

# 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]