

[Hook: Erick Arc Elliot]  
Smoking good, looking good  
Girlfriend what's the issue, huh?  
Got them hooked, take a look  
Nigga never ever gonna miss you, girl  
Get it understood, you looking good  
Mind and your body gotta equal, girl  
How your soul hangs low like the bottom of your red shoes  
And I think it's Louis Vuitton, too

[Verse 1:]  
Reality is wisdom, perspective  
I like Horus, I don't like whores  
Hindsight oh my I adore, for the time being yes I am yours  
Drunk my card it's the ace of spades  
And I hate to go away without getting this money made  
But niggas be telling to believe in the reason to actor  
Nigga lose his job, blame it all on bad luck  
Known to coast and my eyes not open  
The cold comes every season, trick  
In the summer we smoke hunnids, my fall comes often evil shit  
Just spews from my mind, I get confused all the time  
My wall of space is confined, so you better elevate or lose time  
Just lose time

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]  
Shady, I don't play that  
I be acting as if I'm a better man  
And my mother to my brother from another  
Boy oh yes you can  
From my sisters I keep the shit right  
And my mothers that kiss you good night  
40 slugs in my liquor cup  
Sick of shot and I pick you up  
Bang bang from the same gang  
Kick rocks if you can't hang  
Lil nigga what you saying, mayne?  
Roll up while the blames hang  
Growing up was a plane, mayne  
In the hood it's all good, made our own Hollywood  
Took a picture the system my mental track me like a alien  
I combine thoughts with divine course  
And exhale exhaust from my skeleton  
Tell her I won't appear again  
Fuck that, if I'm going who will even care again?  
Hate to be American, get away from experiments  
Cause the truth in the pyramids  
And we all fucking immigrants  
And you're lying through your filaments  
Lay back if you drink a bit  
And indulge in this nigga shit  
And that real nigga rhetoric  
Dissolve all that simple shit, play a different game  
It's too easy to be ignorant  
Just lay back and think a bit

[Hook]

One time  
Fuck all that other shit

[Bridge:]

One time, one time for my niggas of the Indigo  
Two times, two times for my ladies that are not a ho  
One time, one time for my niggas of the Indigo

[Outro:]

Angel but she want me for my peso  
Telling other niggas she ain't never gonna wait  
So by smashing the Range Rove'  
Beat beat then I add her to the payroll  
Smoke another doob with a cousin and a bro  
But I won't say it slow  
Misrepresenting the people who won't grow  
So I carrying through the weapons that beat you through postal  
Where we gon' go? Where we ever gon' go?  
To the highest of the Horace eye  
Fuck thoughts I am going 'til there's no reply

Flatbush Zombies  
They try tah  
South by southwest, all the way from Brooklyn