

Regular And Complex (GNB)

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Welcome to my world, visions like my mind
On a thin wire, struggle but I'm here
Still high like it's no fear, tip toe
Like a ballerina, you can't see me, John Cena
Play my cards with a poker face
Sometimes I feel like the only race
Racing speeding, still hungry like I ain't eating, call it even
A spades a spade, some other hoes but I live in the shade
Palm trees pronto Bob Marley
I'm the dutch master, I'll box you boy like Cassius
Put them in a casket, like the Taker
21-0 on you haters, 21 O's
Step up in the building, something like Elvis
I'm bout to re-up this here better than my last, uh
Mortal thought, living through all of y'all
Treat this shit like my only child, son of God
Calculate my visions what I want is how I'm living
You might win some, but you just lost one
This beat here banging, Erick Arc son
If you double cross you hit the floor Allen I. son

Young dumb mothafucka, life's guns and butter
My grandpop still make that crack rock bubble
Tell Karma I love her been a real good mothafucka
So she bless us with pussy, drugs and money
I ride for my dogs, get high with my dogs
Niggas won't snitch, don't abide by the law
Blowing loud on the porch, Machievelli on my thoughts
How many real niggas will be down for the cause?

Some days are made for reminiscing
Drug dealers with no product or pot to even piss in
Permission by granted God we see a law
Molecules, miniscule and regardless of who you are
You a part of early stardom, I believe we all achieve
In the eyes of martyrs, never a problem
Hearts fall apart so I stitched mine
Quick to choke a nigga, I be tryna bitch mine
Shorty sweet like clementine
I rap for the niggas that make beats but never get to shine, shine
Hey, Vinyl Blue in Green, Miles Davis CD's
I compose my sixteens before 88 keys
The first time I did drugs it was making the beats
MPC bang my head, it even haunts me in sleep
Everybody's a snake, that's why I try to keep the grass cut
See it when they coming, then I heat they ass up

If rap was illegal you bitch niggas wouldn't even write a bar
Shit, I'd probably be behind bars
Raising the bar through these bars, I am at the bar
Taking shots of Henny telling the bartender about all of my flaws
I'm in love with hip-hop not from the allure
I am sure, every single dog is a day on the cross
No labels telling me fables, bitch, I am my own boss
Stoned off Triple OG, watch me zone off
Supreme entity, public enemy, energy that I'm harvesting
In pursuit of the riches, I want more green than them army men figures

So much shrooms and acid that my thoughts
Are tangled and twisted like gangbang fingers
Right before they flick on the trigger and dismantle your ligments
Metal fragments will hit you so many holes in a nigga
That when the wind blows, he whistles, bet that I could read your mental
With my finger on temple and learn the deepest
Darkest secrets that your shadow will tell you
Cause you heard that I'm a better beast in stickups of the jay like a memory
And if your eyes ain't bloodshot you need to get some better weed
Screaming "What the bloodclot?" Shotty in a stolen V
Follow the law? I don't even follow the lord, flexing
Like I just shot up a bottle of 'roids, sexing
Bad exotic chick on top of ya boy, chip on my shoulder
Only if chips involved, mothafucka!

I see you got yourself a little business going. Well, that's good, that's good when you make that paper but when you makin' paper you gotta learn some rules too. You gotta learn the difference between guns and butter. There's two types of niggas in this world: they're niggas with guns and niggas with butter. Now what are guns? The guns, that's the real estate. It's stocks and bonds, artwork, you know the shit you appreciate with value. What's the butter? Cars, clothes, jewelry. All that other bullshit that don't mean shit after you buy it. That is what it's all about, guns and butter baby! Lil dumb mothafuckas