

36 Chamber Flow

Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Verse 1: Juice]

Overload and overgone
Time to get this paper on
Freddy Mozarelli, modern day Fonzerelli
Or DMX and Belly
I'm still smooth though
Rick Rude ho, never played the full roll
Psychedelic renegade, higher than the other day
Free your mind, or get trapped in yesterday
Eyes low, tell me what you wanna' do
OG puffa, nigga I will not lose
I toke a lot, I loke a lot
With the Flocka, word up to Big papa
You Craig & meg floppers
I'm smokin' like a rasta
New York diesel, get proper
I'm cliché, but this is my forte
Weed stay strapped and I'm packing like Green Bay
I'm a giant, André rack alief
I'm a monster, no Kanye required

[Verse 2: Meech]

Ready to die track 17 I'm suicidal
Ran out of dutchie so we use the paper out the bible [x2]
Smoking exotic piff, running an exotic bitch
Eyes low, chronic spliff
Pussy wet, watch it drip
The high life I'm living
It ain't sinning if you winning
Everyday is haze blunts, scandalous women
True tall, I spit the art
Hutting money is my favourite sport
I walk the walk and pussy is something I never bought
I need a bad bitch, with really good features
We too high up, you never ever reach us
No bleach sex, I fuck her in the bleaches
You know I like them chink eyes, thick thighs
Shirley Temple weave, hair look like curly fries
Who needs a gimmick, got real nigga features
Who needs a diamond ring when there's crystals on ya reefer