

# The Results Are In

Flatbush ZOMBIES

[Intro: Maury]

Look at this mouth, look at these eyes  
Look at these ears, look at this hairline!

But, why don't you think you're the father?

Because, it's been a time where I've went over to Sheela's house  
And it's been 12 guys in there!  
And there's a bottle of gin, and there's things being rolled up  
We all know what I'm talking about

You, first of all, are a liar  
You're as dumb as a box of rocks  
Number 4 in your class? I don't think so

I have the high school transcript to prove it!

OK, well show me! I'm not trying to hear none of that  
That's not putting food on Keyshawn's table  
Or clothes on her back

Maury, Maury, Maury I'd just like to say-

[Verse 1: Juice]

Metaphysics, religious scripture  
Read the picture  
Participating, hate the negative, we'll get ya  
Look inside your soul, meet your maker  
I suppose, in Jamaica blowing O's  
Cali niggas cutthroat  
Beast coast nigga, yeah we've been on  
Trippy motherfucker up-and-down ping-pong  
Bullet-proof from the roof, third eye strong  
King of my own, that throne'll leave you thorny crowned  
Crucify, getting shitted by your own  
The universe everywhere I roam is my home  
To some I suppose, uranium explode  
Leaving kids disfigured they meant to just a figment  
I ain't acid rap, but I rap on acid  
Do it for the culture, that pop shit over  
If it wasn't for A\$AP, the radio would make me throw up  
Here's the reality, I plead my insanity  
I don't give a fuck if you rap niggas don't like me  
Same old nigga, rubber bands and a white tee  
No chain on, gold teeth blowing Yoshi (Yoshi!)  
Issa, AK do it for the whole team  
[?] Zombie niggas reign supreme  
[?]  
Last week overseas, steady getting love  
Signing out, Juice man, peace ganja blood

[Verse 2: Erick Arc Elliot]

Got a job, got to rob  
Black mask, black noise  
Black ball, black hoodie back on my back, boy  
My axe raw, never pack gats, I pack poise  
I back smack niggas 'til I'm back on the tabloids

Everything I knew about jealousy and wicked niggas  
We don't need no shootouts  
Part of me, I'm part of poverty  
The streets father me love  
Hesitate to tell the truth  
Because only part of me was  
Confident when the skoma lit [?]  
My crew move anonymous over units  
Assemble platoons to form a conglomerate  
Blood-rushing concussions ain't nothing  
You don't have to be a nigga to consume a substance  
But pour us a bottle  
Formula is to follow, trippy chick  
"Love Lucy" like Ricky Ricardo  
Capable of crashing internet without the intellect  
Tell him "fuck you" to his face in case it's never indirect  
See my mother struggled so I never loved another like her  
Despite the human cycle  
Entice a rap revival  
I've been here, my marketing plans are well off  
My haters on the dick, advise for you to get off  
Papa was a Rolling Stone waiting for that mobile phone  
And my homies know, call my bluff  
Who will hold the throne? Probably me  
The prophecy is as I see, it's not a dream  
On the MPC, it's sending you shots to your self-esteem

[Verse 3: Meechy Darko]

When you got that juice  
You got to move like the bishops do  
Even if that means killing every nigga in your crew  
I'm the type to screw over anyone to make a move  
Paper I pursue  
Looking for a big head, brunette, betty boop  
She can be black-and-white  
Just like the cartoon  
I ain't picky  
No invite to the VMAs  
Cause they knew I was going to shoot this shit up  
Like sticky fingers on the trigger  
And it's getting itchy  
I like my sex hot, sticky, sweat dripping  
Kinky, finger-licking bitches fuck with me  
Yet they honor me 'cause of my honesty  
Cause honestly, I ain't shit  
I'm just being honest, B  
All red suit  
[?]  
No sleep til Brooklyn  
So I still open my eyelids  
Hah, did I mention psilocybin my stylist  
The wildest  
Brooklyn niggas is Christopher Wallace "Gimme the loot, gimme the loot!"  
I need your purse and wallets  
I'm smoking cookies, nigga  
Scout's honor  
Mr. Darko  
(You are not the father!)