Proxies

Flatbush Zombies

Want my five dollars[Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliott]
Most people would kill to have the problems I have here
How good was my last year? I still get harassed here
Don't stir up, this gas near, a few of us last here
I'm still on my black hoodie shit, the syndicate
To chase another million air
Watch you play musical chairs
Like who music compares?
The Zombies kickin' the snares
They say it's a dub
You sold the troub', nigga, what's good?
I'm never intimidated, the Sonics like Gary Paton, the glove
You my blood, Flatbush raised me and such
And bill money, gettin' niggas, they ain't makin' enough
Even though I wasn't rich, I never made it to crunch
I'd rather die a broke man than be rich and pompous
Sloppy with your focus, we hang rosaries for your lack of trust
Start ball, shot's too good for you to pass it up
Informers, they zoom in, scope the situation
I just plug my iPhone in to get the litigations
I don't believe in non-believers
I don't hear or speak evil either
This the institution of the leaders
Conspire retribution for our freedom
We squeeze guns, unleashin' holy war on the people
I don't believe in non-believers
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When it's permanent, it's solely nervousness, dog
This when you serve your sermon with salt
Petty dog, I told you already how I got my mind made up
Switchin' foreigns like customs, so when I drive the lay up
Picture me fallin' victim, man, I gotta stay up
No trickery with my Benjamins, you gotta pay up, say what?
My identity, lost in the matrix with this trinity
Architect on the set, we was on the TV screen
Got the check, got the rep, then I changed the scenery

Spent some days in Paris just to peril in my queen and me
Butterfly charms, that's a honor what they mean to me
I just wanna see the same things that my idols see
Wait to see the god in me, I done told the Odyssey
40 for the thing that be playin' when I'm round it, B
I done post things, I fly planes all account of me
Just another day, gettin' paid when you count on me
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