This Is Easy (feat. Royal Flush)

Nature

[Intro: Nature]
For my niggas
Worldwide (Queens)[Hook: Nature]
It don't matter what you preach cause we be
The hottest shit in these streets x4 (This is easy)
Play my songs on the radio all day
Then put the shit on repeat x4[Verse 1: Nature]
Ay yo, ay yo
You can treat it like a state tax
My teachers be technical like Apex
My killers be usual, I stay vexed
I shop for the funeral at Payless
Then I'm back in the game but learned to play less
Nigga learned to play D and shoot the J less
In the game like EA Sports in real life
I'm coming through airports with the bag and the kids
And the wife flipping hard on a Tuesday morn
Like she had to cut the vacay 2 days short
Certified telling tough guys through they talk
Blue and white Yankee fitted always New York
Shout out to the 29 other teams
That try to trick me with all the new color schemes
While me and my niggas is doing other things
Do it for the money, there's no recovery[Hook: Nature]
It don't matter what you preach cause we be
The hottest shit in these streets x4 (This is easy)
Play my songs on the radio all day
Then put the shit on repeat x4[Verse 2: Royal Flush]
I ain't trying to sugar coat shit
See me in the streets with the four-fifth
Neck and my wrists lit, coke on a long drip
Talk with a God's gift, y'all niggas couldn't fuck with him
When it come to gettin' money, y'all niggas wanna run with him
But look, I'm the Last Dragon, I walk with my pants saggin'
And drive real slow just to stop traffic
Listen, my gun plastic, flush ain't love action
And sit right there 'til the shit happens
I run two sports, call me Bo Jackson
I feel like a camera cause my life flashin'

It's somethin' like a movie cause I'm holding Uzi's
And love gettin' head while I'm smokin' loosies[Hook: Nature]
It don't matter what you preach cause we be
The hottest shit in these streets x4 (This is easy)
Play my songs on the radio all day
Then put the shit on repeat x4[Verse 3: Prodigy]
I'm from the era with no computer, no smartphones
Only flesh, blood and bones, get your money
Can't hide in ya room and become famous
Can't copy nobody's style, that's slanguage
No swipe cards acting like you ballin'
You're just a sneak thief, stealin' from the real ballers
Yeah we living in the era of the copy cat
Get off my nuts, puppy shit, copy that
You wouldn't survive a day in the 90's
Amongst the sheisty and real grimey
New York niggas, we'll cut your face
That's a Happy Meal, nigga, yeah, have a nice day
You ain't never shot nothin' but a basket, stop
Henessey owe us a check, we made that pop
Timberland owe us a check, we made that hot
Think you're doin' somethin' new, nah, you're really not[Hook: Nature]
It don't matter what you preach cause we be
The hottest shit in these streets x4 (This is easy)
Play my songs on the radio all day
Then put the shit on repeat x4[Outro: Nature]
I teach your kids how to curse
Get money, hustle
And really get on they feet x4
So when they really get to make money
The shit belong to me x3
Now give it all to me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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