

## Right Back

Royce da 5'9"

My arms are heavy, knees weak, palms are sweaty  
Niggaz wanna see me gone already (uh)  
From this song on to song, you bout to be swept away  
Yesterday is long gone (uh)  
I took some time, to redefine my style  
I, kept my cool, summers behind the clouds (uh)  
You lames can't put me in the same category as a rookie  
Nope, my name ain't new  
Rappers can't push me, as high as I can  
Push myself, you not inspirin (uh)  
The stolen spot is open, I chose to not, listen  
And I don't even know what's hot or we dissin  
Or who's consistent or who's nice or not  
Who's on top, or who's wife is sniffin (oh)  
Or who's meltin soon, to be failin  
All I know is the way, the streets felt bout "Boom"

Regardless, nigga pump yo brakes  
Ya car is movin fast, we will lump your face (yeah)  
Regardless, me and Cash will come  
And take yo ass away far, nigga don't play (uh)  
Regardless, the M-I-C  
We kickin ass and takin names, you can't ID (uh)  
Regardless, me and Tre is comin  
Out to play wit you today, it's curfew

D-Elite! we comin wit the lightin and thunder  
Under the rain, to pump it, you need a jeep! (uh)  
You need at least some speakers, while ya glued  
To ya seat, from cruisin, while I creep through ya system  
I'm gon' be heard, as God is my word  
Deliverin the kind of murder, KOCH don't deserve  
The real will cop it, every label in the world  
Look out for me, I will kill yo roster  
(Yeah, yeah) I will shut this shit down!  
And on top of that, I could fuck yo bitch now  
It's hard to believe, that Columbia couldn't market me  
To do numbers like D-12 at least!  
I played myself, for radio play  
I never dance, but the skill it self, is a second chance (yeah)  
I'm BACK wit two's by me, start the beef  
I'm bout to part these streets, like "Bruce Almighty" (uh)