RedEye to Paris

Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Intro]
Cause y'all grew up watchin' Rambo and Commando and Cobra and Schwarzenegger, coincidently is now the governor of a state in America. So where does the social responsibility fall for Hollywood? Na'mean that's why me I try tell us that art is a reflection of life. I wants the youth not to shoot and leave a song about it[Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliott]
How can I only handle my business from this 9-5
I smoke that dope, I call that potent, smokin' till I'm paralyzed
High as hell I'm blinded, Zombies been auto pilot
This year my bro told me get mine
Oui oui, we in Paris
Skepta MC, architecture the textures of beats
My complexion obsessive to infections when I call to freaks
While this mind is matured I got my green from my fans
So if you smokin' on Reggie, I smack that green from your hands
My revival, ye nah take me title cause man are stifle
No man, no war, no rifle
Me day are in the ghetto, sense it pon' me head stone
If I was a star, word to God I'd be Fredro
It's all fashion, I smokes good I talks lavish
Led to fame, a French name, expensive habits
Tappin' out to chicken wings from Bob Backlund
Whole Foods, I eats good, it's organic[Verse 2: Zombie Juice]
In Paris, got hotties, no molly just ganji
Stone like a brick, meet you in the lobby
Gettin' dome off the rip, gold colored tints
Whip like I whip, lay my shit down ya shrimp
Technical message spray and beheaded
Get used to slayin'
They useful, they used to slaves
[?] man use their great
The proofs of mis-truth
Hidden in America's roots
Livin'? I'm barely, just shoot
To the stars and cave in the roof
Big timer for the majors it's proof
Skepta with the ganja, salute
Represent for my mama, stay true
Gotta get it for low and the flip too
Flatbush in the news, cops killed who?

Niggas of the blue gotta trust who
Money on my mind, what I've been through
All alone in the scroll with a issue
Sticking to the dry like a tissue
Sacrifice for the world, gonna miss you
One wish, few blunts and a pistol
Frank White [?] we miss you
Tip top, hip-hop rap's official
Not hot, been told not official
Big shot, big plot my [?]
Zombies blow wide, continental[Hook: Erick Arc Elliott] (x2)
Yo shawty on my wood wood
Ay it ain't no problem cause we smokin' on that good good
Light one for my niggas who represent the hood hood
You know we smokin' that fire, she light the wood
Dawg I just fuck her good[Verse 3: Meechy Darko]
Won't be known until I'm on and niggas hand me the throne
Physically been many places but I'm Brooklyn's own
If a nigga nice as me then he must be a clone
Yo bitch is foamin at the mouth, I had to give her a bone
Niggas should be embarrassed I caught her red eyed in Paris
Eyes red from smokin' the hash
Ah shit that classic, I'm nasty pass me it
Bitch and I smash it, pass me a tab of some acid
Pass me the globe and I trot that bitch
Like you know what the best is
You Hardly Bent I'm Harvey Dent
Put my faith in the flip, you ain't a pimp
Your reign ain't shit, you put your faith in the bitch
Saint laurent crash denims, my shit came with the rips
My flow is sick, I spit more than a retard's kiss
I'm in your bitch, I raided my hips like I'm ravishing Rick
I'm rather sick, ahh fell my vibe, catchin' my drip
I wore a rubber that night, so that cannot be my kid
Do as I say and get out, follow my actions and live[Verse 4: Skepta]
I get love from the north and the west
Love from the south and the east
It's a zombie attack you bitches, we don't care about the police
I know you heard about the single, and you know about the album that I'm about to release
That's why I'm in Paris taking pics with the girls outside on the streets
There will never be another like me, rep my gang 'til I D.I.E
And I don't wanna get buried in a grave
Burn me and throw my ashes in the sea (amen)
Hennessey and Coke in the cup
And Pierre got me the weed and the Rizlas

I'm gonna smoke my spliff 'til it gets to the roach and it burns my fingers
Watch the rude boy spit now
Musical chairs make a man sit down
Any size, little rave or a big crowd
Somebody's gonna die here like Chris Brown
Picture me broke in the hood on the run from the police, up to no good
Driving with no license, two packs in the passenger seat, looking like Suge
Fuck that, I've gotta get paid I swear, I'm tryn'a be the hustler of the year
I've been killing it for lots of years, put money on my head, that's stocks and shares
I put the work in, I go too hard, business man with no business card
Take a good look right now, the last time you see a rude boy like me spitting these bars
[Hook: Erick Arc Elliot] (x2)

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