

97.92

Flatbush ZOMBiES

[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