit  
Time to play.. check it out

Aiyyo, sit back, smoke, the joke is over, you woke  
This is pure provoked "Murder", it's over "She Wrote"  
I don't know how niggaz manage to sleep  
Wake up! The clock radio done panicked the streets  
Say somethin! I been waitin now hand me these beats  
I'm simply a branch of the Slim Shady family tree  
That'll snap - D12 first in line of the wrath, I came last  
Bout to put my size nine and a half, in the game's ass  
Once I hit the booth I swooped on niggaz like "Whoosh"  
Two-bit niggaz, coupes, and figures we rule  
I been viscious, dissless and from one track to the next  
I was gangsta when rap was nothin but the hats with the X  
I sat and watched album for album, niggaz flop  
Niggaz went from pro-black to Italian, I was hot  
I worked my fuckin ass off, hopin to blast off  
Now I'ma let y'all see me, like when Ghost took his mask off  
Give you more run for ya ones, packin a full clip  
Rapper niggaz come witcha guns, don't bullshit  
I'ma only give you wild shit, rap with a mild pitch  
Only clever with that occasional style switch  
Y'all niggaz play around on the mic, that's why I'm bout to lay it do  
wn  
Savor they way that you soundin tonight  
Because, I listen to y'all niggaz records on Fool's Day  
Now crack open and bump my shit, it's Tuesday!

It's Royce 5'9!!  
This nigga know he too cool  
But don't ya know ya too smooth  
I really love how ya do  
It ain't no other like you  
You better wake up, he's coming...