

# New Phone, Who Dis?

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

Not a good time unless I smoke mine  
Too many drugs that make you go blind  
Too many thugs that work for more crime  
And my nigga show love, unless we get  
Not a good time unless I smoke mine  
Too many drugs that make you go blind  
Too many thugs that work for more crime  
And my nigga show love unless we get violentWildin', this is for my niggas that smoke weed  
Live life by the day, count the proceed  
Blow it back, blowin' cash in the OC  
Miss the phone, got it on, looking closely  
Only independent, we don't need a co-sign  
Jah shit, the bud make arms in no time  
It's the fourth quarter at the baseline  
Kissing your daughter, Mary Jane high  
Just the same guys you dunked on NI multiple times  
Ultra dead minds  
Zombie bait line, don't hope it takes time  
Enjoy the palm trees  
We on vacationRang, rang  
Who that calling?  
The money or the fame  
Shit ain't the same since we crept in the game  
So I get high and try to maintain  
My cell ain't  
Rang, rangWho that calling?  
The money or the fame  
Shit ain't the same since we stepped in the game  
So I get high and try to maintain  
Gloves on, murder one, homi'  
Bill P looking for the prince, like King Joffrey2  
Smoking Moroccan hashies  
With my slanted eye, zombie mommy  
Hennessy fill my body  
These other rappers copy, oops  
I forgot to mention locusts in another dimension  
Zombie gang, be what I'm repping  
Pussy so good I need seconds to step in  
Two Mac 11s with twenty K on the necklace and a Heckler Kock

Bought this for the hecklers that be neck in cock  
On a mission, clearest vision  
Views from the scope from my Glock  
Only high percentage shots  
You with one eye like Fetty Wap  
With my block, flockas ash, rott in flesh and money knots  
Never trust these hoes, I never did, never will  
I pop a tab and crack a seal  
Zombie gang, drugs kill  
Never lied  
If I did then let me fry  
Futurama  
And these Jordans on my feet don't come out 'til next summer  
Pretty grungy like Nirvana  
Kurt Cobain is what she hollaing1  
I dropped this dick inside her  
Only fuck her if she legal  
I don't break the law like Tyga2  
Unless it's moving LSD  
Lean and shrooms and marijuana  
If I ever pay for pussy it was with counterfeit dollars  
Ugly niggas still getting bitches  
I'm like the second Shabba  
Hit the trigger 'til my fingers blister  
If I got a problem, paint his top  
Then it's robbing  
I'm superficial and conscious  
I'm a walking contradiction  
I'ma burn in hell probably  
But I'ma keep Satan waiting  
I am young fornacating  
With women in every flavour  
Eating pussy with chop sticks  
You know I love my Asians  
You would think, USC who he play with  
Trojan helmet on, put her in the backstage  
And then I hit the skinky in the bank  
With the Jason mask, asking where the safe is  
Catch me motorcycle, black [?] Letterman  
Saint Laurent, leopard print  
I stampede any beat  
Nigga I ain't got no preference  
I'm setting presedence while chasing Presidents  
My mic presence is heaven's sinIt's like I got an extra sense, no censorship  
I'm in my essence, limitless, no blemishes

My penmanship, a urban [?]  
Always lead to swish  
I roll and pick, then blow and zip  
You can blow my dick and eat my excrementSmoke to death, might loose my ears  
Walking dead, can't feel my tears  
Fake love in disguise  
I rep-pew and get from here  
I let my soul fly like fruits from our peers  
I got some questions, I got some weed, I got some acid  
Needle point, LSD  
I got a bad bitch we could set to feast  
And if your eyes open there is still more to see  
They try to tell me I was wrong  
I'm still looking  
Last night I spent a couple hours up in central booking  
Only had a dub but I was trapping prostitution  
Weed, coca leaves, percs and LSDTwo hundred for the pot  
Add it up, more for me  
Thinking back, I'm still here it's not we  
Ripping shows and blowing cheese  
Oh, you love me? Soon we'll see  
Palm trees and double D's  
They want that old shit?Well, fuck meRang, rang  
Who that calling?  
The money or the fame  
Shit ain't the same since we crept in the game  
So I get high and try to maintain  
My cell ain't  
Rang, rangShine on these niggas  
Glide on these niggas  
Show these niggas what the business is nigga  
Zombie gang nigga  
Huh? Zombie gang nigga  
Half that nigga  
We living life nigga  
Nigga stole the dead the way we living like so crazy man  
So trill nigga  
Ay, up top nigga, up top, uh uh

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