

[Hook:]

A Key of coke  
A pound of shroomies  
Got that Molly and that Lucy  
Bitch I'm feeling loony

[Verse 1: Zombie Juice]

Woke up in the morning, 'bout to get my pimping on  
Log on back page, time to get my bitches off  
My cause up in the kitchen 'bout to get that whipping on  
We pour rose but Cîroc is what we drinking though  
Danked the fuck out, nothing but that sticky though  
You niggas got a problem, catch my nine or my.22  
Red hair, nice tits, call that bitch a jungle pussy  
Louis this, Gucci shit, save that for them sucker rookies  
And my weed's straight from the west  
Bag it by the zip, that's 400 nothing less  
Bag it by the P that's 4000 fucking stacks  
That's racks on top of racks tax free on top of that  
5-0 can suck my sack from the front or from the back  
Hustle mad, word to Tracy Morgan  
Got niggas in your hood pitching for me, fuck informants  
My money make money, You niggas kinda boring

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Erick Arc Elliot]

You's a bad broad but you can't meet the family  
Kick you out the crib the cab number's on your panty  
Before I say another word, tell me where you get the nerve  
I got to move these units like a verb  
I can tell you turned out super duper burned out  
Get your brains blown off Patron what you worried bout  
Fiening like a custy, ride it like a huffy

Got these hoes up on my... from the bottom of my Stussy  
And I never changed much, you just try to rush me  
Now I'm all grown up and regardless baby trust me  
I got warrants, arresting my performance  
Got you bare assed out, hold up, mama porridge  
What you think you smoking on, sort of feel like hope is gone  
If you think you's big now watch it with the focus on  
J-Crew Pocket-Tees, fellas made a mockery  
And the jive shorty when I go there ain't no stopping me  
Zombie

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Meechy Darko]

It's Meechy Ho, higher than some high beams  
Eyes blood shot red, I don't need no visine  
Walking dead nigga, take a look at my team  
Cash rules nigga, take a look at my cream  
Sour maybe diesel green like spinach  
Me her and her, we call that a ménage  
So high sight seeing  
Fuck her once don't strike twice like lightning

Know ya'll think like "Damn, Meech is quite mean"  
But that's your bitch, nigga, she ain't my queen  
She get wet transform like a gremlin  
Pussy money weed money weed that's my medicine  
Nigga I'm a rookie but I'm better than them veterans  
My bitches go both ways swing like a pendulum  
Reefer lifestyle every day's a honeymoon  
I call her the blood sucker cause she fuck my cousin too  
Pills in every color hue, 'bout to roll another doob  
I'm in that fuck it mood, I didn't write the last two