

Protecting Ryan

Royce da 5'9"

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Back when I was a teenager

Me, my brother Vish, and My brother Greg was playing basketball at the court

There was these two niggas in general that just kept fouling, just fouling, fouling

So I went up for a lay-up, I'm like "ball nigga!"

God damn, they talkin' shit, I'm talkin' shit

He jumps up in my face

So I throw an overhand right and a hook

Bitch! 'wham! wham!'

This nigga falls to the ground asleep

All you see is Z's, birdies, stars, you hear all that shit

And then I run up on the nigga that he was with that was also talkin' shit

I said "what's up"

Soon as I said that, this nigga Vish just threw the basketball and hit him in the face hard as fuck, 'boom!'

Now if he was about to say something tough, he must have just changed his mind 'cause that nigga turned around and broke running

All I heard that nigga saying was, "I don't want a problem"

And right when I was thinking to myself, 'where the fuck is Greg at?'

I'm reminded of why I never call him when there's a problem

He got this thing about protectin' Ryan, he just kinda overdo shit

So the next thing that happened in my mind, went like this:

Greg flew into the picture, possibly from out of the sky, I think he was wearing a cape

He landed in front of me like 'duhn duhn dah duhn'

With a knife in his hand, with the handle taped up that he had been keeping

under his front driver's seat in his car the whole time and nobody knew

This nigga just blacked out and started swinging the knife at the dude I dropped

'swoosh swoosh swoosh' "I'mma kill you mother fucker!"

And start cuttin' the nigga

I had to grab him like, "Greggy, what are you doing? Don't kill this nigga!"

The whole park just went silent

And then the silence gets broken by police sirens

And all you hear from each way is people going, "Greg throw the knife on the roof! Greg throw the knife in the pool! Get rid of the knife, Greg!"

And he drops the bloody knife right in the grass

I look at him, he looks back at me

Prison bars just come in between us and surrounds him completely

My mother and father just outta nowhere pops into the picture

And I said, "You ain't have to try to kill him Greggy"

My mother and father, "Why you have to try and kill him Greggy?"

He said, "I was protecting Ryan!"

And then he went to prison and started writing letters home

"Dear Momma

I'm so sorry

All I was doing was protectin' Ryan"

And then he came home

"Ryan got a record deal, did you hear, Greg?"

"Yeah, I deal with a record everyday that I got for calling myself protectin g Ryan."

"But you ain't have to call his wife a bitch right to her face"

"See here we go again, don't nobody never see my side of the story. Everytime I turn around, y'all either defending or protecting Ryan"

I think I get it now

Thank you for protectin' me
I wouldn't be where I'm at today if you hadn't protected me
Thank you
Thank you for teaching me how to rap
Thank you for teaching me how to scrap
Thank you for sacrificing your life so I can have a better life
Greg, is that what you want to hear?