

# Red Light Green Light

Flatbush ZOMBIES

[Intro: Espa]

I lift my hands up high for another night  
Cause I lost my wings and i wanna fly  
I even wash my face in the river Nile  
Imma pray all day 'til I get it right

[Hook 1 (x2): Erick Arc Elliot]

Before I leave the crib I know I say my prayers  
Pray to God I'm happy every single day I swear  
More money I'm more prepared more niggas that's unaware  
Most niggas don't even listen they only see what they hear

[Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliot]

My mind ain't certain  
That I put enough work in  
These beats, these streets, no purpose  
Repeat, rebuild, resurface  
No longer in disturbance  
Get a shooter if your nervous  
Stressed out made a nigga feel worthless  
Can't nobody f\*\*k up on purpose (on purpose)  
I remember when I had no government  
My name was so crazy, had lines like cocaine  
And those the good days, I got them good grades  
Had profit to get paid, I made some mistakes  
That's something we all gone say  
Had to ignore a bitch called today  
But a little bit of head made it all okay  
If you niggas want a war then my boys gone play

[Hook 2 (x2): Meechy Darko]

Before I leave the crib you better say your prayers  
Niggas trigger happy every single day I swear  
More murder I'm more aware, more bullets I'm more prepared  
Most niggas don't even listen that's until they hear the bang

[Verse 2: Meechy Darko]

My mind's uncertain, do I put enough work in  
Red rum red rum, bloody murder  
Head shot, close range, close curtains  
No encore that's for certain  
Clack clack, bravo, I murked 'em  
Hoes, clothes, more drugs, more murder  
More guns, more drugs, more murder (more murder)  
In the ghetto where the rats eat roaches  
Gats tucked in our drawers, we don't need holsters  
You gone learn today, you gone get involved  
We scamming, drug dealing, prostitution and all  
In the ghetto praise to God alike a long distance call  
I done rang Jesus for years, f\*\*k it, no response  
What? I'm supposed to sit and starve  
Ha! Gat in my palm and taking your be my job  
I don't want to shoot and steal  
I don't want to kill and rob  
I just want to provide  
For my momma, my poppa, my kids and I  
I just want to provide

For my bitch, and my homies that's from my side  
But I came straight from homicide

[Hook 1: Erick Arc Alliot]

[Hook 2: Meechy Darko]

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