

# DONT DO DRUGS KIDS

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Intro x4]

Acid, acid

Tab, tab

Roll it, smoke it

Take a drag, drag[Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliott]

Ain't no heart in the music, it's all device

In the lab cooking work like Walter White

My general salute, I got a gram or two

And have a nigga head spinning like a poltergeist

Probably never gon' change, nigga, fuck fame

This is real cocaine, nigga, nigga, numb to the gums

Numb, numb 'til you spit

Nothing I ever do is wack, so in fact, I am that sick

Nigga, hit it once then he pass it

Casket, casket, I am often drastic

Undead to the dead, two horns in my head

Levitating when my eyes become red, dawg

Nectar for the holy protector, wreck them

Yes, I carry along weapon, just in case

Machine gun them, we clear the place

True jan love, ganja we blaze[Hook x2: Meechy Darko]

Don't do drugs, kids, give them to I

It's amazing how acid could open your eyes

My face look sour cause I'm smoking it, guy

I'm so damn high, can't open my eyes[Verse 2: Meechy Darko]

You the best, nuh-uh, I'm the best, bruh bruh

Shotgun, pump pump, leave you leaking, slump slump

Now you all fucked up, don't compare us to nobody, nigga, they're not us

Had to die for these [?] fuck the music in my [?]

O.G. I puff, gold teeth, not much if (Not at all)

Told her I don't give a fuck unless the money's involved

Or drugs involved, or fucks involved

Baby, a dollar and a dream'll make your money evolve

Like watered down packs, you're not that raw

These Bolivian bars that I'm stepped on

Hear [?]

Nigga, you slipping if you ain't near [?]

Supreme seams, Zombie logo

Or I'm wearing polo, eye bleed hit trees meet sonny bono

Between these seas and I row row row row  
Radiant girl can't see my aura  
I'm Meechy, I needs me a Rita Ora  
Lock your daughters, I'm coming for her  
I knock that bitch up and I not support her, I'm joking, sorta  
You know my future's bright and I'm kinda important  
I don't need the karma, drama, baby momma  
Let's hear bout [?] I let you spray the llama  
When doubt I got problems, I spit that fool and drown in a coffin  
The world's on my back and it's quite exhausting  
But I'mma keep it squeezing it for all this fortune, I'm off this

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

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