

Glorious Thugs

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Armed and dangerous, wanna kill Meech, better aim it up
Most of these rap niggas hating us
Feel like I got six people living inside my cranium
Help me, I see dead people, I'm talking them Benjamins
Six senses just ain't enough
I need a bad bitch, about a billion bucks
Telling me I been a monster, man, that boss, man
My sonograms full of solid granite, them gold fangs, that real shit
No hologram when you talk slick, you get hit with extra gram
Bu-buck shot and then they gon' bounce
Some ducked down, some niggas ran
Came in this game talking shit, acid tab, hashish bricks
Codeine-sip, weed in my lungs, easy flip, I got the right plug
All these drugs, I got to like one
All this beef, I got the right punch
What situation is the right one?
What you gon' do, die or run?

7 A.M., woke in the morning
With Hen' and caffeine and green and nicotine
Waiting for this pack, got to fit the whole team
Five-O on my back, gotta make it best, man
Little stress here, bit of stress here
Got a 9 milli weapon for protection to kill niggas off, no question
Nah, niggas is announcing the brown skin
Man, this no bullshit, they scared of us
And they took a right to not give a fuck
Someone loaded up 'til my trigger bust
And they been down for us, just how a nigga bust
Shout-out to my niggas on the corner with the raw
Trying to make a little living 'bout what a nigga can't afford
Who put them drugs in the hood, anyway?
Who told these niggas we ain't shit everyday?
They start the trend and we followed in
'Fore the copper chopper trying to hollow me
These bars ain't ready, gotta call 'em in
My pack funky, that parliament
Put Pall Mall grandfather cigs, Paul Wall, my grill is
Tipping my verses, my bitches get serviced
We vicious, we serpents, we ripping this Earth shit

Uh, this is how I operate, no MD, just emcee
Been contemplating this architecture
Been all semester, they ignored the message
Leave shorty wet, my stain on Balmain
All of my niggas are shooters, they aim
Full of description, your fists where they missing
And mission: this is an original, man
My ism is torture, we live in the system
Where niggas in prison for pushing her down
Shooting to kill, gunning 'em down
Who can distinguish what is on ground?
Smoking this dope and my arm in Rick Ow'
Carry that shit like I'm holding an "O"
A nigga talking reckless, same, we smoking Dutches
On a certain substance, balling on a budget
Give you a minimum when you exhibit a criminal mimic

And miracles, they get demerited
They made the liberty's privilege
The live is the image of indigo
Niggas is wild on this side
Don't be surprised when I silence the scene with six shooters
As soon as you fetch your money machine, motherfucker