

Wait

Royce da 5'9"

Shoot...

Trust the fuckin' shooter

Being feared goes farther than any part of me having respect does
So I play to the tune of my own eardrum
While I'm out on my quest, love
I don't speak on behalf of myself, but my impeccable rep does
Christmas morning I remember waking up wishin' I could just go to sleep
Cause we only got like two toys a piece
I ask my pops did he do more for me?
He said "yes, I got you clothes and heat
And let you keep a whole two rows of teeth"
Ha, I'm royalty
I took whoopin's, I took losses, but no defeats
Been dropped, and been shelved with no release
Been in jail, no commissary or relief
But God looks over me like a cross and rosary
Rifle in hand, I let niggas have it, I won't hesitate
Writes on the cans in the cabinet "section eight"
My son got on them three-fifty boots Kanye West is dressed in bape
Askin' me questions 'bout gettin' to second base
Uhh, wifey textin' SMH, house phone ringin' off the hook
Conference calls from record labels, guess I'm late
But, my other son's autistic, he wants my attention
This might just be my defining moment, let them wait

It's my time now, nigga; let them wait
Pick up the phone, tell 'em hold; let them wait
Old friends comin' to they senses tryna' reconcile
After I fell out with them, well fuck them niggas; let them wait

Wait, I'm here for that green, for that mula
You scheme, I see right through ya
I'm regal like a Akeem, father King of Zamunda
One thing's for sure I think they do know
That me, and Porter, and Jake Uno
We don't play no games, no, we play sumo
We attempt to flatten into action
With all these average, flacid defenseless rappers
I have no problem killing like sent assassins
They temper's bad when my temper's graphic
They hide or they fly while I'm high and flyer
I'm intergalactic, I've been spectacular
Flippin' like I invented spatulas, my lyrics is futuristic
I'm in here with my vintage ratchet with prints and scratches
My mental action-ly incapacitates fast as my passion
And pen surpasses my Aston
And leave a skid road in the street like I'm into smackin'
I fill my engine with acid
With my finger wrapped around a hair-trigger that resembles lashes
I get into bitches quick and then I get distracted
I'm like the stock market, just like that, my interest crashes
Like a cymbal, my symbol should be expensive glasses
She with me, she a afro-centric nympho chick with a ass did
She callin' me back-to-back for a second date
While my ex is callin' for make-up-dick.. let them wait
Money all over the ground like Scotty from New Jack City, I weapon wave

Everybody, step away
They said that we should go our separate ways, in high school
Now they wanna jump the line in my shows.. let them wait
My whole life, they pressured me.. let them wait
You rushin' me you rushin' excellence.. let them wait
Police in my rear-view mirror with they sirens on
But I'm a call my lawyer first 'fore I pull over.. let them wait

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