

herb

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Get the lighter, roll the sticky, lets get high
I smoke the finest save that shit for them other guys
The highest in the building them niggas lie
What's in your stash, what's in your bag, yeah what's your type
If she with me, then you know that she'll ride
That mary with me so you know I stay on fire
Anywhere, I don't care, I'm gonna light it
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I love pussy like Young MA
I love weed like the SN double OP
She call me a dog, but I don't sweat em like Keith (nope)
Money on my mind (ha)
Acid by the liter
Shawty in her thong, walk around like she Lita
Got to get the bag, secure the bag and roll the weed up
Smoke a lot of reefer, like my last name is Khalifa
I like white wine before I digs into a freak (a)
You get yours, I get mine and then repeat (a)
Pussy so good, I had to throw it in a freeza
And my weed so good, got me feelin' like I need ya
Then I woke up and had amnesia, then I

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Clutch the world, with such a grip
You know my strength!
Though I feel like I am way over my head...
I can do this everyday without a care
Buss a couple grams, you know my nigga came prepared
Free my sons, In the clink, life is fun but it stinks
You're too woke, I give hope, to the blind and the meek
I get involved
Any with status could fall
Don't be consumed with the fake
Instead I'm just brushing it off
If all the money dissolved, I think I would send you a hundred to start
Gotta be humble cause you could be God, gotta be comfortable being a star
And I'm alone with the mob
Problems get solved
What do we do in a war?
Emerge through the fog

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Nothings more creative, than a haters imagination
The most dangerous animal on the planet is two legged

Cosmic retribution baby karma gon get ya
Reality a marvelous illusion, the simulation
My lyrics bleed through the paper, dodging bullets
Running from agents, this aint the matrix,
karma can conquer any complication
Love confrontation, me and Satan have conversations
Since God ain't answer me lately, I'm just sayin'
Intoxication, so far from home but still my problems waitin'
Having conversations with myself and it's kind of crazy
My pops mistake, somehow my mommas favorite
To be this highly decorated, it takes dedication
I ain't detonating til' I reach my destination
Enough long winded conversations, get the chronic blazin'

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