

# Butterfly Effect

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Before the tours have filled the calendar  
I was in Brooklyn, smokin' Cali bud  
And I accepted rap, eyes red from that  
5 AM flights, eyes red from that  
Mr. wouldn't cop the white one if it came in black  
Frequent 30 cities while you're witnessin' my chicken scratch  
Type of shallow nigga, fuck and give your lady back  
Constructed in the lab, Flatbush where they raised me at  
Now I lost some friends, but fuck it we don't need 'em  
We barely friends before and we don't talk for different reasons  
Mom's all sad, pops gon' snap  
Make some difference in this world before your mind goes black  
How can a nigga do his homework when his mom's on crack?  
How can I produce a record that be equal to that?  
Every time I play some new shit, I'm just thinking it's whack  
My motivation for the youth is how we bringin' it back

Bringin' it back, bringin' it back (here we go again)  
Been waitin' so long it's like they use to that crap  
Hip Hop been my life, I'm just used to the facts  
Sellin' dope not an option, ain't new to the trap  
Faggot niggas wanted the fame, they used to the back  
My niggas boardin' a plane, Insta vid that  
I'm confident as ever, my tolerance is low  
For hatin' mothafucker's doubtin' me like I ain't dope  
Crack, say the word chap, I leave a skull cap  
Morbid with the four fifth and the boss pit  
Torture, hot, burn it, like a perm quick  
My melodies is heaven sent, y'all ain't heard shit

Old days, back before the rappin' and my aura swankin'  
Youthful savage, used to dream of passion, now we make it happen  
Rap disasters, overlord to rappin' actors, [?] talents  
Spittin' average 'til my kin descended upon this planet  
Rare to see, Sirius Star B, I'ma Star Seed  
My light-beam across the nation, changin' tastes, unitin' races  
Higher placement, laugh at basic, 90 angel, tempt to Satan  
Blend it up, equal greatness, rock the podium with my statements  
I'm the thirteenth king raised up out the monarchy  
Palm trees, roll it up, dedicate it to my sovereignty  
Fuck this separation shit is tasters, we one entity  
Like a bunch of shit stirred in the pot but still one recipe  
Indigo the leaders, puttin' the youth through trainin', nigga  
Never thought we would make it, now we unpluggin' it from the matrix  
Spit iconic, Issa Gold, the proper way, the youthful conscious  
Truth won't stop us, my light stream shinin', blockin' out they nonsense

Brooklyn born and raised, some say we free, some say we caged  
But they hold the key to change they ways  
But mind be sleep, they mental slate  
You not in my league, I see through the great  
Cut the pot then I leap through the asses and came  
I go crying in the corner with immaculate brains  
Hold up, I'm beast and I cannot be tamed  
Remember when we were starvin', dreams was tarnished  
Hoping one day we'd be ballin', ain't that all us?  
Now we done it, use your brain and never forfeit

Now I talk how I'm livin' with conscious  
Good intentions, flawless karma  
And this mission keeps us stronger  
Fight for the day we be peaceful and honest

I would die for every single nigga on this track, hol' up  
It's only right that we bring it back  
I done died for every single nigga on this track, hol' up  
It's only uh- that we bring it uh-uh

I'm destined for damnation, need to let out frustration  
So I threw a Molotov at the nearest police station  
Tell the reaper that I'm waitin', shit, Hell would be a vacation  
At least I won't need a lighter to spark up them Cali flavors  
The point is to read the book and burn the chapters after  
Why are we moving backwards? Mentally we still in shackles  
Our life, it like sand castles, we are not built to last  
But if we pack together close enough, the weather, we would stand  
One day, I'll have a queen and she won't need no weddin' band  
The weight of the world I benchpress, no flexin' for the Gram  
The man that travels many lands withstands and you can't understand  
Your standards, I am over them, feel like I am petroleum  
The chosen one, my tongue's a sword for ya, I brought my loaded gun  
I got this ongoin' battle with this shit, de-pressure  
The pressure is buildin' up but fuck it I ain't givin' up  
And even if I did, so what?

Time we waste, in this waiting game  
So butterfly away, come visit heaven's gates