

# My Team, SUPREME

Flatbush ZOMBIES

[Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliott]

Today's agenda, a nation exterminating the pious  
Pray that you never die, don't care to be deemed the highest  
Our right is founded by liars, righteous as my suppliers  
The wonder where my supply is (Nigga, where them beats?)  
Fuck 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 G's go hard  
G's make dreams and these grams make gods  
I'm so compelled might as well reach another step  
Never took an L but still fresh without them double X  
Manson ransom artificial anthems  
Ladies say you handsome, these niggas throwing tantrums  
Tripping to existence is often the labeled as miscreants  
Cause we position it different real hard to make sense of it  
Record labels make sense, we sensitive  
Now we're acting senseless, fuck you, architect for president

[Verse 2: Meech]

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 had a bar mitzvah, portraits, slaughter shit  
I am really that nigga call it quits get off my dick  
Give the camera the finger every time I hear a flick  
The code has been cracked and I'm the glitch, do you hear this shit  
Like a rapping turd I swing on a track and serve  
My rhyme scheme and my bars are finnit  
I hear your shit and get a little narcoleptic  
I admit your 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 yo-yo-you don't want no problem  
The drama were zombies get off me  
Some may say seeing him is like seeing God  
See through all your transparency, oversee your facade  
Dogs [?] like we 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, headings like hooves get this one to blow us  
With them colored code bullet holes on my...

[Hook:]

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