

Off

Royce da 5'9"

I'm signing off on this  
On the same ones the treasury prints  
With every intent to see niggas dying off of it  
I signed to Sony  
A couple of years after the NBA signed Kobe  
And he about to retire  
So if anybody see Don Lenner  
Make sure you tell him I ain't lost it yet  
Somebody tell Tom Silverman "Hi" for me  
Look in the sky there's a fly sorcerer  
Eye-balling me from of a flying saucer  
And my mind is like a full clip  
And my competitions' magazines are running low  
Like the Source and Vibe offices  
Since '99, Hip-Hop been like my orphanage  
Got dropped a lot  
But every time I signed I got a million  
A&Rs and exec's were telling me I'm not appealing  
Try to turn me into Nas, I'm not him but I forgive you  
This is a Boy Marley  
Bob Dillon spiritual vibe that I'm feeling  
These scars are time healing  
Clearly you lost  
You tried to put me in a box-how dare you  
Try to minimize a lyrical God?  
I'll godzilla these walls  
My prime's no time near  
I'll improvise till my ceilings  
Get wizard of Oz  
I'm the illest alive  
I'm the rose that rose  
From the concrete with the thorn  
And when I'm gone I shall live in a vase  
Me and Porter just handling business  
Boy we came a long way from blasting cannons  
And having to throw 'em in trash cans  
Dismantling shipments  
I had the manager shift at my day job too  
I laid down rules  
No gas station past 8 mile  
Past eight or late drive-throughs  
Maxwell tap, you play the whole B side  
You flip it over and hear the whole A side too  
Now we got iCloud and FaceTime basically  
To knock down the grape vine  
Make way as the chaos ensues  
Niggas safe and ratchet calling themselves bosses  
But they not  
They David Hasselhoff  
And they bay watch  
But I'm cool  
Nowadays my life be lavish  
Who I'm out with tonight  
It might be a model or  
Might be an actress  
She might be a ballerina  
She might do plays

She might just like theatrics  
She might be famous  
I must just pipe her for bragging rights  
She might get mad at the paparazzi  
For flashing cameras at her ass  
As she covers her face  
As if she's dabbing  
She might be dragging  
Meet at some uptight fashion show somewhere  
Where people like Madonna and Bono go  
I might take one look up and down at the clothes  
And say, "Hell no, It's time to go."  
Come on it's time to go  
I might fuck her on the kitchen table  
At her crib in the Hamptons  
I might lay her down gently  
I might slam her  
I might even fuck around and yell domino  
I soldiers sound off like "you got a pair."  
I'm a real nigga  
I done lost a lot of friends over the years  
I've been losing a lot of hair  
Been told that I'm out my mind  
But if you only knew what was inside it  
You too would choose to stay out of there  
I take my hats off to the addicts  
Going through something tragic in their lives  
Shit even I backed off the madness  
I had to take some time off the rap and realize  
Now how do I stop being underrated?  
How do I get props like, let's say, a Drake?  
But I rap with the skill set of let's say  
A Black Thought or an Elhzi  
If Jay Elec can bag a Rothschild without an album then I can come back to rap after doing some jail time  
No one cares about sales now  
They care about Facebook status  
It's all about gadgets and getting fatter than hell  
And consuming shit like them Patti LaBelle pies  
Like lunatics, speaking of, I knew this chick  
Who used to just be happy to make it out the hood to see me  
Then she got on some fucking [?] shit  
She's starting asking me to do some shit...  
(Record fades to close)