

Flamboyant Pt. II

Big L

Yo we gon explain something right now
It's Royal Flush and Big L we gon let y'all know bout my niggaz
comin out
Queens most my doggs ... right

Yo check it
A Yo the way I feel for these niggaz, I die for niggaz
Queens most wanted cockin back and pull triggers
From Lex to Viggers, drug dealers slash rap diggas
From OB to QB my war rest in peace to bandit
Take a chance to this game of life
We bust of trife sold mad dick to your wife
Jack D with no ice from south side to the desert
We bustin pesserts and let my bitches hold my weapons
I'm world wide like my first jam, understand, Royal Flush has t
akin over LB
fam

Yo it's Corleone and Queen's Most, we bust til your whole team
ghost
Everywhere we go, we must bring toast forever
Popping the chrome, always dropping a poem
I can write it or recite it off the top of the dome
However you want it is how I'm gonna give it to you, Big L styl
e
They brought it back to the streets cause that shit sell now
So pal back up a bit, give me elbow space
I represent Harlem World, not Melrose Place
So I'm a lace the jewels up with nice brigettes
Flamboyent is the label that writes the checks
Y'all niggaz better stop fronting cause I might get vexed
And I'm a run up on y'all and slice y'all necks
With the machette, pockets heavy, slang more cane than Eddie
I represent uno trece nueve
Time is money so I stay late, I'm quick to sign a playmate
Bust off like a tre-eight then vacate, uh