

# Chuck

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Verse 1: Juice]

Take a bong ripper, I be tuned in  
Nick at Nite, Jack Tripper, yeah he gone in  
Dimethyltryptamine, tryna see the vivid screens  
Never been akin to these lame rappers, they shit is weak  
And fuck who you pretend to be, I'm tryna be the bigger me  
Body, the industry, fuck all my enemies  
Got acid in the freezer, acid in the fridge  
Acid in the bottle, so don't ask me how I live  
Trippy all day, I ain't never gonna slip  
There's rules to the game, ho nigga get hip  
Hip hip, like that shit that I'm spittin  
And I'm on my shit, bruh  
Tryna get advances and mansions  
Whole family like Manson  
Eating rappers like panson  
The truth, I'm the answer  
The proof in the pudding  
Real niggas saluting, they shooting  
They said we wasn't gonna do it, drop another one  
We outta heat, what the fuck you think I do this for?  
The big three and every day it's like I fuckin' ball  
Protect your neck and guard your grill, man  
Wall off the, yeah I'm synced that means my shit is awesome  
Never cared though so fuck, fuck your opinion  
Smoke another bowl while I'm laughing at you critics  
Ain't shit change, just the numbers on the cane  
Got them 47's, eight.9 Glocks, mac-11's  
Thirty eight.38's, do you get the message?

[Verse 2: Meech]

They talking but I don't hear it  
Fuck in my fear, and fuck the other rappers you comparing  
This shit hip with fear and any nigga you think can't even come near it  
These niggas finicky, they think we gimmicky cause at first our shit was a b  
anger  
And we even traded the industry, it's funny cause eventually  
They understand I'm not a mere man, more like an entity  
Comes from a different fiber, generate radiant energy  
Myself in five years, that's the only one ahead of me  
I'm from the McCabe, New York, New York  
Named it twice, cause we fucking [?]  
Zombie game, walking dead, no man alive  
Can't fuck with thee, ya'll niggas got some nerve  
Within the week with a Hinduism yours [?]  
Nigga you ain't learn, I'll make you bite the curb  
Get it? Learning curb, amazing with these words  
Already got mine, but nigga I'm taking yours  
Growing pains, I never felt  
Shit I been numb since I was young, the chosen one  
Deborah's only son [?], 1980, Nancy gave birth to a loaded gun  
I know I'm blunt, speaking of blunt, I roll it up and smoke it  
Some say the proof is in books, some say the proof it is hidden  
I bet Eminem and a reverend will tell you proof is in heaven  
Life's a matter of preference, who's to say that hell isn't heaven?  
Annually, I dwell in thought darker than the other side of the spectrum  
Damn, Arc, give me a second, I'm never second, fuck it, we're never stressin

