

# This Is It

## Flatbush Zombies

[Hook: Erick Arc Elliott]

All you fools just sound the same

Ain't no credit to your name

Ain't no credit line open, that's discrediting the fame

Form your business in the name, something unique like a slain

Make a difference, make a change

But ain't no puppets on a string

Don't be chilling on the couch, remember this is for the clout

Remember this is for the poor niggas that'll represent you when you're out

Forget you when you need your friends, fuck it we just meet again

All my niggas need a plan, cos all my niggas need to win[Verse 1: Zombie Juice]

Always was a winner even when I wasn't 'posed to

The money getting bigger as if it wasn't supposed to

Just a lonely nigga, talk too much to myself, need a break

On July 8th broke down heaven's gates

Now watch, they high all day

Fuck you leaving, fuck all evening

Call me mister fuck all day

Trap all day and night

Don't need a house [?]

Spam my conscious, tryna' walk on water

Feel the earth [?]

You hatin', I'll be somewhere slayin' bitches by their face [?]

Catch a fake [?], with an eighth on me

Not phased, don't pass that shit homie

Cause more [?]

'Bout to put some in the air, 'til my nigga goes off

Cos you got some shrooms, I got a room

You and me 'til we reach the moon

Never wore a disguise, love the skin I'm in

You trade your soul for fame, we ain't built the same[Hook: Erick Arc Elliott]

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All my niggas need a plan, cos all my niggas need to win[Verse 2: Erick Arc Elliott]

All I ever wanted was to be a one to one

Now I'm one in three

Compulsively a nigga gotta run up or get none

Know I feel your pain, a different day [?] when you're done

[?] put you down, afraid to look around, instead I [?] for my dogs

Now my city give me 150 for my skis, 150 for [?]

Three niggas, we gotta eat

Shouts to fans that's overseas

Independent grind, at least we did form a company

We a bond that never breaks, never giving up the cake

Not a fan of pointing fingers at men

It's dependent on who can pay for academics

Homie your chemists are missing the [?]

You back into handling business, no kidding

My head's at the clinic, I need a prescription

My vision is clearer through smoking them mirrors

I can't be compared to those niggas you hearing

So don't be offended when niggas don't feel you[Hook: Erick Arc Elliott]

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Feeling brave? Nigga run up

Buck shots, Here muscle

And I don't need Joey to pump it

Pitbull, no muzzle

Badmon, I'm thuggin'

Dunno, gun smoke

Can't tell me nothin', there's no need for discussion

I'm the sinner and saint, I'm the box logo bully

Used to buy Bathing Ape, now they send this shit to me

I paved the way for niggas that're scared to say what they ain't wanna say

Now watch a demon demonstrate, annihilate, love haters all the same[?]

Will I die from my homicide or will I die from taking too much drugs?

Lord knows I'm just here to die on an acid high and I'm double cupped

Cold line, 100 blunts

Seen a few bitches I'd love to fuck

2Pac in 96 and troublesome  
27 club, here I come  
Comma, c-c-c-c comma, comma, comma, a whole lot of decimals  
I just s-see my account and c-c-c-c-c-c count all my blessing up  
Bloodstream full of chemical, crip, blood, twist your fingers up  
Better than some of them [veterans]  
Bet they gon' say it's beginners luck  
I would die for my niggas, but would they do the same?  
And then somebody get em and I'm losing my balance and [managing pain]  
I would ride for my niggas, just show me the lane  
My granddaddy's still in the kitchen, w-w-whooping the 'caine  
My celly' keep ringing  
I cannot find enough courage to answer  
The backwoods is hitting  
Hope that that shit is not giving me cancer  
Trip on acid while I'm rapping [?], [?]Sippin' muddy, counting money  
I think she took too many xannies, she fell asleep while she was sucking[Outro: Meechy Darko]  
Made it out the ghetto, shout out to my mother  
Kudos to my papa, he ain't wear the rubber  
This is it, I do this shit here for my brothers

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