

Amerikkkan Pie

Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Verse 1 : Meechy Darko]

I am redesigning the mind of the masses
That fear a black man with tattoos and bandanas
But when a white man with tattoos and bandanas
Joins a bike gang, it's all cool with the balance
Hate my black flesh, but you're mad that I came up
You cannot change, rearrange my chemical make-up
Pigmentation, Annunaki blood
Who just wanted to make ya astral project blood
Out of the Matrix, you fake f**ks Plagurus
I make a whore drop drugs on my cranium, telepathy
Host with the most, you can't find a better beast
Better off dead, I sever off heads
Ever since I blew up niggas think I got bread
So they got their hands out, they gon' get their palms read
Red from all the bloodshed

[Hook: Meechy Darko]

Load it up my, nigga, bang bang
Cook that rock, nigga, slang 'caine
Point your finger, play the blame game
f**k it dog, it's the American way
Get high, my nigga, maintain
Sell lies, chase fame
'Cause if they could, they would still hang
Trust me, dog, it's the American way

[Verse 2: Erick Ark Elliot]

Music our own drug, distributed through the people
Niggas'll never change unless you thinkin' you need to
We rebuild and destroy, home of the unemployed
We callin' it rap, while you callin' it noise
So evacuate your homes, radios never play my favorite song
Miss America will never be black, no use in tellin' me that
Everybody could coincide, it could never be that
Good riddance to the realest, but you gotta feel us
Gettin cash every day twistin flame Herban Phillups
Stereotype, never marry a wife
Just another block nigga making music, maybe you right
Most definently, and you questionin' me?
If the world f**ked up, the exception is me
Government love guns 'til they aimed at you
Ain't no tellin' what I might do for the red, white and the blue

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Zombie Juice]

Oh shit, Oh Lord
Here we go again finna get these packs off
Repetitive sedative, got a fetish for fetishes
An American menace, I'm manifesting my businesses
Realest as realest gets, terror the terrorists
If you put your hands out I'mma crush your fingertips
f**k Bloomberg, that man absurd
Throw him in the trunk right up on the curb
Hop out mash out leave his ass thurr
Niggas talk shit but I don't feel words

Better of dead, prepare for the worse
Been slaved since the my first day on this earth
f**k social security... and f**k homeland security
9/11 biggest fraud in history
And all you rappers ain't goddamn shit to me
Gettin' f**ked by your label
Fame-chasin' bitch, chasin', lonely ass nigga
Probably stint, you ain't gon' face it
In debt to the red, white and blue
Your government lies, so who the f**k is you?

[Hook]

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