

## Something 2 Ride 2

Royce da 5'9"

This is a little something to ride to  
Kick back and just catch a vibe to  
I pop me a pill, I drink me another drink, if I was you

I got the flyest arsenal  
Clip filled to capacity, you can call me the fire marshal  
I'm ape with shit, I'm on my gorilla thing, thing  
Me and Preme, you can call us the guillotine team  
We chop off heads, pop off lead  
If it pops off, we spendin that rock star bread  
We doin numbers like the box office  
Nigga you ain't tryin to box, then stop talkin  
I got niggaz from Watts to Boston  
From New York to the Chi to Austin  
So even if my eyes is off ya, other eyes is on ya  
That belongs to them killers that's gon' ride up on ya, bong (bong)  
It's gasoline in my tongue, Patron in my kidneys, weed in my lungs  
Trigger on my index finger, handle in my palm is ringin my animal alarm  
My mind is on Hannibal Lec', demand the respect  
I'm takin your life unless you hand me a check

I've been around, seen some things, sexed a lot of girls  
I did my time but in my mind, I'm still thinkin it's my world (woo-ooo)  
(I got my finger on the pulse of this music shit, I'm the truest  
(woo-ooo)  
Now tell me who this sick and you can swallow everything that's comin  
Through this dick)

Reignin King of the boom bap  
Bomb strapped to my chest askin "where ya goons at? "  
I'm old school like a StarTek  
On a voyage like Star Trek  
Me unemployed is far fetched  
I'm hot, I got corduroy flow  
You can picture but can't shake it, the Polaroid show  
I book niggaz for shows and put niggaz in comas  
So I hope that you niggaz is roamers  
'Cause my niggaz is Ryders like Winona  
But we just tryin to have a "Good Time" like Willona  
I'm a zoner, all I do is zone out like a stoner  
As far away as Estonia  
I'm a sucker for a good suckin  
So tell ya bitch that's it's best if she investin with this good luckin  
Mami would you rather fly over niggaz heads or keep your ass in the  
Hood duckin?

Pardon my French, talk English  
Steal your job, the discount is the five fingers  
That's why Preme is the head not King  
My drive's on my toes, I got my Bedrock swing  
"Street Hop" is a culture  
I rock with the vultures to make bread with the opposite toaster  
I'm Py-reckless, I'm kitchen, equip sickenin  
And my neckless is glistenin, it's expensive  
So don't mention your ice whenever you mention my rhymes (why?)  
'Cause my pencil is priceless  
So what you runnin for?

Nigga I'm comin for you, if I'm the hyphen, then you the underscore  
True and I'm lawless packin  
I ain't no designer but I got a flawless jacket, whoa  
After (Boom), this afternoon  
It's night, night, when me and Preme come back for more