

Pitchfork's Selector

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Huh huh
What's the word
He go first I go second he third
What's the word What's the word
Zombie gang in this bitch you heard
He go first I go second he go third
What's the word what's the word...

Overload I'm over bump
Time to get this paper huh
Fetti mozzarelli, Modern day fonzerelli
Or DMX in belly I'm still smooth though
Rick rude ho never played the food row
Psychedelic renegade higher than the other day
Free your mind or get trapped in yesterday
Eyes low huh so tell me what you wanna do
OG puffer but nigga I will not lose
I tok a lot I smoke a lot
Where is the flacka
Word up to big poppa
You craig mack floppas
I smoke him like a rasta
New york diesel
Get proper
I'm cliche but this is my forte
We stay strapped and I'm packing like green bay
I'm a giant, Andre, rap goliath
I'm a monster no kanye required

Ready to die, I'm track 17 I'm suicidal
Ran out of dutches so we used paper out the bible
Smoking exotic piff with an exotic bitch
Eyes low chronic spliff
Pussy wet Watch it drip The high life I'm living
It ain't sinning if you winning
Everyday it's sour blunts
Scaliness women true talk
I spit the art
Hunting money is my favorite sport
I walk the walk and pussy is something I never bought
I need a bad bitch with Really good features
Cause we too high up you never ever reach us
Nose bleed sex I fuck her in the bleachers
I know you like them chink Eyes thick thighs
Shirley Temple weave hair look like curly fries
Who needs a gimmick, I got real nigga features
Who needs a diamond ring when there's crystals on the reefer
Bitch!

The little leech Bleeding all in the sheets
Mission complete hit it once in a week I'm so deep
Creep on it nigga
Sleep on it, I unleash carnage
Told the weed to varnish
My lungs at 21, still a buster
Caramel or custard
Creme brulee complexion

Your the best I have ever seen you where everything
My jealousy was embarrassing
That was 23
24 is another war I am sore from
Awesome Store fronts Sacks always law sarong
Pardon all my boredom
Come and lace my Jordan's
Sure hun
We can take you enjoyed sun
Never seen it coming but
She is blowing on my johnson
Larks come
Hash and weed inside the mixing jar
Hit my repenter
Sour diesel Out your bra
Hit me with the text for the sex
When I leave alone and I replie back
All good just a week ago

Meechy, Juciey we Trippe fuck a piss test
What u know about that
Hash or [?]
Mix it up
Got my brain on stuck
I'm tripping up
If you don't know
Want more LSD on the drums
Speak in tongues
Got a freak in um
What you know about this
Can flipping be the shit
500 Degrees in here
Say burning the weed in here
Fuck Mc's
We high timing
You little league smoking bush weed
No comparing Noting the same
Compare to the shit in my veins
Or the shit I obtain
Smoking that thing

Look at the time
Until we get the vine