

## Trade-Off

Flatbush ZOMBiES

It's that work hard, play hard  
Make you quit that day job  
I smoked so much this year we couldn't even take a day off  
I plan to take a trip  
Want the money how it's spent  
I just re-up  
Plus I just payed my phone and the rent

Hey, it's lit  
Call my partners up, we going up, you slowing up  
I never judge, we do indulge  
In truth I never touch this stuff  
One puff of that fluffy stuff, shit hit me like a sucker punch  
Side effects include mass paranoia plus the cotton mouth  
Down another bottle with my niggas  
Before this was a movie we pictured us living better  
And I forgive 'em, whatever, whatever  
Telling me different  
Nothing is given without sacrifices  
Something is close to niggas to chill with  
Pray for the children  
The government spiking penicillin  
And lord willin'  
We all live to be 20 million  
Outcome infinite dawg, where is the ceiling?  
Cause five years ago we came to be without disappearing

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It's that work hard, play hard  
I just got a blow job  
Smoke so much this year we couldn't even take a day off  
Twenty something years, I never had a fucking day job  
Never ask for truth, it's what expected, it's a trade-off

Real nigga shit, getting money bound to flip  
Now turned on like I'm the shit  
Bitch I told you how it gets  
It's that mix, ain't rap long  
Rap, puffing an hour  
I'm in a all black top, strapped like So I can go top speed  
While the blink is on  
Screaming "Fuck the world"  
Lion king is gone  
Who am I? Who am I?  
Handsome guy, my niggas with a patch on my eye  
Please, turn up the headphones I speak the value  
I pray for freaks, outcome  
Choke, choke and choke  
We just need your vocal  
So this is the future, ain't what your used

Four years ago I was poorer than you are  
Trapped in the lobby in the back of a U-haul

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This that work hard, play hard  
Rest in peace to Trayvon  
Did so much different drugs this year I'm feeling so amazing  
LSD them potent doses smoking 'til I take off  
Two freaks, one Meech, that's an even trade-off

Rosemary's baby the hand I rock my cradle to the grave  
I had six exorcisms this year alone and I feel the same  
I'm high and sleep deprived, having nightmares while I'm still awake  
40 ounce, sipper, until my liver give away  
I think I lost my mind and, I'm willing to trade my soul if you can find it  
An even exchange I'm young and deranged  
All these drugs in my body  
Rawer than the kilo under my granddaddy pillow  
Kill a cop, la-la-laugh, reload, ha-ha-ha  
Drop plastics, we now laugh at you niggas  
I average 50, I don't feel the need to pass to you niggas  
Roll up the sticky, young irrational nigga  
Don't throw stones, unless your crib is shatter proof nigga  
A headshot, now let's see if you splatter-proof nigga

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