

[1 zwrotka: Erick Arc Elliot]

Woah

These are the reasons

This is what we've become

Replacing humanity with the standards of reruns

Cause seasons change

I see the fame

I hope you see the same

Haters talking, ladies talking, cause they need your name

In their mouth, so I'm spitting game

I can't smoke, but I already lit the thing

The hood made me ask for it

And made me ignorant to past burns

Trash turd when I blast Earth

I ask God why, how could he betray me

Since a younger me was always scatter brained and crazy

Arrogance only adds to my power craft

Times ticking, I'm steady tipping my hourglass

International, my thoughts be cashmere

You're fabric that doesn't flatter this year

Often researched and revered

It's a wonder I'm here

And you're under my ears

Throw me a bundle of something I could put in a ear

[2 zwrotka: Zombie Juice]

5 AM, same old thing

Lay my head down, trying to make it to my dreams

Down another bottle, hands sticky from the green

Light skin, brown skin, we all the same thing

Stop splitting brothers up

Ya'll ain't learn from the slaves?

See everybody special in their own kind of way

You can't hate the player

You can't play the game

Dog, your bars garbage

Might need a new thing

Might need a new plane

You rappers get mood swings

Stay swinging like Peter Parker, the new Siddhartha

Making profits from making prophets

A major profit

Prophesize, monopolize and take the office

Get it?

Get it how you get

Live never forget it

Electric Koolaid

Welcome to the new wave

More money in the bank

More money to be made

There's rules to the game

Like make your own lane

Zombie baby

I'm gnarly wavey

Bob Marley raised me

Light it up and praise thee

[3 zwrotka: Meechy Darko]  
I got to keep it cryptic  
Powers that be wanna censor us  
They trynna make some sense of us  
I just told 'em cut the check  
Go and make some cents with us  
Oh you don't see dead people?  
Need to get your senses up  
And if that ain't the loud  
Homie I ain't toking it  
Butt stinky  
Like three days with no deodorant  
Just a bunch of dead homies and some trash talkers  
Naysayers get back  
Hand it and black ball it  
That ain't even a word  
But when you're this flawless  
You could say what you want  
And everybody be on it  
Zombies running the rotten apple  
Make sense don't it?  
Remember me?  
Mr. Allergic-To-Baby-Strollers  
Show pity?  
Nah, G  
Not in my city  
You'll get ran over and die quickly  
Black king, I should have a hundred brides with me  
Now that's a big prenup  
But F' it, we don't need one  
We one big family  
Ladies, let's all eat up