

# The Odyssey

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

5, 4, 3, 2, 1

In a world full of haters stands a single group who clearly separate themselves from the rest. These 3 men scale the ends of the earth searching for truth and triumph

Meechy Darko, Zombie Juice, and Erick the Architect. These are the Flatbush Zombies and this is 3001: A

Laced Odyssey Why I feel like the past is catching up to my ass

Why I feel like the past is catching up to my ass

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Every day, me and Mary Jane

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Every day, live it like it's infamy

Black on black in time with my roots this is my ghetto symphony

Shout out to my fam and my homies, we making history

Never had a degree, but the streets made me a sicker breed

Every day another drug, experimental in my mental

Had to tone it down, I c-couldn't see without my liquid liquid

Had to learn how to bound this life man, I can't fucking stand it

Caught fees, bought pleas, nigga where's your fucking manners

How you hatin' on us, but claim the king of NY?

These niggas ain't fit to be the king, go ask Shady guess why

I'm in the lobby right now, 16: 55

I got a bitch like Cardi B, bet that ass sittin' nice

Don't gotta go to South Bronx to get your furious five

40 ounce of malt liquor, joint stuffed with the pie

Boss nigga, best nigga, let y'all do deciding

Hot spitter, dead niggas, man we been through the wire

Somebody call 'em up and let 'em know I been doin' it

You're not that inventive with that coloured hair you're losing it

Imma everyday struggle 'til I get to the top

I study Em, BIG, Tech N9ne, 2Pac

Come to my crib unannounced I got a big t-tato pie

Hopped up 9. missing bodies in the f-fucking car lot

And when I'm mad, I get green like the Hulk

Til my brain goes pop and then them veins go po-po-po-pow Introducing the Jamie Hewlett of rapper music

Influenced by Stanley Kubrick, exclusive for all my hooligans

Oh, we just recruit again, I can take your pre-(STIGE)

Peculiar with my Bs like Juice would be with his (Z)

Apostle like Meechy Darko, watch Ellington DJ (these)

If triple A could record again, Zion may be a (beast)  
I promised y'all (?) would hold it down, discipline when I (beef)  
Disgruntled with all this frontal, tell Trav to chill with the (leaf)  
My parents should know I love 'em, my momma locked in the grief  
I finished this album up, but she barely able to speak  
I uncle to everyone I put that on my future (please)  
The sooner you see the picture, you defecate on boy (leave)  
Living peaceful with keys, messiah with ganja trees My confidence out the roof, and that done help me believe  
Inglorious with them keys, no snortin I can't agree  
Living life like a king and there's somethin' I'd rather be Silence is the semi shooter s'always hit your siblings  
Excuse me for the siblings beginners study and listen  
My only mission is to burn in hell and not in prison  
That's why I'm spitting shit that make Jesus question religion  
This fan told me her parents said I sound like the devil  
To me I sound like a poor black kid from the ghetto  
Hello, my health declining I'm losing my mind my life's deshining  
Don't know why I love violence, the sight of blood is so exciting  
Grip the pistol, coke off a nipple  
My brain fried, my memory sizzled, my hood is (?), don't get it twisted  
They hog tied my grandmama and whipped my grandpa with pistols  
That's a fact, OG reefer hash wax  
Mother fucker, black on black, snakes eat rats  
My Stanley keep ringing ringing, think they got my phone tapped  
Acid just like actavis on actavis, never pacifist  
Pass the spliff, immaculate this is the return of Count Racula  
Nothing scare me, I think my real mother is Bloody Mary  
I met Virgin Mary and popped her cherry  
My vision exquisite I see you clearly  
I'm a mixed message greatest hits with a hint of 2Pac  
And I feed my dog gun powder, carve crucifx on hollow tips I do not exist, all this weed why I need a therapist  
Bitch, I'm a mixed message greatest hits with a hint of 2Pac  
And I feed my dog gun powder, carve crucifx on hollow tips  
I do not exist, all this weed why I need a therapist Why I feel like the past is catching up to my ass  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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