Flatbush ZOMBiES

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[Hook: Erick Arc Elliot] Smoking good, looking good Girlfriend what's the issue, huh? Got them hooked, take a look Nigga never ever gonna miss you, girl Get it understood, you looking good Mind and your body gotta equal, girl How your soul hangs low like the bottom of your red shoes And I think it's Louis Vuitton, too [Verse 1:] Reality is wisdom, perspective I like Horus, I don't like whores Hindsight oh my I adore, for the time being yes I am yours Drunk my card it's the ace of spades And I hate to go away without getting this money made But niggas be telling to believe in the reason to actor Nigga lose his job, blame it all on bad luck Known to coast and my eyes not open The cold comes every season, trick In the summer we smoke hunnids, my fall comes often evil shit Just spews from my mind, I get confused all the time My wall of space is confined, so you better elevate or lose time Just lose time [Hook] [Verse 2:] Shady, I don't play that I be acting as if I'm a better man And my mother to my brother from another Boy oh yes you can From my sisters I keep the shit right And my mothers that kiss you good night 40 slugs in my liquor cup Sick of shot and I pick you up Bang bang from the same gang Kick rocks if you can't hang Lil nigga what you saying, mayne? Roll up while the blames hang Growing up was a plane, mayne In the hood it's all good, made our own Hollywood Took a picture the system my mental track me like a alien I combine thoughts with divine course And exhale exhaust from my skeleton Tell her I won't appear again Fuck that, if I'm going who will even care again? Hate to be American, get away from experiments Cause the truth in the pyramids And we all fucking immigrants And you're lying through your filaments Lay back if you drink a bit And indulge in this nigga shit And that real nigga rhetoric Dissolve all that simple shit, play a different game It's too easy to be ignorant Just lay back and think a bit

[Hook] One time Fuck all that other shit [Bridge:] One time, one time for my niggas of the Indigo Two times, two times for my ladies that are not a ho One time, one time for my niggas of the Indigo [Outro:] Angel but she want me for my peso Telling other niggas she ain't never gonna wait So by smashing the Range Rove' Beat beat then I add her to the payroll Smoke another doob with a cousin and a bro But I won't say it slow Misrepresenting the people who won't grow So I carrying through the weapons that beat you through postal Where we gon' go? Where we ever gon' go? To the highest of the Horace eye Fuck thoughts I am going 'til there's no reply

Flatbush Zombies They try tah South by southwest, all the way from Brooklyn