

Pete Rock f/ Royal Flush

"Questions"

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[Royal Flush]

Ay yo Flush you been around for a real long time
lemme ask you a question, do you still write rhymes?
Nigga I write commandments, pen hit the paper the
fans flip
I talk shit reason why New York won't quit
Everytime that I spit you know I'm throwin' some hot
shit
the West Coast had it locked so you called on a
locksmith
Then Worldwide came out so Queens could pop shit
and I really did sell coke so I talk about mad bricks
I got a lil' paper so you know I push mad whips
when Iced Out came out taught y'all how to ice shit
Now the world runnin' around talkin' about Flush is the
nicest
ook some time off had a lot of work I had to get it off
label me the street boss a lotta rappers fell off
I watched laugh & listen, waitin' for my time to get it
my lifestyle was bitten take it write a move with it
Until y'all haters & y'all corny critics
cause what I put in this rap game a lotta rappers
wouldn't of lived it
....Dig it? Alright back up back up

[Reporter]

Ahh yes, ahh Flush

[Royal Flush]

What?

[Reporter]

Is it true you had a divorce with your wife?

[Royal Flush]

Heh you fuck right I got rid of that bitch, anything else?

[Reporter]

Yes yes, uh what do you feel about the rap game?

[Royal Flush]

Huh!?....alright anybody wanna ask me anymore questions? How about you?

[Royal Flush]

Yeah I felt that Flush, Worldwide, Iced Down was hot but lemme ask you a question do you hustle on the block?

Say what motherfucker?

I'm the reason why the cops don't talk & wanna bust motherfucker

The only nigga in Queens with dust motherfucker and I really live this shit do I don't trust motherfuckers

Let me talk to you suckers, you fake ass hustlers

your bricks are 17 so your boss's my customer

You little ass nigga with the Mighty Midget figures while y'all was playin' Nintendo I was fuckin' up the dishes

Had a bad bitch butt ass baggin' work in the kitchen the dope called it Candy Girl cause it felt like New Edition

And I still feel like Bate when the feds is out fishin and without this rap shit my kids got towards intuition And I'm never gonna snitch, I'd rather escape from prison

you talk shit we hit 'em, you got shines we stick 'em you got dough we get 'em, you fuck hoes we sit 'em You still be outta town with them bricks & the rental

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