

Royal Fam

"Our Time (Feat. Dark Denim & C.O.I.N.S.)"

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F/ Snuggle-Up

[Dark Denims]

What? Take it to your motherfuckin head
Royal Fam, yeah, just me and you, nigga
Just me and you

Prepare to die nigga
Yeah you, with your snake-ass
Slitherin all up in my grass, with your fake ass
The Dark one, my Royal Fam du', I make a part'
My team tight like fifty-five niggas up in the 'partment
What bothers me, brothers ain't dealin with equality
Yo, nigga, Timbuktu got your ass stuck to poverty
Fuck the law, because the law made enough
Disrespect my Fam, awww you done fucked up
Who sent you? All of a sudden you actin sentimental
You think I give a fuck, have some knuckles to your
dental
The rhymes tight, fuck five mics
Gimme my strikes, my raw heat, We're World War
street
That's what I said right, you playa hater
Save that bullshit for later
I shine your mind and refine, cuz I'm greata
You dubplated, we can never be related
Niggas like you keep my Fam motivated
In ninety-nine it's our time to shine
My time to rhyme, put the dumb, deaf and blind in line,
what?

[Snuggle-Up]

Basically I couldn't wait, I want the whole restaurant
Fuck a full plate, 20,000 Brooklyn-ese at \$5
Niggas is weak, a new single as I speak
I realized half the world ain't been baptisted
As the sunrise in Brooklyn, owe Allah
Good-looking, dead foreshooken, I'm about to make
this happen
One man assault against, everything rappin
Pregnate the industry, I'm claimin that it's mine
No need for blood, test the albums on time

And when ya hear it indeed, that's when I breast-feed
Teach the culture-seed, longevity
And if the truth shame the devil
I'ma take you to a level where the truth can get you
killed
I'm nice with the skills, for real
I pay my bills like this, plus I'm strivin righteous
C.O.I.N.S. no quest' of course we're priceless, what?
In ninety-nine it's our time to shine
My time to rhyme, put the dumb, deaf and blind in line,
what?

[Dark Denims]

My Law & Order will slaughter niggas in the first
quarter
You wack nigga? Yo, let me rock the mic for ya
The Dark Denim had it made so you can fit 'em
My Royal Fam, we strike mics like the Deadly Venom
You can't fuck with the lyrical
Bomb you and your physical
Inspect yo' Deck, Bob your Digital
85% of you niggas is not original, it's over
Ask Jehovah, I put the witness in a coma
Ran up on a buster with an Arizona
We rule shit, same old niggas on some new shit
My new slips got you bitches dancin to my music
In ninety-nine is our time to shine
My time to rhyme, put the dumb, deaf and blind in line,
what?

[Dark Denims] (Snuggle-Up)]

{*Snuggle-Up repeating "wack-ass labels" on the
background*

Yeah, all you fake ass niggas, Royal Fam, COINS

{*Dark Denim hachs and spits*

Spittin on y'all niggas for the nine, 2G

What? Comin at me with that old time bullshit

What?

(Original U.K. Fuck you!)

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