

## Royal Flush "Conflict"

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[Green Eyes]

I want it all no question  
Queens terrorism, at his best when I wear my vest and  
Desert Eagle, inferred for protection  
Interceptin, your collection, when I'm makin section  
Nigga listen, I brake ya ass into submission  
Professionalist, specializin in this  
Hennecey wit a twist, another nigga miss  
Gone in the abyss, fuckin wit the fish  
Scratch him off the list  
Automatic trey pound seven in my fist, get ya wig split  
Green Eyes rise, Flushing, Queens, 'Lanz Enterprise  
Wise got shine, forever brightly  
Gats forever held tightly, this fight be (don't take us  
lightly)

[Quazie]

Now stoned be the way Quaz' walk, reppin New York  
For outlinin criminal bodies wit white chalk  
Wildin these streets, I'm playin for keeps, avoidin the  
beast  
To keep play the cemetery body, capisce  
The hashish, made me unleash, six through his dome  
piece  
And that's just to say the least  
But quote for quote, more dough choke throats like  
inhale smoke  
Forever ready like nine volt, batteries  
Lost casualties, ricochet through ya anatomy  
Another tragedy, wit my family cause catastrophe  
From Queens them Kings call me ya majesty  
Drama has to be, my hostile days, from outta, puff lies  
These high roller somethin, before my shots'll start  
pumpin

[Phenom Pacino]

6-3 Thug, blow a nigga like drought  
Some say my lifestyle, need to be change  
Scramble and foul, 210 pound  
Take nickel plate, who hold the weight now  
Leave you hear, bouncin the whip, I'm sippin crystal  
All thunked out, bent in the streets wit my pistol

My rhyme noters, rippin ya meat, for beef I hold it down  
Fuckin wit the wrong cat, to many gats black  
Phenom never suffer set back, I blast off just like a jet  
pack  
To crack the barrel, Pacino through over dowel  
Just get a title, find ya life blazin in the saddle  
Knowin half the battle was just a Queens soldier story  
And fuckin wit niggas unless you asset to all for me  
Spotted the code, with five seconds to explode  
Escape wit the scroll, my family gun ho  
Five hundred mellows, crackin serafino  
Ropin casinos, but seenin a man, wit gun totin, chico  
That organize extortion like The Godfather sequel  
To open eyes to all evils that peoples  
Mainly maintain to do, shittin where I'm through  
Fuck's not given when I'm rippin through  
Who is you? I can see fast and blast past ya faggot  
attitude

[Psycho Kiz]

Off top, the Remi had me bent dizzy and shit  
Drunk like a Mexican, clap wit ya Fam wit Smith and  
Wesson's  
Rip, heavy wit shine, diamond flexin  
Spot lock for possession, welcome to the real world  
Taught 'em why I hate this (We don't a fuck who it is)  
Stop the bullshit, I guarantee you get hit, by Psycho Kiz  
1996 to the year I quit, nothin happenin  
Fuck the yappin, and start clappin  
All these savages movin backwards, splittin they wigs  
Smashin 'em, shootin 'em, red rum for everyone  
Fuck a key, Queens niggas move in tons  
The real number ones, for the chest, ice fish still on the  
run

[Royal Flush]

My desert needs a high rise, fuckin wit these wise guys  
Can you recognize, Desert Storm, 'Lanz Enterprise  
Smile like Einstein, jury drip, guns combine  
You don't want mine, gotta fight this all in one time  
Plus ya override, bustin straight, you bustin the sky  
I know you scared while I'm lookin at the devil inside  
Rollin dice like my weapon, hold the four and a five  
And a cold and hard where I was born from the start  
Here to play a part, smokin weed and sellin the dark  
And watchin out for NARCS, Flush and entourage in  
charge  
And surround the espionage, we all livin large

