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, Fonzirelli, 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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