

Zombie Land

G-Eazy

Damn, tricking is a treat partner
Every beat drops and I spit to see profit
It's a bitch to be honest
But I got to listen to Christopher Wallace
More money, more problems, more dummies, more zombies
More blood sucking hoes on my jock piece
Funny how "oh no"s turn into "probably"s
But the SoCo lowering my eyelids
And when I smoke Dro, paranoia dives in
Then SoHo turns into Thriller
Everyone's a freak and thoughts become violent
Off with their heads
To these industry freaks, I'm Shaun of the Dead
Thriller on repeat is this song in my head
Feel the songs beat, what I want but instead
Bubblegum bums only want candy
Everyday's Halloween, trying to win Grammys
I want longevity, pop songs stressing me
Pop, I'll never be
Honeys see me and they drop jaws
And they sink fangs in my neck, sharp claws in my back
'87 with the songs on the tech
Every beat knock, shacking freaks off of our backs

Don't you be surprised, when our dough begins to rise
And I open up my eyes, and they all transform on me
Yeah it feels good when the song starts now
Till you go and find out what this shit is about
Watch it all transform when these stars turn goblins
The shit is all the same, more money, more problems

Look around and all these zombies wanna get me
I try and stay clear, but the virus won't affect me
Cuz I was born like Blade
And bad guys follow on my path like a braid
And people wanna chase me, and then wonder why I can't speak
You were an ordinary stranger to me last week
And now you're hunting me down, you got me ducking around
Last week I was something to clown
Look, bitches all wanna transform fast
I rap for them, that'll get their pants down fast
They all back stage waiting for me to chill
They wanna fuck just to have a story to tell, real
And when they know you're a star
They wanna play the card
Trying hard because they horny as hell, yeah
She said she won't but she will
If fame was a pill, I'd pop too much and get killed
People overdosing on it, I'm immune to it
I just take a beat and put a spoon to it
Eat it up and chew through it, munch down
Just as soon as I touchdown, in the studio that means give em to it
I take instrumentals and murder them in cold blood
And spit complex patterns like an old rug
If you ain't about getting down, then it's no fun
The freaks coming out at night, when there's no sun

Yeah, more money, more problems
Yeah, more money, more problems
Yeah, more money, more problems
The shit is all the same
More money, more problems
Yeah, more money, more problems
Yeah, more money, more problems
Yeah, more money, more problems
The shit is all the same
More money, more problems

Don't you be surprised when our dough begins to rise
And I open up my eyes, and they all transform on me
On me, on me, on me, yeah