

Death (Prod. By Erick Arc Elliott)

Flatbush ZOMBiES

(ZOMBiE Juice)[Verse 1: Juice]

Spitting shit disfigured like ligaments

Picture the making of this my hands tied

Watch the smoke flow by by by by

On the porch Newports packs of the loud, new bitch packing the crowds

The mackin' spectacular is you fucking or nothing

Mmmmmm a little sumchin

Bitch you know I'm buzzing bumpity bumping

Packs in the back of Mach's truck n trunking

We up yet we slumping, Zombie fully function

Fu-fu-fuck corruption, lies vivid as Jenna's titties

Terrorist experiments, America's full of shit, uh

Blinded by skin color, blinded by his lover

Blinded by shining lights, and you the gift of life

Relax my mind 'til it's, do or die

Each moments a mineral, poetry's protein

The verse is a vitamin effects like codeine[Hook]

What ya gonna do when them zombies come for you

(Murder murder murder, kill kill kill)(Meechy Darko)[Verse 2: Meech]

DTA I don't trust none of my homies

Juice laced my spliff with PCP and never told me

Passed me a cup of bleach said Meech sip on this codeine

Wash it down with OE now I'm throwed up like "Oh gees"

My voice hold the beat down it's the anchor

And my nigga stay with the metal like Kurt Angle

Zombies blowing up like the Boston marathon BOOM

War too soon, opposite of late bloom

Dunk from the free throw since I was spewed from the womb

Survival of the fittest I ate my twin in the womb

And due to robbin' givings I may never jump the broom

And while you pay for pussy I was out in paid dues

Stage diving turned a couple thousand people to my pool

You a fool if you think I ain't on the move

I am it, I am new, I exude

But cannot be reproduced, execute for my grimy and my destitute?[Hook](The Architect)[Verse 3: Erick]

Spit in your face at the pearly gates

At 24 a nigga special like he 38

The limerick I kick is four finger ring

Shit I twist a mother fucker limbs up like a green spliff

Defying odds, no façade man
My city like ahhh, so if this 'street on heat?
I'm never tryna be a boss, rap induced have 'em used
When I scribe thought, quiet man so if i can't stand then I'mma fall
I'd rather be a failure than never mentioned at all
The dimensions of the mind measure crime like yellow tape
Music the bass, swap my heart for an 808
You outta shape smoking great good god, like jay oh
Nostrils fill with the potency of smoking kief
All the windows down so you know it's me
Bow down, my radiator hits like my Amy Wine Vinyl, For Now[Hook]

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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