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.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/