

# Royal Flush (featuring Raekwon & André© 3000)

## Big Boi

[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: André 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

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

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>