This Is It

Flatbush ZOMBiES

All you fools just sound the same
Ain't no credit to your name
Ain't no credit line open, that's discrediting the fame
Form your business in the name, something unique like a slain
Make a difference, make a change
But ain't no puppets on a string
Don't be chilling on the couch, remember this is for the clout
Remember this is for the poor niggas that'll represent you when you're out
Forget you when you need your friends, fuck it we just meet again
All my niggas need a plan, 'cause all my niggas need to winAlways was a winner even when I wasn't 'posed to
The money getting bigger as if it wasn't supposed to
Just a lonely nigga, talk too much to myself, need a break
On July 8th broke down heaven's gates
Now watch, they high all day
Fuck you leaving, fuck all evening
Call me mister fuck all day
Trap all day and night
Don't need a house much less you 'bout some change
Expand my conscious, tryna' walk on water
Feel the earth on me
You hatin', I'll be somewhere slayin' bitches by their face on me
Catch a fade, Kobe, with an eighth on me
Not phased, don't pass that shit homie
Cough, smoke, cough, got my shit sealed off
'Bout to put some in the air, 'til a nigga doze off
'Cause you got some shrooms, I got a room
You and me 'til we reach the moon
Never wore a disguise, love the skin I'm in
You trade your soul for fame, we ain't built the sameAll you fools just sound the same
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Now I'm one in three

Compulsively a nigga gotta run up or get none
Know I feel your pain, a different day, a pay is always altered when you're done
Hater put you down, afraid to look around, instead I pen it for my dogs
Now my city give me 150 for my steez, 150 for my beats
Three niggas, we gotta eat
Shouts to fans that's overseas
Independent grind, at least we did form a company
We a bond that never breaks, never giving up the cake
Not a fan of pointing fingers at men
It's dependent on who can pay for academics
Homie your chemists are missing the appendages
You back into handling business, no kidding
My head's at the clinic, I need a prescription
My vision is clearer through smoke and them mirrors
I can't be compared to those niggas you hearing
So don't be offended when niggas don't feel youAll you fools just sound the same
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All my niggas need a plan, 'cause all my niggas need to winFeeling brave? Nigga run up
Buck shots, here muscle
And I don't need Joey to pump it
Pitbull, no muzzle
Badmon, I'm thuggin'
Dunno, gun smoke
Can't tell me nothin', there's no need for discussion
I'm the sinner and saint, I'm the box logo bully
Used to buy Bathing Ape, now they send this shit to me
I paved the way for niggas that're scared to say what they wanna say
Now watch a demon demonstrate, annihilate, love haters all the same
Will I die from my homicide or will I die from taking too much drugs?
Lord knows I deserve to die on an acid high and I'm double cupped
Cold line, hundred blunts
Seen a few bitches I'd love to fuck
2Pac in 96 and troublesome
27 club, here I come
Comma, c-c-c-c comma, comma, comma, a whole lot of decimals
I just s-see my account and c-c-c-c-c-c-c count all my blessing up
Bloodstream full of chemical, crip, blood, twist your fingers up
Better than some of them veterans

Bet they gon' say it's beginners luck
I would die for my niggas, but would they do the same?
Hennessey by the gallon, I'm losing my balance and manage the pain
I would ride for my niggas, just show me the lane
My grandaddy's still in the kitchen, w-w-whooping the 'caine
My celly' keep ringing
I cannot find enough courage to answer
The Backwoods is hitting
Hope that that shit is not giving me cancer
Trip on acid while I'm rapping, Sippin' muddy, counting money
I think she took too many Xannies, she fell asleep while she was suckingMade it out the gutter, shout out to my mother
Kudos to my papa, he ain't wear the rubber
This is it, I do this shit here for my brothers
This is it, I do this shit here for my brothers

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