

LUAM

Flatbush ZOMBIES

Clockwork gang, she wanna party and hang with the lords of the land, god damn (god damn)
Passed her off two tabs, filled her in on the plan, she was gone in a half, god damn (god damn)
Roll a zip fuck a gram, got a rocket in my hand, take a hit thats a blast, got damn (god damn)
When the sarge in town that lysergic around, got it in my headband, god damn (god damn)
Big head spliff, Bob Marley
Chinese eyes distorted
Issa Gold can't tarnish, but my target get departed
Flatbush strap no harness
Indigo drill sergeant
Million man my starters, feel the drugs run through your carcass
In her socket shooting comet, you could see she ride for chronic (let's go)
She livin' for the sex and drugs, she crucified the night
My aura glowing like it dipped in love and ultraviolet light
The culture real and multi-flow to me diversify the mics
So what's your type? [x4]

Ain't this what you want? love, sex, drugs?
This is what you want? guns, big blunts?
This is what you want? Man we the best bruh
If that nigga got a vest cuz, hit that nigga from the neck up

Travel paraphernalia
Drive it like the whip is stolen
Man it's truly a shame, they say this here is a moment
My motive not up for bargain
I can't co-sign every artist
My nigga's be round' regardless
Hustling, struggling, and mobbing [x2]

Sometimes blood ain't thick enough, thug life, Hit em' up
Dip my fingertips in acid so they ain't no need for gloves
Clockwork indigo 400 micrograms just hit my tongue
That's sour reefer fill my lungs
Highest up never take no plunge
Meech Knievel born to stunt
Two chicks pass my dick back and forth and blow like they just hit the blunt
Fleezus christ, he just nice
He slice like OJ did his wife
Two bricks on my feet, all white nice
My nigga, Christ, wasn't as nice
I'm one of the illest, niggas to ever touch a mic
Tussionex hittin', body on lean but we ain't talkin' fitness
Razor blade choppin' and spittin', we runnin', we flippin' for gold like we gymnasts
Get it? Razor blade?
Gemstar
Fuck it, one day you'll get it
Nina a freak and her pussy be drippin'
Don't fuck with the zombies, I might catch a homi
I finally found me a job for the tommy. job for the tommy
Tommy
Tommy
Job for the tommy

Tommy [x2]

Uh, fresh out the tomb, I finesse through the tune
All I need is a pocket of checks, pocket of fumes
To proceed to the top of the vest, droppin' that flu
Cold shit, watch the masses collect and feel it cool
Stay true to the massive respect, and pay due
Fuck that, don't be a slave to nathin' make moves
Wait, why they snooze, they hate cos they lose
Don't fate with fate, use your brain to break through
Clockwork rasta, puffin' that boombastic
And my flow so toxic, melt your whole damn project
So-so alpha but them hoes just swallow
We were chosen, follow, clear that road of sorrow
No tomorrow, mama hit this weed
For the fallen soldiers pour some Hennessey
Sculpt the vultures then restore the culture
When I'm dead and gone remember what I told ya
Yeah set in stone, I be the coldest author
And I'm Flatbush grown with a result to slaughter
At your dome with the super smoker, that's when you know that it's truly over
Pack the back, I kill every track
I'm like H2O, I flow round the map
I got cater blow but I'll keep that stack
Got some loud to blow so I'll be right back

This that Clockwork, pop pop like Mossberg
Smoke smoke the best 'erb
Yep, niggas ain't ready for us [x2]