

Royce Da 59, We Deep

Chorus:

All you gotta do is say my name
I'll make the gun sang
Like oooOOOooh through the war
I'll have you niggas bleeding
Laying down lookin [???

Close you mouth before yo mouth
Get you into something with them Detroit niggas
We Deep

Verse 1 (Royce da 5'9):

Come on with that, The throne's in tact
We the reason niggas gotta buy they own shit back
30 niggas spit black in this bitch trap
Foul mouth niggas get a clip full of tic-tacs
Mister Porter sick track, Trick Trick back
This that riff-raff tell ya bitch lick that
Alcoholic ass click this a big frat
Cross the line when we steppin' there's gonna be click clack
Niggas fakin they throwin them hissy fits
They make a start but they ain't makin' out like your boy and his kissy bitch
Til they get taken out like you boy do his prissy bitch
My high price lawyers still hood like a dickie fit
My words like a 44 on page
Hold on, you gonna collapse like Jojo on stage
If you ever fuck around me I'll lift you
It's however you want it long as I ain't gotta ride witchou

Chorus x 1

Verse 2 (Trick Trick):

The god father and the king of the D
Leave these niggas slept butt ass naked like they was sleepin' with me
You little bad mouth faggot as lil' boys
I was bustin' 762s when y'all was playin with toys
Transformers or GI Joes
Motherfucker you like playin' games well see I don't
I like, givin' the orders for distributin' the satchel
Denyin' the allegations that I was the one that gotchou
Kill em' all and let the lord sort 'em out
Duct tape covered the lines and board up the house
Go on nigga run yo mouth go outta place
But hide your momma brothers and sisters cause nobody's safe
I paid mine a long time ago, you ain't seen dues
I got a family that'll knock these bitches outta they shoes
So listen to a professional, we'll get the best of you
And run a gas truck through the center of your position, nigga

Chorus x 1

Verse 3 (Both):

(Royce) Show me some respect or get your shit checked
You act dry then you probably gonna get your shit wet
I ain't tryin to be big, give me a big check
This spit tek gonna split up your team like dip set
(Trick) Okay, see these niggas rollin' deep in the truck
Got the world sayin' Detroit niggas skeetchy as fuck
Takin' niggas shit for nothin' but if you say somethin
40 automatic double clips are we dumpin'
(Royce) Boy we hot, look at the dough we got
Broke no we not, he spoke and you know he shot
Sluggin' with 40 shot, the booth is my porty pot
My crew startin' shit like your boy 40 [???

(Trick) You niggas worried 'bout me you better worry 'bout sweets
Doom Squad, M.I.C. controllin' the streets
Fuck with niggas that take bread for heads
Cocain slangas, fuck you little sissy ass MySpace gang-bangers

Chorus x 1