

Breakfast AT ePiffanies

Flatbush ZOMBIES

[Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliot]

Bomb weed (nigga) get the visine (nigga)
Talk my shit hit the spliff till my eyes bleed (nigga)
My I.D. architect it lively
Cause the smoke is trailin' me, but none of you compare to me
It's rare to see me rappin', bruh it's not a joke when I be actin' up
Johnny Depp, fuck a rep nigga I am deaf
I represent the limited, the militant, and the innocent
You can see it's real as shit you can taste it in your filaments
Grind got me feelin' sick, bitches got me feelin' rich
Cocaine for hors d'oeuvres make a pearl while she clear the dishes
So what I gotta flow you don't know what you're fuckin' with
Got friends up on some other shit that'll load you right to the mothership
Say I'm egotistic while then listen you're of no relief
My shades are darker than my Benz just so you can't notice me
Jeans saggin' pants low, the anthem light a candle
After smokin' something potent, popo's on it like I own it
Like it's mine, gotta recreate my thoughts until my organs leave my side
My soul and body frozen from this higher high
I advise you pass the craft, the gift wrapping, they televise actresses
And recognize havoc when it doesn't matter what the fuck we doin'
Drama's brewin' when you live in hell
I blame this well lift this cell, heaven we provel
My golden rule if you only knew that if you will surface that you will float
And your mother cervix born together feelin' perfect, nigga
Curse you nigga

[Verse 2: Juice]

Dog it's nothin' to us, hot timer
The showstopper, off the top like Sean Michaels
Hands in the air, light a blunt fix your hands in her hair
Crush a bitch up split that dutch throw the guts fill it up then roll it up
Repeat the process a few more times
Feel that high, realize, the world is built from many lies
But sometimes I throw around in my mind
Dilated eye, acid high, twenty-five
Top floor believe inside that you arrive through yourself
Feel your mind feel your body - feelin' godly
Nothin' can harm thee from twenty bags to vacuum packed
The whole platuna, greenhouses in many places
This human race is built up from what we make it
I've been dead so fuck rules and fuck haters
Or anybody that wants to claim on my dead body
Ignite the flame, smokin' lethal
All I need in this life my sour diesel
Keep my head up, bet the dank roll
The high livin', three gram spliffs
Up in my livin' room with many women to consume
Boned her with my boner, boned it till she comatose
Call it overdose, leaving hoes and foes smokin' up a quarter roll
Two fingers, peace ho

[Verse 3: Meech]

Kaleidoscope eyes, watch as I dematerialize
My team rolls with cohesion as we fly through broken skies
Told her the windows are your eyes, she can't hide when deep inside
And destiny is mine so I decide my own demise

Niggas ain't as big as I, we smokin' O's you smokin' dimes
I strangle you gouge your eyes, haha as you bleed and die
I love the taste of them tears, come on come on baby cry
Let's go free your mind, close your eyes, drift into the other side
Am I out my mind or is my mind out of I?
I can't lie, shit I impress myself sometimes
Two tabs at nine, tick tock, trip time
As the chemicals combine with my body and my mind
Oh we can forget the soul, I'm an OG ho so with the weed I roll
Smoke till these eyes low, gold shining, I can't hide
To think they told me that we can't fly, well that's a damn lie cause I am t
hat high, so when I spit from the sky
You niggas get baptized, I ain't even holy
But this gun I'm holdin' will leave you holy moly, homie
Tombstone sittin' on old money, yeah I bring a [?] bong rip
Of that bomb shit, nigga forever floatin' manifest
All in my mind then I focus motion eyes on Japan
America owe me land and a motherfuckin' mule
Why would I wanna be a tool
For a nation who blame these rap dudes for shootin' up them schools