

# Writer's Block

Royce da 5'9"

Yeah, yeah  
I don't know what else to say  
I can't, I can't think of nothin'  
I'm stumped  
Here we go (Here we go)

On your feet (On your feet)  
Stand up (Stand up)  
Everybody hands up (Hands up)  
Uh, man, I dunno, man  
Everytime I go to think of something played out to say  
You already said it

I ain't calling names cause all of y'all the same, plus  
I'm the king, all my past pain all done changed up  
All these plains, all these lames, since the Slaughter's came up  
Cause they know they hands tied, feet ball and chained up  
Niggas be quick to call me the new 50 Cent  
Because of my relationship with Marshall  
Used to make me a little partial, but here's the brain fuck  
We the same cuz  
I'm probably about to fall out with a young buck  
While I attempt to fuck the fucking game up  
Bitch, splat, only thing I fear in here is chit-chat  
You are hearing bars like your ear against a Kit Kat  
Shady guys like the Navy, drive, wavy bye-bye  
Maybe my Glock can turn your top to baby's Maybach  
My shit is powerful, literally sick, trust me nigga  
It's ugly to kill a thing if the bigger I get  
The more disgusting and fuckin' disfigured it gets  
Niggas expect me to go pop, oh, stop  
Y'all about the champagne, I'm about the toast  
I, only fuck with mailmen with heroin from Boca  
Niggas that'll smoke you while you staring in your postbox  
Only incense he enlightens when he's thinkin'  
While that sinks in, I got a Brinks ink pen  
I'm back, muthafucker  
Notice the flyness on the cover of the XXL  
I'm back from the dead like Tobey Maguire from the Brothers  
How y'all realer? (How y'all realer?) If I said it, I did it  
If I didn't, I seen it first-hand like a car dealer  
Give up the throne, your lease up, I am the Mona Lisa  
That decoded Da Vinci Code, you throwin' your piece up  
Is a waste of fake like a phony B-cup  
Nigga, the mistake was like my only teacher  
Wait 'til they get a load of me 'cause

I've got Gucci's on my feet  
Diamonds on my neck  
Diamonds on my wrist  
Bitches on my dick  
But y'all already said that

Choppers in the trunk  
Models in the front  
Bottles in the club  
But I don't give a fuck

But y'all already said that

Cause sometimes I feel like it's so hard  
For me to come up with shitty to say (Ayyyyyy)  
I'm at a loss for words 'cause y'all already said it all  
I think I'm runnin' out of cliches  
I'm gettin' writer's block  
Psyche!