

Rap Zombie

ChillinIT

Everything I own in a box to the left
I don't mean no Beyonce jams
But I roll me a jay and pop me a Z to the death
I ain't talking Beyonce's man

That bitch said put a ring on it, she sings on it
Kinda like Beyonce fams, but I ain't drop no singles lately
Because I'm too deep, messing with the single ladies

I got dreams of a jet black Chrysler, inside colours of a red back spider
Start of 2018 with a 5 stack, get it heavy, get it 10 racks higher

I feel like the shit, Ronaldo brother, I'm real like Madrid
Get Messi like Lionel, spin on your vinyl
Wax, I cut facts
I'm DJ Khaled, I'm the best

Steve Waugh in the slips, still Shane Warne with a bitch
Still raw with the spit, still spin words on a pitch
Still hit verses for 6, try catch this

Bust raps with a recipe like Crusty Crab
The stars under the rock like Patrick
And the bar straight over your head
So I spit this olympic flow, it's gymnastic

Your bars like the lips and tits of Kim, Kylie and Kris
Legit, they all plastic
Said he raps good, but he rap shit
Brother looking like an MC Catfish

Can't be stopped, can't be dropped
Roy Jones, I'm the carbon copy
Hard to stop, the juggernaut packs a punch
The kill streaks, run around like a Nazi zombie

Do you feel me man?
You don't know 'bout the shit that I go through
Drop bars, like a spirit bomb
It's a numbers game like Sudoku

But I still got the dragon balls
Rap be raw, like a sushi train this ain't tofu
Nah, I don't get mad at all
Bag the ball at my side chicks house that I go to

Sesh for an hour, sesh at her place, then sex in the shower
She's off her face from sessions of powder
Still got a face, like Jessica Alba

Life's good, when you fuck good, I bet only my reals one know that
Bad bitch with a king kong joint rolled, I bet only my real ones smoke that

Life's good, when you fuck good, I bet only my reals one know that
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Still get money bust flows, still get money fuck hoes

Still stay wide and around, with the zip in the back seat
Still get money, puff smoke
Switch flows, ay

Best with the homes
Rocky Balboa, Sylvester Stallone
All I really need is one take one breath
I hit it with one spray, we fresh as cologne

All of my homies act like they don't know me
They're phoney, so I'm never checking my phone
All of my homies act like they don't know me
They're phoney, it's better they left me alone

I'm blowing up like land mine
Damn girl, giving me the dutch right now
ECB to the 420
Body Bag Media, where the cones right now?