

Jo Boxers

"Can't Help It"

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[Royal Flush]

All my life, they said I'm trife, street rebel wit Nikes
And catch an appetite off other niggas grabbin a mic
I write, deeper shit that Malcolm X could recite
Wit this rap device, rhymes so strong, you get sliced
Three dimension nice, stay on point like Wes Snipe
(What's up tonight?) Of them days look right
Let's creep, New York City hold me down wit the heat
Mandatory ease, reppin from Flushing to 12 Street
Delete, all these knuckleheads lookin for beef
I'm vexed, half ya niggas don't deserve our respect
We take, regulate, Royal Flush out state
Penetrate, thru other areas, hustle and wait
No mistakes, just a large nigga livin wit fate
Celebrate, and have the whole world buyin my tape
I'm just a kid on the block, hustlin till I'm not
Poppin Crystal in yachts, layin low on the docks
Wit big Willie niggas, gettin riches, my life switches
My moms always said it be different in time, listen
My prop addiction, is far from fiction
My street commission, that keep me healthy
Little chubby, but my pockets wealthy
My brother help me, jail time will reveal me
I sware thunn, there's nothin you can tell me

[Chorus 2X: Khadejia (Royal Flush)]

Can't Help It, if I wanted to
Gotta hustle, just to make it through
Can't Help It, if I wanted to
If you ever been down

[Royal Flush]

It gets deeper, talk about it while I'm high off reefer
The black Ebenezer, phantom dark when I meet you
And tap ya five fingers, coast to coast, I pack arenas
Ain't nuthin between us, except I'm close, and you fall
like Venus
The male genius, hittin shorties, lookin European
And overdosin ghetto potion so the Gods are toastin
My links is flooded like the ocean and keepin motion
The verbal chosen wisdom, hold me down when I'm

frozen

You stay dozin, the best is now rosin, my man
Comprehend a lot, but don't understand
So update ya plans, I'll be broke just like your mans
Hit like iron hands, the data don, computer plans
The Wastlanz, expands, in grands and cross lands
Analyze the scans from Queens, ya niggas only dream,
so pathetic
When it comes to guns, ya need to jet, forget it
All ya petty niggas always scared to set it
Royal Flush meant it, and let the government present it
This worldwide message I release while I'm sendin

[Chorus 4X]

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