

## Illiodic Shines

Royal Flush

Illiodic Shine, just like a palace  
Now, release the violence  
Heat lay 'em down, off of balance  
Snitchin murder comes, when you deal wit the guns  
Turn a nigga to sons, extortin makin the funds

Hold the diamondback, release the artist like a quarterback  
Or the mack, I caught a black and blue from the trouble at  
I stash ones, shoot a legal guns family  
Who on the run, did the felony counts, and murder one  
A hustle, niggas livin from bundle to bundle  
And jungle cats smuggle from the Virginia to the cypher

And stack it never, these Queens niggas run is thorough  
And got it lock, takin over blocks wit loose rocks  
Makin happen hops, bitch ass niggas that call cops  
Scared of static, my 44 bustin straight through you cabbage  
First is batting average, I'm civilizin, you'se a savage  
Street habits, ya niggas is feminine like faggots

Behold the automatic, mahogany hand on the steam  
On who glass fiend, I'm comin straight from Queens  
Organize on the fiends, double up on you team  
Bust an empty and fill you up inside wit eighteen

Strictly for the cream, smack em wit the heat, watch them bleed  
Who you tryin to see, Flush and Mic G., your worst enemy

Readily down a double shots of Hennesey  
Illegal mercenary, diversify, revolutionary

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Start the combat, stay relax, dead nuts, never that  
Keep the gat, actual facts, you get smacked  
Verbally attack, yoke him from the back, where he comin at  
He strapped, I'm strapped, bustin me, I'm bustin back

Don't want no problem God, I know you livin large  
It was my man Todd, he send me on the job

It wasn't hard to tell one of you niggas'll snitchin  
Straight up and down, bitchin, real niggas in position  
Tie 'em and down miss 'em, shootin thirty in 'em  
Aiyo Kiko, wrap his body, throw it near the rowdy  
They calico's and shotties, wifey pack ya bag and grab the Mazzarati  
(What happen boo?) Just take my seed and lay low  
In the Pocono, this nigga gotta, claim I owe him dough  
(Do you baby?) Take your shit and go

He pulled out a black Beemer, jumpin out wit his heat out  
(Callin my team out, I came to work the fuckin beef out)  
Yo f\*\*k that God, where he live? (Not far)

Surveillance is car, niggas stay parked by the bar  
(Aiyo, Allah, I'mma work it out, everything stabilize  
Like him right between the eyes, blaze it till I'm 4 to 5  
Slide back, push it to the 45 Marriot  
Stoppin at the weed spot, f\*\*k the cops  
Can't see us both gettin locked  
Nonstop, visionary prop)  
He got shot, knew that bullshit had to stop  
Plus the spots hots, lifted everything off his block  
Clear picture, job well done, flip the scripture  
(Mic the night ripper, bringin highs when I hit ya  
Nigga I'm wit ya, and any beef will split ya)

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(3x)