New World Order

Flatbush Zombies

[where the crows huntIntro]
New World Order
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New World Order[Verse 1: Meechy Darko]
All the homies say I'm brain dead
Amen, smoke weed, talk shit
All these rappers be on pain meds
So why should I give a fuck how to fit
Heard you don't even gang bang
But you're twisting up the fingers in the flicks
Know you gotta have a good aim
When you're shooting from the whip
New World Order, baby baby
Please work smarter, instead of harder
That New World Order
The world is mine, so why the fuck would I give you a portion
New World Order
No calm shit, revolvin', bust guns that start riots
Booty so round and soft, I left a palm print
I'm Schwarzenegger, black leather, shotty under armpit
[Chorus: Erick Arc Elliott and Meechy Darko]
New World Order
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Everything
New World Order
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Rebel with no cause, homie welcome to the slaughter
[Verse 2: Zombie Juice]
Ain't no rivalry, ain't no hide and seek
Bang bang, rather you than me
Another rapper, just a bunch of chatter
Come 'round my way 'til the boat sink
My lifestyle gets unusual, [?] talking about the usual
It's in my blood, it's in my heart

You niggas out here, dressing like some thots
I'm really out here, eating with some rastas
Your baby girl slurp me like some pasta
Hotel looking like a trap house
Tour bus looking like a frat house
I like the way she looking with her ass out
She couldn't [?] mad now
Call it AK, nigga bring the bands out
It's a New World Order, we the gang now[Chorus: Erick Arc Elliott and Meechy Darko]
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Rebel wuph no cause, homie welcome to the slaughter[Verse 3: Erick Arc Elliott]
You know we make history
Burn your light, hickory
Niggas ain't shup to me
I bet you offend you, it's mental, I bend you
Shit is so raw, you can't read it on your Kindle
Strictly on the mental, slice face, ginsu
On some Heath Ledger shit, smash face pencil
Copying my stencil
Soaking up the swag that I excude, so excuse this my next move All the best do their own stunts
I'm going harder on these cold fronts
Roll blunts, kickin' back where the crows hunt
[?]
Head up in the clouds, never seen my nose run
Don't front, not a nigga you can pose on
Something for that ass, and a glass you can toast on
Boy you got the scope on and he raisin' both arms
Can't keep it concealed, know we gotta show gun[Chorus: Erick Arc Elliott and Meechy Darko]
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Rebel with no cause, homie welcome to the slaughter[Outro]
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