

## Worldwide

## Royal Flush

Lettin' niggas talk that 'New York, New York' shit  
That's where I'm from, man, what the f\*\*k's the deal?  
No doubt, motherfucker, what the fucks the deal, man?  
Word up, fagot ass niggas, man

Niggas in New York be lettin' niggas shit on 'em  
First you drinkin' snapple, now you drinkin' Moe  
'Cuz you livin' ain't no reason for you to be shittin', fagot  
Word, fagot ass, go getcha guns

Some nights I wake up out my sleep blastin'  
Go get some water for my aspirin  
My life fashion, gold chains guns and cashin'  
I'm askin', do I got to be king for action?  
Fuck a playa fame, New York is still the same

A Queens thang, representin', Flush reigns supreme  
It's a scheme, overpower ya team wit cream  
Man, you sensitive, how you let these cats shit on your residence?  
With fake robberies, who shot who wit no evidence

I'm bringin' it, tired of niggas sittin' back and seein' it  
Escape through the light, penetrate streets is trife  
Representin' from the lands with the guns and good smoke  
Heavy shine, poppin' them lines and cut throats

Don't provoke or get your team smoke for broke  
And no joke, you just a boy  
You not bad enough to compete to challenge us  
Bustin' off the guns wit the silencers

Word, New York, New York, big city of dreams  
Comin' from Queens, where we don't get caught up in between  
Wit the nonsense, all these pussy niggas actin' sex  
Takin' off your chest, bring it to the desert where I rest  
South east to west, bustin' straight slugs through your vest

Worldwide, worldwide, whenever beef is startin'  
Keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin'  
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Keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin'

It's time to dead your whole situation  
New York is full of murderers, guns and court cases  
Baggin' wit razors bring me no-chaser, that be that wasteland flavor  
It's major, vibratin' through the states like a pager

Whose the one to blame when you get stuck for gold chains?  
Shootin' close range, half of these niggas died in the game  
It's a city thing, blastin' at cops by all means  
Keep it real throughout out Queens, catchin' jooks for cream

On the tap phone, fuckin' wit niggas that's far from home  
G-S's chrome, makin' power moves like Capone  
Shits zone, fuckin' wit this nigga, Flush holds his own  
Guaranteed to blow, puffin' on the trees, do I go way low?

Kidnappin' children for dough, that's how it go  
Place a criminal minds, traces are hard to find  
To commit crime, half of these niggas is droppin' dimes  
Here the time, blowin' your block just like a mine

Flushing design, keep my neck flooded wit shine  
I'm out to get it, you feel somethin' sweet  
Go getcha heat and your peeps  
And findin' body parts on the streets

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