

# Big L, Flamboyant Pt. II

(feat. Royal Flush)

[Verse 1:Royal Flush]

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 takin over LB  
fam

[Verse 2:Big L]

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 style  
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