

Wait a Minute

Royce da 5'9"

Wait, wait, wait a minute
Wait a goddamn minute
Wait, wait, wait a minute
Wait one fucking minute
I'm looking at your year end list
You're choosing rappers you're friends with
Who be rapping what their friends did
Toolie ratchets and extensions
Wait, wait, wait a minute
We done already heard their best shit
We already got the message
They on a lean, molly, Percocet trip
Think I found what real success is
Running around here since "The Message"
Forty pounder full of death wish
Money counter full of blessings
I sent a cannonball right at the cannon barrel
Through your wall, closet, through your damn apparel
Through your grandma chair, through your granite counter
Topping, I ain't tryna stop it 'till you standing on the doorstep
Of the man upstairs, nigga, you're next
Wait a minute, nigga
I've been going crazy on these records way before Flex
This the bad half Shady vortex, armed in navy warfare
Y'all done bar them Bailey boys
Best to back the fuck up or get smacked the fuck up eighty million different
ways
If I say it's fuck the world then the world's getting fucked
Eighty million different ways
When I'm finished with it
Then the world's gon get the AIDS like some 1984 sex
This the traumatize your favorite rapper year
This the homicide related racketeer
All I'm tryna hear today is trap and drill
It's all downhill from here like Jack and Jill
Wait, wait, wait, wait a minute
Wait a motherfucking minute
I'm giving all my hoes an ultimatum, she my mascot
I'm just tryna motivate her, I'm just popping shit
She just getting ass shot
Like a Soulja Boy home invader
I get a whole clip to all my haters
Just so I could go and get exonerated
Wait, wait, wait a minute
Wait a motherfucking minute
I watch you niggas go tool up
I'm Compton menace on school bus
It's documented, boy, prove what?
Been dropping gems since I grew up
I got to feel this void move, bruh
The target's been destroyed, boo ya
These nerds rapping for attention
For a word from Vlad or Akademik
Prefer to slap you over engine
I merge rappers for the Guinness
Wait, wait, wait a minute
I know you heard I'm back in business

I'm going harder than Tha Carter X
I'm birds flapping independent
I'm tycoonning through the pressure
I'm typhooning through this weather
I might do a nigga beat for 'em
Give him back to him a little PHresher
Got the cash holding on line two, brink trucks noise on one
Casanova with the rifle, fuckboy, don't run
I'm live from it with the streams
Buying guns and getting beams
You guys coming with your teams
It's feeling like iFunny with the memes
I flip the blade like "say something"
Around dough like Rajon
Let you rip the stage
Then I come and rip the stage down more like Trey Songz
Category slaughter gang shit
Feel me, nigga, this is God hustle
Phantom or the 'Vette, Tammy Lahren, Charlamagne shit
The odd couple
Wait, wait, wait a minute
I'm prime away from fucking mating with her
I bend her over, stick her on the expensive car
Tyler fucking Creator with it
You a lame, you from Twitter fame
You had a chain, now it's your nigga chain
Face down on your computer keys sleep
Closest you gon' be to laying in your name
Body bag after body bag
Leave a trail laying in your lane
I'm Cold Chillin' on the record business
But I ain't saying I distribute Kane
Wait a motherfucking minute
You popping molly with the actors
I fucked the baddest of the white bitches
I'm Talib Kweli with the blackness
I'm Mos Def with immigration
Ladies on top of ladies
I'm most def with immigration
Babies on top of babies
Wait a motherfucking minute