

222 (Prod. By Erick Arc Elliott)

Flatbush ZOMBiES

[Hook: Erick Arc Elliot]
Smoking good, looking good
Girlfriend what's the issue, huh?
Got them hooked, take a look
Nigga never ever gonna miss you, girl
Get it understood, you looking good
Mind and your body gotta equal, girl
How your soul hangs low like the bottom of your red shoes
And I think it's Louis Vuitton, too[Verse 1:]
Reality is wisdom, perspective
I like Horus, I don't like whores
Hindsight oh my I adore, for the time being yes I am yours
Drunk my card it's the ace of spades
And I hate to go away without getting this money made
But niggas be telling to believe in the reason to actor
Nigga lose his job, blame it all on bad luck
Known to coast and my eyes not open
The cold comes every season, trick
In the summer we smoke hunnids, my fall comes often evil shit
Just spews from my mind, I get confused all the time
My wall of space is confined, so you better elevate or lose time
Just lose time[Hook][Verse 2:]
Shady, I don't play that
I be acting as if I'm a better man
And my mother to my brother from another
Boy oh yes you can
From my sisters I keep the shit right
And my mothers that kiss you good night
40 slugs in my liquor cup
Sick of shot and I pick you up
Bang bang from the same gang
Kick rocks if you can't hang
Lil nigga what you saying, mayne?
Roll up while the blames hang
Growing up was a plane, mayne
In the hood it's all good, made our own Hollywood
Took a picture the system my mental track me like a alien
I combine thoughts with divine course
And exhale exhaust from my skeleton

Tell her I won't appear again
Fuck that, if I'm going who will even care again?
Hate to be American, get away from experiments
Cause the truth in the pyramids
And we all fucking immigrants
And you're lying through your filaments
Lay back if you drink a bit
And indulge in this nigga shit
And that real nigga rhetoric
Dissolve all that simple shit, play a different game
It's too easy to be ignorant
Just lay back and think a bit[Hook]One time
Fuck all that other shit[Bridge:]
One time, one time for my niggas of the Indigo
Two times, two times for my ladies that are not a ho
One time, one time for my niggas of the Indigo[Outro:]
Angel but she want me for my peso
Telling other niggas she ain't never gonna wait
So by smashing the Range Rove'
Beat beat then I add her to the payroll
Smoke another doob with a cousin and a bro
But I won't say it slow
Misrepresenting the people who won't grow
So I carrying through the weapons that beat you through postal
Where we gon' go? Where we ever gon' go?
To the highest of the Horace eye
Fuck thoughts I am going 'til there's no replyFlatbush Zombies
They try tah
South by southwest, all the way from Brooklyn

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

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