

What A Shame

Royal Flush

New kid, War Report, dunn blew out the court
He claim righteous, the God was jeweled down wit ices
My man locked up, in the beast, hit me on the Jag
(Aiyo son, I need loot in this piece)
I got you, already blessed up, caught hard Tommy Hill
Guess appeal, accept collect call, and keep it real
But I was locked for three, son you didn't know me
Your bitch had you sue, told you, don't send me no loot
But I survive in 'Green, shorty sent me cream, Adine
Moms like, the niggas ain't real in your team
Bring the court rap, my first weak, beef wit the staff
Son, where was you at?, called you on the jack
Heard you moved from Iraq to Iran and cold ran
Ran on me, but you supposed to be my family
Tables turned, I'm in Zoo York, you up north
I'm in the cockpit, coppin Averte shit
You in the P now, straight foul wit crocodile
Pretty boy, my little man you like a little boy
Taught you the crime life, you blame me, you weakling
Yucked up, commissary low, now you thinkin
While you locked, I got the block lock wit padlock
Jealousy and envy, towards me
Word got back to me, you got somethin for me
Musolini, yo come and see me

Now when you got locked up, livin plush, sneakers as such
Always flipped it up, on the phone line, you ran it up
Say you stressed as such, few niggas you had to touch
Plus the shit's rough, sendin you balloons, read it up
Thug it up, keep it tight, 'cause your girl on right
It's all a struggle in life, to sell things and pay the price
But I'm wit you, can't let you down son, I miss you
But back on the streets, the police want me wit you
It's official, I'm tryin to blow them lands like a missile
Holdin my pistol, to keep it real when I'm wit you
Commissary a hit you, like Kings try to rip you
Suffer razors an issue, blowin niggas like a whistle
Geo.'s 'a try to snitch you, watch the beam before they fish you
So just lift weight, I'm layin low until release date

Direct sale, judge face to face, no bail
Take it to trail, spend a year on the Isle
First day, Sing-Sing, walkin through the gates
Stuff's a shame, wild nigga walkin wit the length
We was cellblocked, think about, Flush want the top
Put my pictures up, relax for a minute, kick it up
Watch the top cat, La Familia got the coke in that
I need a part in that, fine tango, just give 'em cash
Soup 'em up, make 'em feel wild as f**k, now what up?

I know my real family, new people try to be around me
Try to surround me, goatee, ganja leaf
Locked up chief, well let that be
Doorags and cuffies, gave me a razor, recruit me
Now I'll slang, and catch a band, til the bing
You workin in the kitchen, ice pick and now ya snitchin
You Scarface, lost ya face, is laced up

So what, you got cut, then you told police
Keep it real in the beast, same thing in the streets
Wild cats tell, play PC inside a jail
Yo me, did three, never in PC
Stand freely, Musolini, we just a heemy
Life in exile, people like we, penitentiary
Did time, all evolve wit crime
Desert mind, police hit strip, caught mine
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