

International Currency

Royal Flush

To executioners, all the murderers, drug dealers, burglars
Interstate traffickers, gun runners, gat clappers
(4x)

I can't call it cousin, this currency got me buggin
Streets'll thumpin, the loose rocks for jugglin
Shorties be smugglin, importin keys for the government
Other men, choose the street life to comprehend
Thugs and murderers, inside, power will have you turn against
Your whole fam, fuckin up money inside the program
How much could I stand, two shots to third grand
Ultimate crime plans, this fam blocks for grands
I'm tryin to make a mill, for real, so chill, let the God build
Reality, based on this tax free drug salary
Wit real mentality, bustin straight through galaxy
My mind rather be, lost as you never heard me
Flush, your black majesty, another reason of tragedy
These is never baggin me, Wastlanz forever be
Drug tech's and felonies, so what the f**k you tellin me?
Overseas, this currency, I keep it real confident

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Fuck felony cases, finger prints, names and faces
Get rich niggas snitch in places you escape
I hate, this fate that I was dealt in this game
That's why I utilize, crime in my mind, to maintain
Caught the six fifths and coke, plus I jumped out the boat
Styrofoam the chrome, so the stay float
When the jiggs come, cock the guns, bustin back though
Got the calico, to shatter through their teflon and window
An all out war for stack, the crime king of crack
It's no stoppin, till my life go black
When I react, empty a two clips up in his back
Fuckin up a g pack, trickin money on the hood rat
Peace to murder stack, keep these drugs format
Try and a, supreme my team, it be that cat that's phat
Wastlanz, my fam, the grand's you know
'cause I'm soon to blow the world, big Phenom Pacino

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Precautionary measure, endeavors to get the treasures
It's all about steam cream and inferred beams
It seams, my 'Lanz team'll reign supreme inside this drug thing
Above thing, our thug sling, my lovin queen
Got me up in Flush, Queens, buildin like Monopoly
Yaks, clocks and property, shout to streets
Choppin keys for prophecy, the street prophecy proceed in the year 3
Constantly ridin 'cause solidatin enterprisin devise the scheme
Eyes Green straight from outta Queens
To seen my shinin gleam, hundred shot magazine
Blowin out niggas spleens, whoever intervene

I see my dreams, to do my thing to make them tangible
My fam is unmanageable, chop ya hands off and hand them to you
Makin moves, state to state weight sales
In school, cash rule, my Wastlanz fam stays true

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