bounce

Flatbush ZOMBiES

YSL pants with the zippers, yikes
Met her this evenin' already hit it, twice
Tag on your soul everybody got a price
Acid, acid, change yo life
Bape if she hip, Saint Laurent if she bougie
I'm faded like Boosie
She call Meechy over, I slide in that coochie
Nosedive in that coochie
My dick is big, it should be wearin' a Coogi
Imma need some friends
Tie dyed my lifestyle
Even bleached the pants
Next week Japan
Thom Browne bubble lens, I need the tint
Flatbush, Brooklyn, from the County of Kings, ah
Run up on me like I'm some hippie, nigga
And die under the knife, Joan Rivers
Ooh, damn, that punchline delivers
Hold up wait a minute, moment of silence
Hm, fuck it
Let's get back to wylin'
Blood on your Timbs, shoot shoot
Blood at your limbs, tuh tuh
Split at your rims
Ambidextrous, I shoot with two hands
Even got blood on your friends
I think I just flooded the Benz
Damn it, baby, Meechy's at it again
M-M-Murder, murder, murder
Capital M with two gats in my handEveryday a nigga wake up, got to blaze a little chronic
Thank the universe for blessing, new day, a new dollar
Middle finger to my niggas and my bitches two times
Representing for my niggas in the hood it's no ceiling
Sellin', trappin' like a villain, cold
Should've made a killing, go
Finger played with it, yo
Nigga stay with it
Hate a nigga, fade him quicker now
Dum diddy dum

I, I, I, I, I high like the sun
Fetch a frequency, this ain't shit to me
She said she got a friend, then let my nigga beat
Meech, roll 'em, bust 'em, cannons, wooh
Spliff long looking like a Manson
I'm on acid feeling like the Hamptons
She feeling freaky beat the pussy like a champion
Young nigga but I'm still O.G
Supreme Team like 1993
Triple 6 on my coffin, I dance with the devil
Came back with a vengeance, Christ off the hinges
I'm nice with the spit kid, twice as much vicious
Psycho-active, I'm on a mission
Electric KoolAde, make your decision
You want it, I get you
These niggas ain't right, they can't write they own shit
But they smile in your face, and they claim they the shit
But to me a disgrace
Trying to keep steps ahead like we running a race
Got an ounce to burn, got a trip to make
Free my niggas lawd, made it right today
Got an ounce to burn, got a trip to makeNot a thug but niggas know how I keep mine
Call her up or quick to throw up the peace sign
Throw that pussy let me hit it
Girl, I got to get it
Saying she got a feeling, she let a young nigga hit it
Back and forth 'cause we smoke them seven grams
Billboard shit I don't expect you to understand
My performance, dreams at 14
Now I hear them calling two to their seats
Won't slip away this is serious business
Voided in mischief while spending these Benjamins
Open the potential pussy to me
Brought to you by the ungrateful police
Conscious keep telling me, beautiful melody
Will exhibit if I trip on the L.S.D
Nah, window for money and dro
Some people think I spend money, for sure
Spending show money
Flip like aerobics
Components will kill my opponents
I sit on my throne, it's enormous
Composed with the chorus
My karma is good, dog, and y'all need supportin'
My bitch is so gorgeous, I cannot afford

To spend time with her when chasin' these whores
Money, keep countin'
She strip like Lance Mountains
My passport is packed
How I travel, astoundin' (Yeah)
Thug Waffle did that
Now we comin' back for the killer contract
Pull up on your Pampers
Three man army
Address the bitch niggas in a song, call it Palm Trees
Not a fan of you if you ain't ever hug my moms, b
Not a fan of niggas that be talkin' where I'm gon' be
Talk a lot of mess, leave you niggas out of pocket
Don't talkin' to me less you talkin' 'bout a profitUniverse I'm blessed, a new day a new dollar
Tag on your soul, everybody got a price
Acid, acid changed your life

Songwriters
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