

## 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)