

# RedEye To Paris (Feat. Skepta)

## 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 stifled  
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)

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

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