Worldwide

Royal Flush

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Lettin' niggas talk that 'New York, New York' shit
That's where I'm from, man, what the fuck's the deal?
No doubt, motherfucker, what the fucks the deal, man?
Word up, fagot ass niggas, manNiggas in New York be lettin' niggas shit on 'em
First you drinkin' snapple, now you drinkin' Moe
'Cuz you livin' ain't no reason for you to be shittin', fagot
Word, fagot ass, go getcha gunsSome nights I wake up out my sleep blastin'
Go get some water for my aspirin
My life fashion, gold chains guns and cashin'
I'm askin', do I got to be king for action?
Fuck a playa fame, New York is still the sameA Queens thang, representin', Flush reigns supreme
It's a scheme, overpower ya team wit cream
Man, you sensitive, how you let these cats shit on your residence?
With fake robberies, who shot who wit no evidenceI'm bringin' it, tired of niggas sittin' back and seein' it
Escape through the light, penetrate streets is trife
Representin' from the lands with the guns and good smoke
Heavy shine, poppin' them lines and cut throatsDon't provoke or get your team smoke for broke
And no joke, you just a boy
You not bad enough to compete to challenge us
Bustin' off the guns wit the silencersWord, New York, New York, big city of dreams
Comin' from Queens, where we don't get caught up in between
Wit the nonsense, all these pussy niggas actin' sex
Takin' off your chest, bring it to the desert where I rest
South east to west, bustin' straight slugs through your vestWorldwide, worldwide, whenever beef is startin'
Keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin'
Worldwide, worldwide, whenever beef is startin'
Keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin'It's time to dead your whole situation
New York is full of murderers, guns and court cases
Baggin' wit razors bring me no-chaser, that be that wasteland flavor
It's major, vibratin' through the states like a pagerWhose the one to blame when you get stuck for gold chains?
Shootin' close range, half of these niggas died in the game
It's a city thing, blastin' at cops by all means

Keep it real throughout out Queens, catchin' jooks for creamOn the tap phone, fuckin' wit niggas that's far from home
G-S's chrome, makin' power moves like Capone
Shits zone, fuckin' wit this nigga, Flush holds his own
Guaranteed to blow, puffin' on the trees, do I go way low?Kidnappin' children for dough, that's how it go
Place a criminal minds, traces are hard to find
To commit crime, half of these niggas is droppin' dimes
Here the time, blowin' your block just like a mineFlushing design, keep my neck flooded wit shine
I'm out to get it, you feel somethin' sweet
Go getcha heat and your peeps
And findin' body parts on the streetsWorldwide, worldwide, whenever beef is startin'
Keep your mind on Queens when the dog starts barkin'
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