

# LiveFromHell

Flatbush ZOMBIES

[Verse 1: Meech]

Reportin'  
Live from Hell  
Ho we told you we was welcome  
To sell the rum and vail  
Unless you want your heart to fail  
Unless you want small with the real potato cutter  
I, pale flesh on, hands and feet  
And dump you in a tub of salt, sheesh

[Verse 2: Zombie juice]

Smoke yuh, burn up, psshh yoga flame  
Zombie mahfucka, prepare for the rain  
Shreddin through the world, silent feeled pain  
Open up yo eyes, life is just a game

[Verse 3: Meech]

You don't like my music, well I hope you fuckin' die  
Grab that pistol, kiss it, put it to your temple  
Quisp'n'mwua (kiss sound) Kiss of death your gum  
Mighty kun, carry on  
Lucid dream of feelin' martin, pain smokein Tommy Strong  
My trickit gully, jawn  
She suck with a skully-aw or english, so enjoy the war  
Cut, my cut and runnin' off like,  
Red pill, blue pill, plug in-plug out  
Gang yo mouth, if shit shay, your out.

[Verse 4: Zombie juice]

We ain't at the top, what we name is  
Started from the bottom, seven grams and the blank disc  
My ex girl wanna fuck, but I ain't rich  
I saw myself die once, what a nice trip.

[Verse 5: Meech]

You say you want the highest, well I am him  
No such thing is a loss, so I reap on his grim  
The demons bleed through the pen  
The canvas drips from the sin  
I mind bend spit shit to make a manikin cringe

[Verse 6: Zombie juice]

I'm not just like Nazis  
Smackin' paparazzi like Kanye  
Pardon my cocky, can't stop me  
I'm on a million, the feeling I'm feelin', look to the ceiling  
Smoke cut with the building  
Buildin' a billion, fuck everyone who said that we couldn't.  
Dab city bitch, strollin' through your hood  
Juicy long beard show the kitty like I should  
Scalpel, cut yuh, ease yuh' like my dutch  
Four fifth, morbid  
Psychedelic, raw shit

[Outro:]

Zombies existed across all culters in mythological selections  
And their imminent arrival is all but for-told in all the richest texts

My advice...

"Sharpen your sword"