

## Royal Flush "What a Shame"

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[Noreaga]

New kid, War Report, dunn blew out the court  
He claim righteous, the God was jeweled down wit ices  
My man locked up, in the beast, hit me on the Jag  
(Aiyo son, I need loot in this piece)  
I got you, already blessed up, caught hard Tommy Hill  
Guess appeal, accept collect call, and keep it real  
But I was locked for three, son you didn't know me  
Your bitch had you sue, told you, don't send me no loot  
But I survive in 'Green, shorty sent me cream, Adine  
Moms like, the niggas ain't real in your team  
Bring the court rap, my first weak, beef wit the staff  
Son, where was you at?, called you on the jack  
Heard you moved from Iraq to Iran and cold ran  
Ran on me, but you supposed to be my family  
Tables turned, I'm in Zoo York, you up north  
I'm in the cockpit, coppin A verate shit  
You in the P now, straight foul wit crocodile  
Pretty boy, my little man you like a little boy  
Taught you the crime life, you blame me, you weakling  
Yucked up, commissary low, now you thinkin  
While you locked, I got the block lock wit padlock  
Jealousy and envy, towards me  
Word got back to me, you got somethin for me  
Musolini, yo come and see me

[several samples from The Jones Girls "When I'm Gone"]

[Royal Flush]

Now when you got locked up, livin plush, sneakers as such  
Always flipped it up, on the phone line, you ran it up  
Say you stressed as such, few niggas you had to touch  
Plus the shit's rough, sendin you balloons, read it up  
Thug it up, keep it tight, 'cause your girl on right  
It's all a struggle in life, to sell things and pay the price  
But I'm wit you, can't let you down son, I miss you  
But back on the streets, the police want me wit you  
It's official, I'm tryin to blow them lands like a missile  
Holdin my pistol, to keep it real when I'm wit you  
Commissary a hit you, like Kings try to rip you

Suffer razors an issue, blowin niggas like a whistle  
Geo.'s 'a try to snitch you, watch the beam before they  
fish you  
So just lift weight, I'm layin low until release date

[more samples from The Jones Girls "When I'm Gone"]

[Royal Flush]

Direct sale, judge face to face, no bail  
Take it to trail, spend a year on the Isle  
First day, Sing-Sing, walkin through the gates  
Stuff's a shame, wild nigga walkin wit the length  
We was cellblocked, think about, Flush want the top  
Put my pictures up, relax for a minute, kick it up  
Watch the top cat, La Familia got the coke in that  
I need a part in that, fine tango, just give 'em cash  
Soup 'em up, make 'em feel wild as fuck, now what up?

[Noreaga]

I know my real family, new people try to be around me  
Try to surround me, goatee, ganja leaf  
Locked up chief, well let that be  
Doorags and cuffies, gave me a razor, recruit me  
Now I'll slang, and catch a band, til the bing  
You workin in the kitchen, ice pick and now ya snitchin  
You Scarface, lost ya face, is laced up  
So what, you got cut, then you told police  
Keep it real in the beast, same thing in the streets  
Wild cats tell, play PC inside a jail  
Yo me, did three, never in PC  
Stand freely, Musolini, we just a heemy  
Life in exile, people like we, penitentiary  
Did time, all evolve wit crime  
Desert mind, police hit strip, caught mine  
what, what, what, what, what, what

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