Half-Time

Flatbush ZOMBiES

This some intimate thoughts In a porsche
Sipping cris' through a straw
You wanted war trying get through her sure
I was bored, tried to get me a broad
Not a bitch or a whore
I'm talking rank, trying to settle the score
Diamond to dog, living like the kind in the air
Peace to my earth, I swear that she the mom of the year
Peace on my turf, ducking all the monitors here
Beating the dirt, success is like kilometers near
Stuck at my worst, karma talking dead in my ears
I'm writing this verse, same time I met with my fears
Quarter-century but way way ahead of my years
I been gone since Daquan seen him dead at the stairs
Stay strapped though
Never lack though
Watch your back though
Word to Fat Joe, we let them ninety-nine clap more
This the city called the rotten apple
Now you know if you didn't know, nigga better pop a Snapple

Sitting in the room like
While the room is spinning like the bitch in exorcist head is
My mind is always on lettuce
Paper chase
Shrooms laced
Herd the road is infinite
No chain, no pendant
No Range, no Bentley
My rhymes be shittin on lives of rappers you into
It ain't ironic I use a number 2 pencil
Better pay homage if ever we you bump into
Shotty pump hit you, momma grab the tissue
Extra magazine make a nigga want a issue
Saint Laurant leather i'm like Fonz with a pistol (ayy)
In broad day I'll address any issue
And undress any damsel in distress if she into
Dead niggas, and I ain't talkin about the presidents
Or the evil residents
Never see the bench again, All 4 quarters
It's onslaught pure slaughter
All aboard bitch cause it's all water

The messiah and the maestro
Pen prolific and now i'm twisted off nice dro
Thoughts gifted i'm not existing tonight ho
I hit her once slide shawty like the iPhone
So I shine regal for the people and parana
One kiss for my girl, 2 kiss for my momma
Parted from my pain won’t dissipate
This is missions on minimum wage
Until i'm dug up out the grave; reincarnate
Pour her ass on the glass off the bombay
I get around, 2Pac, just like the song say
Gold frame of thought fuck your loss this is Fonzay
The columbine of the comic-con
I'm blowing up for the common kind

I told you pigs I ain't fond of swine
I got my own shit, while you ride in mine huh?
And we causing ramadan and you not a soldier
Need a shoulder you can cry upon

Run from the ops, duck shots and maintain
Timbs butterscotch, Balmain at all aims
I ain't never flop my name hall of fame
Drunk drive and swerve lanes
Tonight we get (High)
Learn from the block we plot to get paid
YSL denim
J's is all suede
Never ever flop my name hall of fame
Drunk drive and swerve lane
Tonight we get (High)

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