

# 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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