

# MRAZ

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Verse 1: Meech]

What the bloodclot? Get M-E-T-H-O-D, Drought 3 Dwayne Carter  
With a splash of Busta's craft and a hint of Big Poppa  
Little dash of Nasty Nas, top it off with Bob Marley  
Throw 'em all in a blender and I'm what the fuck you get  
And imagine that like a figment  
I'm a walking talking enigma  
Something you never figure  
I am like Randy Savage on acid  
That's very vibrant and classic  
A walking disaster hazard to any rapper  
That's rappin, we the underground killas  
But globally they feel us cause we restoring the feeling  
This guru spit voodoo yes  
I am that mass appealing, I'm feeling up on her breasts  
She swallowing all my children (Ha!)  
Rack in my mouth teeth made of gold  
I'm sucking the areolas my nigga the best of both  
Double entendre  
And if they auctioning niggas then I'm the top product  
What am I saying they used to auction our forefathers  
Where is my mind shit I can't find it  
Like looking for remote control after smoking marijuana  
How is he so niggerish yet so enlightened  
It can't be possible he livin' everything he rhymin'  
I feel like we entered the game at remarkable timing[Hook: Juice]  
Broke niggas only make jokes niggas  
I made more than I can fit in this quote nigga  
Quote nigga, we the hope nigga  
Flatbush Zombie muthafucka, we the hope nigga  
Hope Nigga, hope Nigga  
Flatbush Zombie muthafucka we the hope nigga  
Hope Nigga, hope Nigga  
Flatbush Zombie muthafucka we the hope nigga[Verse 2: Erick]  
I assemble sentences so I can reap the benefits  
And I never see my nemesis but I'm working on my penmanship  
I counted many blessings, stressing women, nothing less of winning  
If I'm talking shit, shit man I'm only kidding  
Sitting on the sphere, Earth is spinning, persevere

2012 is here still a different kind of fear  
It's material and I ain't talkin fashion  
Believe in what you want cause no one knows to seem what happens  
Ya bastards  
Since I smoked the cohiba, I'm evil  
Zombies be competition, six feet deep beneath your people  
Only illegal amounts of the medicine'll get you in a bind  
I already got your heart, girl I wanna fuck your mind  
But since I came, developed my name, the author oughta slap you hard  
I never drop the acid, bruh I'm trippy as fuck  
Because I'd rather knock it down instead of picking you up  
So cut the ash right through the diamond, my hair wrapped up like a shaman[Hook][Verse 3: Juice]  
Cruising down the street, ain't got a 6-4  
Just a heart full of pride, a mouth full of gold  
Corny baby mama knocking at my front do'  
She just want my (income), I'd rather get my (dick sucked)  
I be that Z-O-M-B, shawty don't tempt me  
Leather on, Fonzielli, piss on women, R. Kelly  
Smashing bitches in the telly, passing swishers rolled up with me  
Trippy is as trippy does, catch me smoking potent cuz  
Having visions of Mason Betha coming back  
Spitting crack, contemplating how we living under Satan  
Discriminating and hating, this ain't rap  
I call it food for the savoring  
What's your craving, Na-not for paparazzi the most  
Incredible dope, feta, cheddar the revenue  
Never seen federal, gotta stay 'head of the revenue  
Love my medical hating niggas disguised as friends  
I see the lies, wannabes, little G's  
Peep A-P-C's, I'm a G-O-D  
Rep the N-Y-C, we got U-N-I, T-Y  
It's time y'all get off my N-U-T-Z's, please  
I got the scoop, ain't that about a bitch  
Take a flick with the microphone ripper, grave digger  
Hairy black ball nigga - sicker than your average  
Twisting dank, fucking hoes on the kitchen sank  
What you thank?[Hook]

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