

French Affair

"Since When"

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[Timbo King, (Benny Boom)]

Yo, since when lyrics been about fashion
Ain't nuttin funny til you see somebody laughin
(Just for the money and the fame
These niggaz talkin shit, just to get they name up in
this rap game)
Yo, since when lyrics been about fashion
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[Timbo King]

Fuck Versace, I rock fatigues, they must keep up
I can't afford Armani cuz I'm payin for my beeper
Donna Karen don't exist in my closet
I'd rather sport Royal garments, I'm here to harm shit
Mosmimi, I never like it, it's too expensive
Somethin gots to give in this mother fuckin business
I bring the truth, ain't nothin but the whole truth
All you fashioned wack niggaz sellin dreams to the
youth
Need to quit it, Tommy Hillfiger get the d-dick
Polo shirt get wilted, (yo, take that shit off!)
Peace, to Karl Kani who kept it real from Medina
Big up to black owner corporations
I drop rules and regulations
Shabazz Brothers, the head hunters
And plus Mecca for shinin like reflectors
Maurice Malone, he got it sewn like Fred
Buildin with Wu-Wear to fuck up your head!
I stalk MC's while the Foor Locker on my sleeves
You talk about keys, I talk about peeps and the young
seeds
I think it's time for a makeover
Prepare for the Royal takeover, what?!

[Timbo King, (Benny Boom)]

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[Benny Boom]

Fuck moet!
I sip the Polish Springs to make my tonsils wet
On Heineken's I catch my rap wet
Too many MC's thinkin that they rap sendin
With them wack willy styles, lyrics and Alizay big lendin
Always poppin cristal in your videos
When the camera passes
Commence the showin of them empty classes
In yoru scripts, you niggaz don't even know who your
are
In the tunnel, at the bar, tryin to play that rappin
superstar
Givin up props to the non-black people seems outta
place
Like criminals, Dominicans in Puerto Rico
Chillin with them niggaz that supplied the attics
But I heard Colombians deal with real mathematics
I did bullshit, dealin, fakin
Talkin bout them outta state dope deals you've been
makin
Are you ready for Timbo King and Benny Boom to bring
the ruff Royal ruckus
to all them trini-ass suckas
Peace to all my true lyricists
and made respect goes out to all the real Brooklyn-ass
mother fuckas!

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