

Trust The Shooter

Royce da 5'9"

Long live the one who got the gun in his hand with his own plan
Long live the grown man with no gun but still he knows the land
Long live the one truest
Death to the one foolish
Long live the one who ain't gon' say shit, he just gon' come bump into you
Death to the man who loves himself less than he loves his fucking jewelry
Long live the man who gon' be the street judge and the fucking jury
Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' Ruger
I don't give a fuck who he is, trust the fucking shooter

So many flows, so many flows, so many flows
Niggas close so many, so so many, so many doors
Nothing brings a nigga to his senses like a fucking bustin' Ruger
The rabbit got the gun now, nigga
Trust the fucking shooter

Nigga I'm focused like a motherfucker
Niggas with me loc'n' like a motherfucker
Pencil barrels smoking like a motherfucker
When we a rogue shit we chip and dale your whole clique
We put you where you folks is
Nigga shoutout to GDs
And Chirag, I rock with the D's Gs
On the car lot like keys please
And anywhere you hope to be is hopeless
Cause we in the posted like a motherfucker
Shoot the funeral up, to the pulpit, podium
Obituary, smokin' like a motherfucker
Y'all emotional gangsters, 2016 Emo G's
Millennials, from the means streets of beefing through memes tweets, and emo
jis
And Blogs
Sleep on me, I'mma see to it that you see more Z's
When there's beef I don't call niggas
Niggas call me and when they call, call the police
If he ain't grow up wit us
We'd John Doe 'em
We John Doe
A nigga quick
Leave his frame tore up, shit
Even Jane Doe her if she with him, Jane Doe a nigga's bitch
But I ain't aim for it though
Gun powder and cocaine for my cane corso
I came into your home
Openin' 4-4's
Even though I came in full clothes
Death in the air got me laying mo-low
You could pay for protection
Whoever you with when you disrespect payin' for it, though
The lord is my shepherd
All the people is sheep
Call me the anchor
I come from the bottom
I'm deep when I speak on the violence reporting the evil I see
I know what you thinking
Here we go, another song about a nigga who got a gun but it's not
It's a song about a nigga who don't got a gun getting shot

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Trust the fucking shooter
For you back out make the moves
Shit I've seen this happen a million times
Uh, right, long live all the hustlers that come and cop with straight cash
Long live the plugs that show love, but still got class
Death to the ones get it on their arm and run off with cash
Long live all the goons who get half just to find their ass
Line your fast, you could never minute past rapidly
Long nose, think sneeze at you
You know a nigga sinus bad
Ten nine, you never mind to rag
I sit and wonder how much mind you had
Long flight, had the time to lag
I came from cross the road, to cross the globe
To off the load, to get all kinds of bags
Proceed
You know when I go I OD
Me and my Co-D
Like Orenthal and AC
Roll a Fonto
Got the Bronco lit
Uhh, four-fifth
One four-fifth
Seatbelt strap
Eyes focused

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