

Conflict

Royal Flush

I want it all no question
Queens terrorism, at his best when I wear my vest and
Desert Eagle, inferred for protection
Interceptin, your collection, when I'm makin' section
Nigga listen, I brake ya ass into submission
Professionalist, specializin' in this
Hennessy wit a twist, another nigga miss
Gone in the abyss, fuckin wit the fish
Scratch him off the list
Automatic trey pound seven in my fist, get ya wig split
Green Eyes rise, Flushing, Queens, 'Lanz Enterprise
Wise got shine, forever brightly
Gats forever held tightly, this fight be (don't take us lightly)

Now stoned be the way Quaz' walk, reppin' New York
For outlinin' criminal bodies wit white chalk
Wildin' these streets, I'm playin' for keeps, avoidin the beast
To keep play the cemetery body, capisce
The hashish, made me unleash, six through his dome piece
And that's just to say the least
But quote for quote, more dough choke throats like inhale smoke
Forever ready like nine volt, batteries
Lost casualties, ricochet through ya anatomy
Another tragedy, wit my family cause catastrophe
From Queens them Kings call me ya majesty
Drama has to be, my hostile days, from outta, puff lies
These high roller somethin', before my shots'll start pumpin'

6-3 Thug, blow a nigga like drought
Some say my lifestyle, need to be change
Scramble and foul, two hundred ten pound
Take nickel plate, who hold the weight now
Leave you hear, bouncin the whip, I'm sippin' Cristal
All thunked out, bent in the streets wit my pistol
My rhyme noters, rippin' ya meat, for beef I hold it down
Fuckin' wit the wrong cat, to many gats black
Phenom never suffer set back, I blast off just like a jet pack
To crack the barrel, Pacino through over dowel
Just get a title, find ya life blazin' in the saddle
Knowin half the battle was just a Queens soldier story
And fuckin wit niggas unless you asset to all for me
Spotted the code, with five seconds to explode
Escape wit the scroll, my family gun ho
Five hundred mellows, crackin serafino
Ropin casinos, but seenin a man, wit gun totin, chico
That organize extortion like the Godfather sequel
To open eyes to all evils that peoples
Mainly maintain to do, shittin' where I'm through
Fuck's not given when I'm rippin through
Who is you? I can see fast and blast past ya faggot attitude

Off top, the Remi had me bent dizzy and shit
Drunk like a Mexican, clap wit ya Fam wit Smith and Wesson's
Rip, heavy wit shine, diamond flexin'
Spot lock for possession, welcome to the real world
Taught 'em why I hate this (We don't a fuck who it is)
Stop the bullshit, I guarantee you get hit, by Psycho Kiz

1996 to the year I quit, nothin happenin'
Fuck the yappin', and start clappin'
All these savages movin' backwards, splittin' they wigs
Smashin 'em, shootin 'em, red rum for everyone
Fuck a key, Queens niggas move in tons
The real number ones, for the chest, ice fish still on the run

My desert needs a high rise, fuckin' wit these wise guys
Can you recognize, Desert Storm, 'Lanz Enterprise
Smile like Einstein, jury drip, guns combine
You don't want mine, gotta fight this all in one time
Plus ya override, bustin straight, you bustin' the sky
I know you scared while I'm lookin' at the devil inside
Rollin dice like my weapon, hold the four and a five
And a cold and hard where I was born from the start
Here to play a part, smokin' weed and sellin' the dark
And watchin out for NARCS, Flush and entourage in charge
And surround the espionage, we all livin' large