

# Something's Wrong With Him

Royce da 5'9"

Uhh, yeah, my conference calls with Los and Kino consists of  
(Nigga, tone it down, there's way too much killin')  
Of course I ignore 'em, a poor man talk  
I don't give a fuck if I throw my poor fans off  
Pathetic war done entered my brain  
And permanently changed me now I'm angry  
So fuck a metaphor, fuck hip hop, hip hop sucks  
You got, niggaz on top swingin' from 2Pac's nuts  
It's like, I could go in the lab and try to write  
Somethin' that's nice or bright  
But I will be holdin' back my scripture's in the dark  
Deep rooted soldier inside my soul  
Uncontrollable temper like The Hulk's  
My wife don't like my album, it's way too dark for women  
She say it sound like I hold grudges  
She rather listen to Joe Budden's, no disrespect aight?  
But fuck a party now and everybody like  
(What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin')  
(Every rhyme you spit is violently put)  
Lethal but I have no problem  
With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up  
I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you  
I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you  
(Something's wrong with him)  
(Just like his pops he don't give a fuck)  
(If you like him or not, he's a major problem)  
I will slap yo' ass in church  
And apologize to Jesus later, punk  
Why am I hot and you not and why is you rich?  
And why I ain't got shit in my pocket but lint?  
This ain't rap no mo', this not a flow  
This is beef, there's a couple street niggaz that got to go  
My name is Nickel, I'm from the suburbs  
(Yeah)  
It's only a ten minute drive to come and get you  
(Yeah)  
Tired of you hoes, I will slap snot side ways  
Outta ya nose, partnah  
(Partnah)  
I know we got drama but I will still show up  
At your funeral and hug yo' ugly ass momma  
Everybody wanna know why the flow is so bad  
(Why is you so mad?)  
Everybody askin'  
(What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin')  
(Every rhyme you spit is violently put)  
Lethal but I have no problem  
With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up  
I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you  
I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you  
(Something's wrong with him)  
I'm a natural since I wrote Black Girl  
I hope that you don't think that I won't smack yo' bitch  
'Cause I will clap her if she happen to be witchu  
When I kill you  
You can get ideas, nobody compares you thugs  
I will put out the bub on top of yo' head

This .22 rifle, be shootin' them bouncin' bullets  
The enter into your head and exit out yo' foot  
Ride off as soon as my clip turns, you click  
And them choppers is lookin' for eyeballs  
(Yeah)  
You could bring yo' roughest, toughest thug  
That's jealous, just tell him to touch me, I will fuck him up  
I will knock his ass out  
And if I can't beat him I will grab my heater and pop his ass  
Fuck yo' life, stripes I will shock yo' hood  
And I ain't never dyin', knock on wood, whattup 'Los?  
(What's wrong witchu nigga? Every song you killin')  
(Every rhyme you spit is violently put)  
Lethal but I have no problem  
With puttin' this gun down and beatin' yo' ass up  
I was taught rhyme from the heart, they will feel you  
I like the dark, you cut on them lights, I will kill you  
(Something's wrong with him)