

Knuckle Up

Royce da 5'9"

What? (Knuckle up)
Yeah.. (Whatchu say?)
Hush (Uhh uhh, Royce Nickel-Nine)
Yeah, we represent Detroit Rock City
(And we'll FUCK you up!) Yo, yo, yo!

You're fuckin with a straight-up menace
That'll run inside your apartment complex and start sprayin tenants
I stick bastards for a wealthy scheme
Punch through your chest and snatchin out your self-esteem
Stabbin your spleen, precise like a javelin team
Grabbin the green, quicker than a crack and a fiend
Quick draw, faster than it takes you to blink
I spit thoughts, faster than it takes you to think
You catchin a sink, drownin in whatever you drink
I'm huntin you down, bustin at your leather or mink
I'm meltin your ice, I'm heated in your average rink
Lockin it down, and rockin like I'm trapped in the clink
Slappin a freak, trappin every rat or a fink
Fast with the ink, blast you out your hat or your link
Shatter your teeth, every time you chatter or breathe
Unravel your cream, Detroit it's ether that or the bing
Hush, I get madder and mean
Matter of fact, all of y'all get splattered in three - pieces
Just your body and arms in shirts sleeveless
Beggin for Jesus, before your heart collapses and seizes
Who needs this, crush the fine line
I'll be on the phone callin my boys and 5'9"
Detroit city cats that are born with nine lives
And I use that are yours, you better shoot me nine times!

Knuckle up! If you see us cop a plea and duck
Knuckle up! (When you see us in the streets in a truck)
Knuckle up! If you see us droppin B's in a buck
Knuckle up! (When you see us in the D, nigga what!)

Uhh uhh.. yo yo, yo
I done took more bitches off more niggaz hands
And, more niggaz ran from po-po's in a van
Stick to my word so I don't threaten niggaz no more
If I make you a promise then it's safe to say that it's honest
My guns, tired from being fired, while yours sit on the shelf
I'm like a sole concept in itself
Chokin my weapon, burnin your vest
In 2G, rap niggaz learn from the best and hope to be set
Knuckle up - I don't depend on my toast to spark
Wrap my fingers around your neck and let the chokin start
I'ma be on top pissin 'til I soak the charts
You don't like me but I'm still here like Rosa Parks
A flow is a flow, so - lo and behold the art
I listen to you and go, "ehh," on your dopest part
I don't do these open mics, I tear shows apart
Whodie I'm a +Hot Boy+, you get roasted dark
First nigga to hit the flow is smart
Last nigga that hit the flow you 'bout to see him and his folks depart
Bling bling - chain glow in the dark
More flooded with mo' ice, cold-blooded with a frozen heart

He's not street smart, he only knows the park
But we can share this rap pie long as he knows his part
If you was even close to smart, you know I roll with sharks
and dogs that bite and only supposed to bark