

Royal Flush (clean a cappella) - Big Boi Lyrics

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"Royal Flush (clean a cappella)"

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
They 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 castle bent
You know the W that come from Dirty Bast
Bird baths, let 'em stunt, we got burners and 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
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 would 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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