

Royalty

XXXTentacion

Royalty, inna mi bloodline
Dem soldiers yell on these front lines
Don't know why, know why
But demons come
To test us sometimes
In my scheme from longtime
Defeat where you're confined
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Yeah, me haffi
Big up, yuh
Big up, yuh, big up, yuh
Buy car and land fi yuh
Use bad man for their bread
When the mortgage up
Big up, yuh
Big up, yuh, big up, yuh
Gyal dem a Kingston haffi
Whine dem body
When they hear me on this one
Man, what's cool is
That the shit change
When you use me
For the money and the cars
Yeah the big range
Yeah, it's funny how shit change
Poor shorty wanna young nigga drawers
That shit stains
In a poor house, Biscayne
Now I'm in the coupe with a crib
Niggas Chris Paine
Never can't forget
All the nights it was just pain
Now I'm finna come for the throne
Don't forget, mane

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Nuff tings a get lock off
Iced out rings nah come off
Clean from me born
Tell a gyal she fi chuck off
We can't stall, we a rise, we a take off
(We make the boys do wha' dem a do)
'Cause the gyal a set trends

Name just a bubble pon the endz
Tic, me a toc pon the sumtin 'til it bend
We no friend badmind
We no 'fraid of dem (We no 'fraid)
Win, we a win 'til the end

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His Imperial Majesty
Maile Selassie, so we royal
Triple X crew, so we loyal
Big batty, fat pussy, broad gyal
Come here, back it up gyal
Buss a whine, mhm hm
Bend up inna 10 and inna 9, mhm
Miami gyal, Caribbean whine
Yardie say, you a real buddy bruka
Yankie say, you a bad muh fucka
Ky-Mani, who waan fi war?
We can work the army
War like Irani
Man grimy, crimy
Can't style me, parrie
Man Triple X to Tentacion
Pull up on dem endz
Deh like taxi man
Nah spray cologne
We spray hot metal
Cho man!
Real bad man like Sandokan
Real hot gyal badman go pon
Anweh we walk, the street govern
No fairytale, no Alice, no Peter Pan
Versace style, Louis V pattern
We strike the street hard, no FIFA
Plan kick you from Mobay
Halfway Tree you land
We born fi get dough
No need no man
We life a sort
Ask the reader man
We balls a work
We a the breeder and
Nah laugh with it
Badman Riddim
Smoke high grade and fly like pigeon
Real badman, we no haffi have image
Score like scrimmage
Inna any gyal village
Fuck dem wicked
And squeeze out liquid
Sharp shooter like big lip bigot
Haffi live twice fi do things
That they did
TJ, tell dem we're wild and wicked!

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