

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-pression
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