

## Writers 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  
Every time 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 Fifty Cent  
Because of my relationship with Marshall  
Used to make me a little partial, but here's the brain fuck  
We the same 'cause  
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 mailbox  
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 shit to say (Ay)  
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!

When I stand up in this booth, niggas notice it  
Sittin' on the same boat that Noah built  
Floatin' on the same water Moses split  
Poetry in motion, but we sittin' on your grave site, overkill  
Aren't you tired? Why are you so loud? Quiet!  
Real dudes move in silence like a mute drivin' a new hybrid  
You dudes is too excited  
You a dude that'd try to sue a dude that's suicidal  
You will just be another victim  
I am like a nickel of weed rolled in a doobie, I'm a little twisted  
I roll like the end credits in movies, y'all just got scripted  
Got y'all niggas' bitches bobbin' to this one when she witcha  
When she wit' me, she bobbin', not vibin'  
Tryna put her mind into the inside of my zipper  
I'm a sperate with a purpose, havin' problems?  
Not a problem I've encountered  
I have found elephants, lions, clowns  
Will jump through hoops like they workin' for the circus  
At the fire round the circle's right in front of them, fire rounds  
Pun intended, gun extended, what are you mark's askin'?  
Car's Aston, started as a hard-top and I saw past it  
Since I decided to start Class diss  
All black, all glass, panoramic roof been gettin' marked absent  
I authorize my own all-access  
Your bitch a whore, I'm a catch, she ball-catchin'  
Her jaw's been broadcasted all across the globe from the store to Japan  
Her pussy need to blocked and reported as spam  
Bong! Interscope up in this dope and I sell it  
My voicemail is full, got bitches screamin' inside of envelopes  
And they tryna mail 'em to me, tryna reach my phone  
I don't know which one is harder  
Tryna not to take your bitch or tryna get rid of my own

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Psyche!

Man, get the bozac  
We need to start bringin' that shit back (Mad flava)

Man, fuck it, I'm 'bout to catch some wreck (We in effect, money!)  
Mad props to Royce for keepin' it real  
On the strength, no diggity  
I'm 'bout to go pull some hoes, get my mack on

Haters get the gas face!