

# What We Do

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, still u lame  
? is beef, im your heiness in the streets  
I can honestly comepete  
Wit any nigga, feel the pain  
My odyssey discreets  
Beat a nigga, steal his chains  
No diamonds in that piece  
I been chillin on yall for years  
Now u hard? i got scars bigger than your individual carreers  
Who the fuck is Denaun? he don't even write rhymes  
Actin like you rhyme harder than who? the Kon Artist is you  
No you just spoken up and now the heats on you  
Nigga you must be smokin' or jokin'  
Slim got 50 and now it's time for change  
Shady records lookin like a broke down dollar, you gotta be ashamed  
And damn, you can't even stop it  
Slim got 50 cent, the rest of you niggas change in his pocket  
Don't you niggas see? he let you come and get twisted  
You dissin me? you niggas is unfinished business  
Fuck is you niggas tryina be?  
On every other niggas nuts in the industry, you find and meet  
From busta rhymes, to jay-z, to nas, to me  
Couldnt see me if them niggas wrote you a rhymes a piece  
Niggas is hiding in the streets, lie for me  
Its funny 'cause they paint a picture like i be in tons of beef  
Be out every night fightin, provin shit  
Jealous ass niggas, i aint gotta prove shit  
That means you could die from the felt response  
Fear my next move, like Eminem huggin on Elton John  
Except yall playin carreer russian roulette  
There'll never be another d-12 album, whatchu bet  
Who aint eatin? im a star  
Nigga on my 4th deal im so full im feelin fatter than bizarre  
Minus the shower cap and them dirty ass nikes  
Minus the stud, minus the ugly ass wife  
Yall don't know what it takes to win  
Nigga I'll spark witcha boss, we made each other show up late to the gym  
So i said that you niggas is whack  
That nigga asked me my opinion, it's the truth, don't call me for that  
Niggas step up to the turf, everybody think yall whack  
What... you gon' write a diss record to the earth?  
You niggas is gay statistics  
The whole world know who the broke ass group wit the radio hits is  
Long as niggas is takin ya pictures  
You just dummies, you less money than slim spends on Hailie for Christmas  
I know slim sees the mistakes that he made  
Treatin yall like dre treated hitman and lady Erade  
Even them niggas is smarter than yall  
Niggas the cloth that i wipe my fuckin gun down with is harder than yall  
Ya hustle is over the rhyme bout is through  
I got ya coach on the sideline touchin his shoulders, time out!  
Its over... it's over...