Vacation

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Vacay!
Vacay!
Vacay!

Yeah, yeah, yeah
I don't sweat her texts (no) my life is a test (test, yeah)
Takes a little effort (effort) makes a lot of stress (uh huh, stress)
Supposed to be this way (way) who could lead the way? (way)
Them shades a couple K's (K's) we don't see the same (Uh-huh)
Do I need a name? (fame) Do we flee from fame (name)
Now that's a cold case (case) and I see the same (same)
You're supposed to be the king (king) let me see your wings (wings)
Spread the gospel goal (goal) and let freedom ring

I swear it's so amazin'
I swear it's so amazin'
Yeah I feel like on vacation
They wanna be me, I ain't dead yet, no
You wanna ride you need a spaceship
Ay baby, don't get impatient, no
Gotta hustle til you make it, Lord
Yeah, I swear it's so amazin'

Yeah, cruising in my own lane, had to take the scenic route
My reality is what most you niggas dream about
Fake niggas only ride for you when they need the clout
But leave your ass for dead when you're bleedin' out
Look, but blood thicker than water, that's word to my daughter
This year is where I had to draw up all of my borders
I'm bossed up, I used to take their orders
They ain't wanna pay attention now they can't afford us, yeah
I made a milli' in the first quarter on the hush, yeah
Plus this my Jordan year, bitch I'm just warmin' up, yeah
I ain't in a rush, that's just my adrenaline flowin'
I drop the top just so they can see the melanin glowin'
Like f*ck the cops, uh, posted on the block like Giannis

I promise, they call me Mr. Brooklyn's Finest
I'm, feelin' like I'm Yeezy with the shutter shades
Can't tell me nothing, in my stuntin' phase, wait 'til all them hunnids made

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Yeah, yeah, yeah
I just got back from Australia!
Wildin' out, getting double mouth like an alien
Zombie Gang, Gang, Gang, can't say a word
Who wanna bang, bang, bang? I'm Pops Wayans' cuz
Got a blade on my tongue, dirty nine on my side
Ratchet from over seas, mail order bride

I'm the shit like my momma gave birth out her asshole
Ammunition, wrapped around my body like Rambo
Shout out to my main chick, side chick and mistress
Same shit, love you girl, just handle yo business
Got blood on my Fendi joggers, watch me mix-match designer
I just wanna spend 4/20 with Rihanna
Throw her over my shoulder then bring her back to my island
Then put her legs over my head like a Hurricanrana
I'm prolly the realest nigga to climb out a vagina (too real)
Now does that sound like a good vacation or am I wildin'?

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