

[Verse 1: Meechy Darko]

Whatever happened to mobbin' instead of fist fighting
Niggas is busy bloggin, this shit is a problem
Flatbush zombie dead walking, caution
Every word I spit, every verb I flip awesome
I raise the margin and Pimp C would probably be proud of me
Cause I been banging dames since Wayne was saying "wobblidy wobblidy"
The game is full of squares and I don't fit in I'm isoscoles
Tell her take her clothes off, drop her hair and roll that chronic leaf
Ha! If she don't let me poke it baby it's buenos noches
I be leaning in the grave yard smoking something potent
Nigga let's be simple I give her dick and she shiver
You give her dick and she giggle, my ego getting bigger
If Source was around I get 5 mics, sex party hand me 5 dykes
They fuck me though, roll it fast and I puff it slow
Yeah my flow bounce off that bass and percussion though
Bout to roll another o, pass it to my brother though
Ya'll niggas in trouble yo

[Hook:]

We the young black and arrogant
Weed we be carryin'
They greet us like kings
Cause we arrive in these chariots
Bitches wanna marry us
Niggas wanna bury us
But when it all falls
Who'll be the one to carry us?
Gettin' closer to the MIE [?]
They say all the real niggas dead and gone but we left
Dawg, I thought I told you that we go hard
Flatbush zombies mo'fucka ya we go hard

[Verse 2: Zombie Juice]

Young black and arrogant
Addicted the finer shit
OG presidential the sour taste is immaculate
Niggas on that ass, talkin' that, they ain't bout this shit
I be bustin' bars trust me nigga this my heart
We can take it to the park, let's park
Bang bang two shots have a change of heart
I'm aloof with the goof, fuck the boys in blue
Never trust a nigga never trust you too
Rolled about a hundred doobs, catch me smokin' somethin' blue
Blue dream, feed me LSD please
Them niggas talkin' down, word of mouth
I could put you on sonny, the drug game ain't all sunny
The rap game is real funny and I ain't playin' with you monkeys
Now how can I survive got me askin' white Jesus
Will a nigga live or die the Lord can't see us
Quit your fuckin' job I ain't never fuckin' work
All I know is this trip, pimp a ho on this dough
Ounce of weed, morphine, blue's them oxy's

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Erick Arc Elliott]

I'm like hello, we got Carmello
You can't compare ho
See me with my kinfolk
When I rock black hoodies and timbos
You started with zero, look at that man in the mirror
My vanity is insanity ragin'bull like DeNiro
Ridin' with that becky, open that third eye if you'll let me
Open your legs up like a nestle, crunch and munch
What's for lunch?
Hold this blunt for the one's that I run from
Got a lot of niggas runnin' from the dungeon
But I won't say nay
Got a lot of fame to attain before I'm done done
Cups full of rose, mo'
Won't sip slow, low-key flow
Codine 'do architect from the tech of the green deck
Better bring [?] if you smoke smoke somethin' so
Tell me when to go, gotta move now
Feel so high, gotta cool down
Doin' big things kinda rude now
If you talk with the chest gotta put the food down
Bitch you know, ain't got a lot of change but the wrist will glow
Don't say her name but I hit the ho
Listen bro, never heard a nigga like this before
Never heard a nigga like this before
Smoke another doob then I hit the road
OE drank and that shit is cold
So I'm 88 in my 64

[Hook]