

The Hangover

Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Hook X2: Erick Arc Elliot]

Drinking that hurricane has got me fucked up
St. Ides and the blunt, I be getting fucked up
Drinkin' that Colt 45 done got me fucked up
Fuck is up? Shit.. I'm fucked up
Nigga

[Verse 1: Meech]

She said something bout Mary, I'm on Lucy, she on Molly
Told her "shut the fuck up, and let that liquor fill your body bitch"
I ain't gonna lie, I'll probably take drugs till I die (ALREADY DEAD!)
Super high, pissy drunk over the ribbon in the sky ha
Two 40 ounce, that's 80 something
Nigga, I was born in 80 something
2-2 in her purse go BLAOW BLAOW
Kitty in the skirt go MEOW MEOW
Smoke, I'mma dick em' down, down
It's Darko, you know the wild child
Fuck the law, though
No bag on my 4-o
Girls drop them drawers slow
As I roll it up and I pour slow
Bitch two ain't enough, I need four more
I'm referring to the liquor and the whores, ya know
Hurricane, that shit got me slurring
They way that pussy drip drippy, when I thought it was urine
I'm high and mighty, she slow and slurping
Magic carpet ride, we fucking rugs that's Persian
(Magic carpet ride, we fucking rugs that's Persian)
12 feet when I smoke that shit
27 feet when I stand on my dick
And on this OE, I'm a straight OG
Hell yeah I do drugs, but I never OD
I'm 12 feet when I smoke that shit
27 feet when I stand on my dick
And on this OE, I'm a straight OG
Hell yeah I do drugs, but I never OD
(NOT YET.. NOT YET.. NOT YETTTT)

[Hook x2]

[Verse 2: Juice]

Look at me, I'm stoned
To the bone, bone, bone
Riding with that chrome
Brangdangdang, now you lain
I mean laid, I love titties
Too much haze
Disel sour every hour now I'm fucked up
You losing nigga, tough luck
Red Stripe on ice, 6-pack
Now I'm down to fuck
Can't catch me on your scene
I am cream, my gold's clean
All white everything, word to Mary Jane
Cocaine regime, peace to [?]
40 ounces while your girl show me inside her blouses

Peak, peak, let me sneak, cat and mouse shit
I'm a fiend for the green (I love it)
I don't sniff sheen (Never)
But she's willing
And I'm leaning
Zombie Team, word to the homies
Triple G's, speak for the lonely, speak for the needy
Speak for the niggas dying in these streets
That don't give a fuck drink a few of the dream
I ain't going to lie, I probably won't live till 25
So much stresses on my mind
Stress is stress, drop a tab, collect
Recollect just a retrospect
My grass getting longer, married to the marijuana
(I SAID I'm MARRIED TO THE MARIJUANA!)

[Hook x2]

[Verse 3: Erick Arc Elliot]

Brown paper bag in my right hand when I wanna leave my soul
G-O-D on me go deep as I bleep to a vortex send me home
Shoot to your crib with a change of clothes
Lot of niggas never got you wet before
Either yes or no
Pour another drink of the Cognac
Fuck with a nigga that will fuck with your nigga's bitch
Then I rip in the bong
Then I throw this dick into your mom
Sits with a charm
[?] gold, moon and the stars
Hit him one time, and I use the barrage
Mean set a broads that will drink at the bar
Cause they think I'mma star
Arc is the emblem
Who will defend them?
Mother fucking feds and the soul
But the weed aroma is like a [?]
Hold it, I told ya the coma from the corner
My composure is golden, girl
Betty white got a loads of [?]
(Bet she like when I hold it, girl)
Better drink it down, 40 ounce
Hurricane, it gon' slow your brain up
Armed and dangerous, almost famous
Waking up, don't even know what your name is
You pretend to be another friend of me, but you're my enemy
Zombie gang to the tenth degree
The flesh rot green while I fill your embassy
Got a cup full of drank and a blunt filled with dank dank dank
Wanna throw it up like a gang sign, mane
Twisted and empty, don't bother tempting me
Tool get destroyed with you
Gone

[Hook X2]