

The Banjo

Royce da 5'9"

Die, bitch, die, hoe
New God flow, no I go
Diablo, why, hoe?
Why, bitch, do time tick?
Think about it, you die slow
If not you die quick
I'm sicker than Theraflu
Wickeder than a kick over headstone
Sippin' on redrum
After I'm finished just swimmin' inside of the dead pool
After I'm finished just inflictin' on the guy a despicable head wound
Nothin' is important, but to import tons
On my fourth run while I'm eatin' lunch with my forked tongue
I swing this motherfuckin' barrel loose
I don't fuck with knives, nigga, I'm Sardo Numsie
Y'all niggas call the police on my people regardless
Rock a bye with my piece then call it Keisha in Harlem
I'm the highest of all beings, my eye is the all-seeing
Dribblin' fireballs with lion paws for my audience

What if the Devil played the banjo?
What if he invited you out on the dance floor?
There's one of six million different ways this can go

Ayo, your fishscale Fisher-Price
First shot killed a nigga, but I hit him twice
My trigger finger itchin' like it was lice
Sent the white in a pot with the ice, whipped it nice
Hurricane whipped the whole slag
Fiend hit the glass, hit his ass, you know the math
I toe tag me a nigga, you know I spaz
I throw a bag to my young nigga, he'll get it over fast
G-wag, 24 karat
Silencer on the Mac 12, you ain't even hear it
Lightning strikin' on the Neil Barrett
Fuck nigga don't get embarrassed
Fuck your two Sarah's out in Paris
Bitch nigga, your life, you better cherish
Ten shooters show up to your show just to air it
Griselda, the dinner place swingin'
Body in the Bentley truck, shit reakin'

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(So go fast)

Eyes are the windows to the soul, what your secret is?
Once had to battle the reaper, and I ethered him
No tellin' what I'll sing on the mic, he got reefer in 'em
Ghost guts, I can see a ghost, and speak to 'em
Buildin' with the dead like every other night
And I never write a rhyme, I recite my other life
You thinkin' this a verse, but it's more of a testimonial
So flow, up in the zone, only the lonely know
Thinkin' I'm geekin', but I'm reachin' my dead homies, though
Told 5'9 if I have a nine to five

I'll line rappers with the nine and rob em five times
Every day, seven days a week, call it crime time or
Thirty-five licks, nigga, that's a prime rhyme
Fightin' Bruce Lee's demon, but I'm agin' like fine wine
You don't understand me
Cause you don't stand under the code that mean family
Ghost is uncanny

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