

Royal Fam

"Musical Chairs"

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f/ Stoneface, Prodigal Sunn, Hell Razah

[Stoneface]

Yo, we be buggin out in the upper house
If a brother need bail, I'ma get my brother out
Fuck me - rub em out, duck me - run em out
Meet me, catch up, gun em out, caught by runnin
mouth
Everyone go, even a hoe that tried to kick it when I
entered
When I said I be bangin that shit, I meant it
Got in the wrong business, bangin ya
Split like Moses did Hydromania
Hang in, ya, 1836, I'm hangin ya
Dissin me is danger, history 'mains to be
Found, and sometimes in my city is poverty
Starvin peeps, drugs and a lotta heat
Beef and a lotta grief - all that
Cried cause I was hungry, what you call that?
I call it survival, counts the ends
Soaked sins in the Bible, my soldier's title
They say, "Oh God, forgive, life's negative"
Tell me how you live, what

[Timbo King]

Fuck a club, I rhyme inside a crowded train station
The plane I'm on is way beyond aviation
My voice alone could start the revolution early
The world be, spinnin in my palm
Just spinnin in my palm circular, energy, energy
Niggas got a tendency to blame it on the Hennessy
100 proof without alcohol involved
I slap y'all niggas right in front of Carnegie Hall
How you want it, fried or raw
We brawl with y'all, 144'000 total in all

[Prodigal Sunn]

Musical holocaust, orchestra course, carry my cross
In this bloodsport, Brooklyn, New York, prophecy
thoughts
He caught a buzz like irons plugged in with a short

Guns get bought, we conference and let the money talk
If thy right hand offend thee, Timbo, cut it off
If today was revolution, would they really set it off?
Niggas is soft, frontin for a page in The Source
That's why your label took a lost to them items you
floss
And if I write it, niggas bite it, we gon' fight it in court
Nautica cloth, sweatshirt, treaten to earth
???? while recording, bring death to your birth
From a Benz to a hease, best friends to the worst

[Hell Razah]

The last verse, pull out the hearse
It's the mighty Lion of Zion
Intoxicated with iron, another bitch nigga dyin
Snitches were lyin, the type of way I like defyin
Bitches be eyein, cryin, catch a slug from the blood of
the Mayan
Carribean, Indian, why we livin in division
It's not ???, taste the arrow from the coalition
The general rockin a Kangol Figueroa
Takin the heads of cobras like Priest said it's over
And vintage soldier, blazin a pack of chocolate Mocca
Kid, I thought I told ya, now witness the flame of Jehova

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