Royal Flush

J. Cole

Yep
Da dump dump
This is the....warm upOk I roll up, hold up, look at how I showed up
I blowed up had a hole up in my pocket now its sowed up
They feenin for that crack, you know that rock, I got that product
You niggas tryna stop it betta load up
I hang my coat up
Ah I'm goin be here for a while so I smile hatas
I'm on that green like a flower like a alligator
Now or laters, I'm serving niggas Imma sound waiter
Just tell me what you want, I bring that back an hour later
Look how how I cater, dog what you fraid of, nothing
They talking gangsta, without no data, they frontin
Jackie chan, jean claude van dam straight stuntin, I wish a nigga would say something
Imma carolina nigga boy I got it on my back
Piggyback style I aint talkin bout no tat
And Imma rep the ville in every city that im at
And I guareente I'm bring home plaques
Shout out to my brother zach
And my mother
I love you
Yea, look,
Aint that about a bitch this nigga on his own his dick
They say I'm like the human body I produce my own shit
And I toot my own horn, a star when I was born
My name aint james, my word is bond
Yeah
Shout out to cannibus had a similar line ninety-eight ninety-nine
Damn them was the times
Nevermind dwelling in the past, your listening to the future
Them flows get tighter, them hoes get looser
Then they wanna suduce you like medusa be cool
I said "I got a girl", she told me "me too"
So that must mean you want a nigga to eat that seafood (shit)
Baby dont be foolish, but call her I'll watch her do it
You knowAnd this is only the warm up

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/