Royal Flush

Susumu Yokota

[Verse 1: Big Boi]
I am the wrong nigga to cross and the first nigga to jam
With the AK-cuatro siete over microphone in hand
Goddamn. Generation uno, Dungeon Fam
The lab is filled with potions of emotions out the ass
I laugh when you think that you have seen the last
But it's only the beginning my nigga don't be so fast
Pass gas, slow it down to a screeching halt
Impeach the President cause he don't think before he talk
Iraq, goddamn; now he gunning for Iran
North Korea got that shit that make LA look like Japan
Our land, nah man, more like the Caribbean
Billy Ocean bodies floating, take a voyage to Atlantis[Verse 2: Raekwon]
Selling glass and blasting, machinery sling past
Next stop: Bowling Green, bling flashing
Glow my ass off, Po-Po they try to harass
My dough - ching cash - and I sit in my dash and vent
You know the W that come from Dirty Bast
Bird baths, love to stunt, we got birds with gats
Fly past, buy NASA, caught up with the cash
Why blast when you know we in your crib? Bypass
I mastered what? The treasurer of getting ass
Whip assing, red pipe and leather; slick nasty
Sassy, but at the same time raspy
Plug me a thug, your mother eating plaster[Verse 3: Andre 3000]
Styles will change. They say change is dang-erous
As a King standing on the terrace
While his partner pointing up at the riflemen
Coward shooter, never know when your life will end
Then live like there ain't no 'morrow
And if one come then this the motto
Now I put message in bottle
You go to the nearest beach and open your car door
And walk to the place where the sea meets the land
Yeah, it's easier to run the street than walk in the sand
Hey, I'm talking young man. As if chalk in my hand
I will take y'all little ass to school
It's cool when the kids call me Sunny, the hood calls me Stacks
The B's call me honey, Hollywood calls me back

Crack and I have a lot in common
We both come up in the 80's and we keep that bass pumping
That's a nega-tive comparison, embarrassing
Unfortunate that if you come up fortunate the streets consider you lame
Ha, I thought the name of the game was to have a better life
I guess it ain't. What a shame
I don't slang. Never slung but I'm one with the slum
That has a name well fitting, plenty cheese getting
No wonder why they call it the trap, so watch your tail
And I'm not kidding, the rats and mice will give advice
They say, "you can paint and draw, get out of here
Go show them that we're more than slanging raw."
That's when I broke into my Big Rube impression
And I tried to enlighten but that night I learned a lesson
That the morals that you think you got go out the window
When all the other kids are fresh and they got new Nintendo Wiis
And your child is down on her knees praying hard up to God
For a Whopper with cheese
Do you B) hit the street hard with a flair
Or do you A) go to school for heating and air?
Dare make an honest living or make a crooked killing
Or do a bit of both until you're holding on a million?
Brilliant. You got one foot in, one foot out
You put your left foot back in and then you shake it all about
You do the hokey pokey til you turn your life around
That's what it's all about. 3000 out

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