

## Second Place

Royce da 5'9"

Nickel, tell 'em what it is  
This is a world, premiere

Look, I'm in a zone for rilla  
In a freezer with Medusa  
I'm fucking a stone-cold killer  
You bitch-fobbing, I'm insiding,  
I tell your kids this. Daddy's been doing more  
Dick-riding than Carrie Wington  
I'm very venomous, you very innocent and  
I will send a monster to your house!  
Call him Harry Henderson  
Oh my God, I was just in jail  
Then the devil caught pneumonia, and it made me sick as hell  
You niggas counting me out can get the riches still  
You're all in the Matrix, should've picked a different pill  
You about to see how far that Paul Rosenberg'll go  
The height of my game is like a DeMar DeRozen vertical  
No one understands me, only one sicker than me is 'em  
I'm into DMC, runs in the family

Why that nigga gotta bring 'em name up all the time?  
Man, You wouldn't even be rich without that nigga!  
Shut up fagot!

I come to embarrass y'all rappers  
I should run a marathon backwards so I could  
See what second place look like  
"Too many sick niggas nickel bring the remedy"  
(Make it real clear)

I come to embarrass y'all rappers  
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See what second place look like  
"You not ready for the raw deal  
It's all real, kiss the ring, be gone"

I'm the magnificent  
With the sensational style  
My wedding with the streets got the cake but no vows  
I'm arrogant as fuck, who cares?  
You suck! Rappers talking about "We the best"  
Have been to Paris too much  
Who hot? who sick, shit, I'm like a Thera-Flu slush  
Y'all ain't fly, y'all fallin' slow with the parachute up, up  
I'm a face-slapper, niggas sleeping on an outfit  
Call us "Tailor Gang" except we Wake 'n' Bake rappers  
Slaughter Yelawolf, responsible for haters' actions  
Y'all on Gilligan's Island, find a greater Captain  
Ha ha! victory laugh. Even my photographer's happy  
Picture me mad I feel well, ya bitch suck my dick  
I nutted on the floor and let her stand there  
Crying over spilled milk

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My swing's like chains on a playground  
I bust fly plus I'm about to put some wings on a Greyhound  
My theory is you lie and drink beer  
I ain't hearing you so you must be from Liberia  
I wave by like Hitler  
Hundred round thumper bullet-proof what?  
You gonna need an underground bunker  
I aim where you should go  
I put my whole life on the net, even my weapons  
I am Bazooka Joe  
We the shit, nigga eat a dick  
We'll make 'em eat his words  
We the stones, he the sticks  
I'm going yelling "Shady" everywhere  
Smacking these bitches with they lipstick  
And the baby with the Teddy Bear  
To you and your man ain't gonna be no  
"Taladega Night" I come to crush on y'all  
And y'all don't know what to do with your hands  
Nickle-Preme, killing team  
Add a different dealer every day like a fickle fiend

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