

Second Place

Royce da 5'9"

Nickel, tell 'em what it is
This is a world, premiere

Look, I'm in a zone for rilla
In a freezer with Medusa
I'm fucking a stone-cold killer
You bitch-fobbing, I'm insiding,
I tell your kids this. Daddy's been doing more
Dick-riding than Carrie Wington
I'm very venomous, you very innocent and
I will send a monster to your house!
Call him Harry Henderson
Oh my God, I was just in jail
Then the devil caught pneumonia, and it made me sick as hell
You niggas counting me out can get the riches still
You're all in the Matrix, should've picked a different pill
You about to see how far that Paul Rosenberg'll go
The height of my game is like a DeMar DeRozen vertical
No one understands me, only one sicker than me is 'em
I'm into DMC, runs in the family

Why that nigga gotta bring 'em name up all the time?
Man, You wouldn't even be rich without that nigga!
Shut up fagot!

I come to embarrass y'all rappers
I should run a marathon backwards so I could
See what second place look like
"Too many sick niggas nickel bring the remedy"
(Make it real clear)

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See what second place look like
"You not ready for the raw deal
It's all real, kiss the ring, be gone"

I'm the magnificent
With the sensational style
My wedding with the streets got the cake but no vows
I'm arrogant as fuck, who cares?
You suck! Rappers talking about "We the best"
Have been to Paris too much
Who hot? who sick, shit, I'm like a Thera-Flu slush
Y'all ain't fly, y'all fallin' slow with the parachute up, up
I'm a face-slapper, niggas sleeping on an outfit
Call us "Tailor Gang" except we Wake 'n' Bake rappers
Slaughter Yelawolf, responsible for haters' actions
Y'all on Gilligan's Island, find a greater Captain
Ha ha! victory laugh. Even my photographer's happy
Picture me mad I feel well, ya bitch suck my dick
I nutted on the floor and let her stand there
Crying over spilled milk

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My swing's like chains on a playground
I bust fly plus I'm about to put some wings on a Greyhound
My theory is you lie and drink beer
I ain't hearing you so you must be from Liberia
I wave by like Hitler
Hundred round thumper bullet-proof what?
You gonna need an underground bunker
I aim where you should go
I put my whole life on the net, even my weapons
I am Bazooka Joe
We the shit, nigga eat a dick
We'll make 'em eat his words
We the stones, he the sticks
I'm going yelling "Shady" everywhere
Smacking these bitches with they lipstick
And the baby with the Teddy Bear
To you and your man ain't gonna be no
"Taladega Night" I come to crush on y'all
And y'all don't know what to do with your hands
Nickle-Preme, killing team
Add a different dealer every day like a fickle fiend

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