

# Nephilim

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Verse 1: Meechy Darko]

Why I feel like the past  
Is catching up to my ass  
The devil on each shoulder  
No halo's on my staff  
Your medula may implode  
When I spit this venom in code  
When I spit this venomous flow  
Mind bending entity oh!  
My soul glowing it's gold  
My heart's dark and it's cold  
My art's a part of my soul  
I can't help but give ya'll the most  
Can't help but be niggas hope  
Can't help but rise through the smoke  
Can't help that my dick is big  
And it's in the back of her throat  
Break bread and make toast  
Raise glass and blow smoke  
Kick ass like Bernie Mac  
And mac on with these hoes  
Flip packs and bust gats  
And live on through these quotes  
Too mentally unstable  
To be fucking around with them labels  
Picture me Yakkity Yak  
Talking shit at these round tables  
Naw son never that  
It's just millies under the table  
I'm saving up every cent  
Starting our own label  
Serpent under the rainbow  
The pot of gold in the store  
Fallen angels they dangle  
From clouds as they (awww)

[Hook: Meechy Darko]

Money pussy and drugs  
Be the antidepressant  
In pursuit of presidents  
You might have to keep you a Wesson  
Names ahead of presidents  
That don't make change in a second  
Mother fuck your reverend  
And all the lies that he telling

[Verse 2: Juice]

They say we not able  
Strange but peep through different angles  
Speak the truth cause what we plant  
Is all seeding for the future  
Probably cooler than I thought I was  
Probably with a fewer  
I'm hot bitch I ain't Nelly  
This ain't MIMS  
I'm something deadly  
Petty niggas y'all ain't ready

The shit I kick is heavy  
A felon, moving steady  
Ungrateful bitches get stitches  
And buried 6 feet in ditches  
In the clouds painting pictures  
Sometimes I'm feeling enormous  
I'm bout to jump I'm feeling nauseous  
Close your eyes for repercussions  
Tried to use a gun man  
But the gun jammed  
Maybe if I won they'd probably get me  
Strap a gun and tell them  
Put one in my lung  
Shoot one through my heart  
Rip my tongue apart  
Never again to speak this art  
And I ain't got to sign a motherfucking deal  
I could still fuck your girl  
Off a blunt and some chew  
Smoking up them hotels  
Put it on my bill  
Sleep till next Wednesday  
Wake up to her grill  
That super stanky dank  
Got me high mushroom using  
The event of my demise  
I'm laughing at you rap guys spitting lies