Regulate (feat. Mic Geronimo)

Royal Flush

[Royal Flush]
It was a hot day, fuckin wit shorty round way
Diamond reflected off the white, clear E&J all day
The ennesex pull out the driveway
Feelin like Scarface, desperado on the case
Niggas an ace, celebrate livin it great
Into your mind state, a lock front, but Flush straight
Over wound ya faith, hold it down across state
You know, fitted hat, Tommy shorts to match
Lay back, executioner of rap, that bring stat
Face the phat, tattoo on my arm, and pack gat
Never mind that, quick reflexes, I bust back
Party back to back, New York, where it's at
Hold up stop for a second, bring it back cousin
Let's have a good time, cipher wit the Dutch combine
Respect mine, that's why you live the deaf, dumb and the blind
Bottom line, let's all shine, can't be mad at what's mine
It took a lot to get these props, three shots and almost got rocked
My hustle on the roof top, the watch cop, and I'm gettin crazy cheddar
Drivin rose, Bentleys and better
The street contemplate the terror, the rhymes sever
And overdose speak broadcastin niggas leakin
Probably thinkin, I'm just a wise nigga drinkin[Chorus 2X]
Whatever you do, you gotta get ya shit straight
No time to wait, make money and regulate[Mic Geronimo]
While on the mailbox, sit and steamin
Peep the demon, techs were schemin, seen it in they eyes gleamin
Sorta like the shine, 'cept the thoughts son divine
Run wild inside they minds, maybe had somebody by me
My body wit lacerations, cuts, abrasions
Wounds I couldn't slide, from when the bullets started blazin
Awaken from concentration, started to skate
My heart rate, amagortex wit no brakes
Jump the gate, hit the ground on my side, but no pain
Turn around and find her comin like a runaway freight train
And play you, I see blues and cars are too
Choose or lose, ain't no option in my everyday news
Grab the heat and slide, maybe jump up in the ride
Now my nigga Flush, he like lamped on the side

Strictly sorta Cajun, relax, mind lacin
Line cooperation, now to start activation
Ill collaboration, from a team now you facin
We break nation, flew back style afflatus
I only roll daily, wit the God burst heatin
Chill, a mass mill, lay back, leave it dubblin
Money for bubblin, from 95 through recoverin
My crew smotherin, carry Benjamin's and jugglin[Chorus 4X]

Songwriters
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