

## System

### Flatbush ZOMBIES

Money will control us, tryna show you what it, does when I create a million dreams  
When I'm in my head asleep  
I move slow as the cops do, only been necessary  
Not pretending I'm not cool, I know I am a villain, you jealous  
Here with them semis, now I'm guarding my head pretending my vision is blurry  
I'm faded

Raise up, they tryna' chase us, no cats and dogs  
My razor claw, shred apart, canine niggas that bark  
This my ninth life, dabbing pot type  
Human torch mics, chopper sound bite  
That's yo' mind, get your head right  
Gold ink in my pen, green blood testaments, making sex  
Generation X, we up next, no Khaled we the best  
Future looking strong like we gon' recruit Lebron  
And the other four players, Jordan, Magic, Bird and John Stockton, my shooters locked in, gunning for top wins  
And when the plot thick, mental sword in my way quick  
Slicin' down my path, solar slash when the lords spit  
Issa Kong shit, mighty ape guard my fortress  
Issa dreading up, they be dreading us, twisting up  
Where we put our trust, they can't lock me up, sorry bruh  
Gift the mafia, super cynical delightful drugs  
Enter in my store, lucid dream shout out our rifle slugs

Try to keep eyes in focus, them demons riding for torture  
Fuck what they taught you, soldier  
Relearn your knowledge, we change and alter the stream of water  
The game, don't be another machine  
So slave em', I'm raising shackles, I free my mind through the strains  
Only you could define your name, live in truth and ignite the flame  
Choose the booth now you find your lane, hit the hookah and I feel no pain  
So is you certified? Indigo the gang, and we open minds  
Don't be hypnotized, by the government and they fucking lie