

Royal Family

"Reppin"

Visit "[Reppin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus 2X: Mitchell Mitchell]

Royal Flush that worldwide, moves wit destiny
Rubies and neck fatigues, Fort Knox and the N.Y.C.

[Royal Flush]

Royal Flush AKA Doc Holiday, all day
The act jeeps, for foreplay, I keep it the raw way
My lifestyle'll spendin these riches and fuck bitches
Coppin keys and smokin mad weed on the benches
I'm street struck, that's why your man Rob got buck
Keep ya guards up, and God bless that nigga that's
tough
I hate to open up ya face, half moon you wit the razor
Flush, you run for Mayor of New York, best over take ya
Plus my shit is flavor, my mind increase I'll behavior
Blow the detonator, my life story is gettin greater
Linen suits and gators, private jets to Las Vegas
You can watch me, but can't stop me
My crew is wild like the Nazi
And keep my neck flooded like Liberaci
And high speed, livin his life in luxury
Drop top ease, I'm tryin to get money, across seas
While my lady shippin agent 3-80's, from Germany
Who to say I'm shady, just to calm nigga crazy
Affastinate me, it's sabotage, all that hates me

[Chorus 2X]

[Royal Flush]

New York inspire rhymes, like a Flush crime
And organize wit the best dominant sex wit techs
Till we all rest, invest in cool glocks and jets
Five thousand dollar pents, blue gets up in my Rolex
It's Saddam takin over, ripin a range rover
A black Casanova, worldwide, should of told ya
How I get down, representin Queens is my style
Crack the bubble now, I bring the trouble foul
You P.C. just like the Isle, won't settle for another East
coast props
And cameo spots and New York Undercover
And burnin rubber through the street's lights

And black wizard weed pipe
That make me smoke pineapple wit my A-alike
God bless the street, rebel mind to the test
The higher inferred, record cake nigga, Corleone
respect

[Chorus 2X]

[Phenom Pacino]

I wanna seal wit my Kiko, destiny and maximillions
Gold bricks to build buildings, diamond sets,
spiritualism
Rainbow, force fields, my niggas that toss steel
Conceal the heat, slum in the street, believe it's all real
Nothin really changed, but the game had it's season
Go against the grain and we flame you for treason
You must of been insane to think that Queens and you
was even
Repped the worldwide, wit tight fists and now you
leavin
New York is reason, for the nation to believe in
My ways, Fort Knox plans, Royal Flush, Phenom P.
Equity plans, and if you missed it, Movin On Your Weak
Had you twisted, the 'Lanz fam tradition ancient like
the pyramid

[Chorus 2X]

Visit [Royal Family](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.