

My Team Supreme 2.0

Flatbush ZOMBIES

[Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliott]

Today's agenda, a nation exterminating the pious
Pray that you never die, don't dare to be deemed the highest
Our right is founded by liars, righteous as my suppliers
They wonder where my supply is (Nigga, where them beats?)
f**k a feature, my ether is equal to each of your own
Embodied the balance of the world on my shoulders alone
But God bless America, my Gs go hard
Gs make dreams and these grams make gods
I am so compelled, might as well proceed another step
Never took a L, still fresh without the double X
Manson, ransom, artificial anthems
Ladies say he handsome, these niggas throwing tantrums
Tripping to existence is often labeled as miscreants
Cause we position it different, real hard to make sense of it
Record labels making sense, we sensitive
Now we acting senseless, f**k you, Architect for president

[Verse 2: Meechy Darko]

I'm on my freeze time, leaping in and out of portal shit
You on your prick your finger from a thorn, mere mortal shit
I'm on my Heath Ledger, I can't get my mind in order shit
Hitler at a bar mitzvah, torturous, slaughter shit
I am really that nigga, call it quits, get off my dick
Give a camera the finger every time I hear a flick
The code has been cracked and I am the glitch, do you hear this shit
Like a rabbit turd, I swing on a track absurd
My rhyme schemes and my bars infinite
I hear your shit and get a little narcoleptic
I admit you're kind of boring, I was out touring
Stroking kittens with dimples that remind me of Lauren
London on Thursday, Sunday I'm New Yorking
Brooklyn be the birthplace, Kings County caucus
Cut the malarkey, y-y-you don't want no problems
Or drama, with zombies, get off me
Some may say seeing him's like seeing God
I see through all your transparency, oversee your façade
Dog, I raise your card like the paintings of them hounds playing poker
I'm Cesar Millan in the background taking notes
The potent, smoke up, hoes on my scrotum
Now the idle niggas always higher on the totem
I go son, haters like hoes, they just wanna blow us
With them calico bullet holes in my

[Hook x2]

My team, supreme, stay clean, lyrical dreams, zombie regime
We be that, we at where the weed and LSD at
On since I was born, no such thing as relapse

[Verse 3: Bodega Bamz]

Yo
I got a vision Imma die before 40
At 20/20 my vision is blurred
Trying to be the GOAT, without the curry
These current rappers is worried
They nervous, they want me hurried
Hauled away, dead and buried

Like Bernie I keep the Mac
The present I'm not receiving, the future just fades to black
No racing against the past
No sheep in my wolf pack
I'm proud to be Latino
Homie, that's a fact
Line for line, no lies, my nigga that's action rap
f**k a swag, f**k a fashion
I been there straight out the womb
Kill for bills, even brides say R.I.P. to the groom
Choke a broom, street sweep you
Right across the room
My eses calling me loco, my white boys calling my loom doom
Motherf**ker
Boom boom boom
Motherf**ker
Notherf**ker my favorite word
When I started I was serious
Picture me now, I move mountains
I keep it quiet, imagine making a sound

[Verse 4: Zombie Juice]

Big blunt nigga
Big skunk nigga
Wax, that dap, that puff puff nigga
f**k that, gotta shooter and we pop back
Fix that, you're done though
Supreme Allah, I be praying to the stars
Trying to see better days, but my vision be impaired
Look at the long hair
Woo, I'm Rick Flair
Back on the block, cut me a dutch, rolled up or what?
Not in my pants, [?]
Jealous guys
Rappers should all die
Talking shit about us like f**king suicide
Already been shot, what, you trying to f**king die?
Living for the now
Winning in the future
Electric Kool-Aid
Nigga, we the movement
Flatbush, baby
Niggas really do this
Run up in your crib like, "Nigga we the [?]"
And I done sold everything, LSD, good weed
Back when still I played for 5000 E's
Getting in for the low
Spanking another ho
Living life, new day, different state, another show
Surpassing all these niggas that live on your TV screen
We writing all the rules and I swear it's like a dream
From the hollows of the Earth, call me Juice man
Top Gods, dead or alive, it's no game

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