Illiodic Shines (feat. Mic Ger

Royal Flush

[Chorus]
Illiodic Shine, just like a palace
Now, release the violence
Heat lay 'em down, off of balance
Snitchin murder comes, when you deal wit the guns
Turn a nigga to sons, extortin makin the funds[Mic Geronimo]
Hold the diamondback, release the artist like a quarterback
Or the mack, I caught a black and blue from the trouble at
I stash ones, shoot a legal guns family
Who on the run, did the felony counts, and murder one
A hustle, niggas livin from bundle to bundle
And jungle cats smuggle from the Virginia to the cypher[Royal Flush]
And stack it never, these Queens niggas run is thorough
And got it lock, takin over blocks wit loose rocks
Makin happen hops, bitch ass niggas that call cops
Scared of static, my 44 bustin straight through you cabbage
First is batting average, I'm civilizin, you'se a savage
Street habits, ya niggas is feminine like faggots[Mic Geronimo]
Behold the automatic, mahogany hand on the steam
On who glass fiend, I'm comin straight from Queens
Organize on the fiends, double up on you team
Bust an empty and fill you up inside wit eighteen[Royal Flush]
Strictly for the cream, smack em wit the heat, watch them bleed
Who you tryin to see, Flush and Mic G., your worst enemy[Mic Geronimo]
Readily down a double shots of Hennesey
Illegal mercenary, diversify, revolutionary[Chorus][Royal Flush]
Start the combat, stay relax, dead nuts, never that
Keep the gat, actual facts, you get smacked
Verbally attack, yoke him from the back, where he comin at
He strapped, I'm strapped, bustin me, I'm bustin back[Prince Kaysaan]
Don't want no problem God, I know you livin large
It was my man Todd, he send me on the job[Royal Flush]
It wasn't hard to tell one of you niggas'll snitchin
Straight up and down, bitchin, real niggas in position
Tie 'em and down miss 'em, shootin thirty in 'em
Aiyo Kiko, wrap his body, throw it near the rowdy
They calico's and shotties, wifey pack ya bag and grab the Mazzarati
(What happen boo?) Just take my seed and lay low
In the Pocono, this nigga gotta, claim I owe him dough

(Do you baby?) Take your shit and go[Royal Flush] (Mic Geronimo)
He pulled out a black Beemer, jumpin out wit his heat out
(Callin my team out, I came to work the fuckin beef out)
Yo fuck that God, where he live? (Not far)
Surveillance is car, niggas stay parked by the bar
(Aiyo, Allah, I'mma work it out, everything stabilize
Like him right between the eyes, blaze it till I'm 4 to 5
Slide back, push it to the 45 Marriot
Stoppin at the weed spot, fuck the cops
Can't see us both gettin locked
Nonstop, visionary prop)
He got shot, knew that bullshit had to stop
Plus the spots hots, lifted everything off his block
Clear picture, job well done, flip the scripture
(Mic the night ripper, bringin highs when I hit ya
Nigga I'm wit ya, and any beef will split ya)[Chorus 3X]

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

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