

## 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