

Big Shrimp

Flatbush ZOMBIES

On my side and I'm walkin' with a limp, limp
Lotta red wine and some big shrimp
Uh, with a limp, limp
Yeah, uh, yeah

Pistol on my side and I'm walkin' with a limp, limp
I just had a lotta red wine and some big shrimp
Let me use my credit card on your baby (ching ching)
Used to sip, sip 'til my homie died of that shit
I'm really lit, lit, so I Cuban link my Cuban bitch
Blue nose pit, shit, no bitches on my wrist
Crazy talkin' dirty, p*ssy pu-pu-purrin' when I hit, hit
I kept on my jewelry 'cause I still don't trust this bitch, bitch
Sold my soul and bought it back for cheaper thats a flip, flip
Ole English, Hennessey, watch me mix, mix (drink up bitch)
Roll Gelato in Pronto then dickmatize a bitch, bitch
Her legs don't work no more, had to crawl up out the crib, crib
Acid in the fridge, shit, baby, Avianne be wildin'
My diamonds hit like {*censored*}, stay fly-y-y-y-y-y
That Triple 6-6-6, figures, big chips
I'm always like Martin, and keep talkin' darling, you the shit, shit

All this gas I'm blowin', all this loud I'm blowin'
All these bitches showin', all these niggas bluffin'
This shit here fire, this shit a riot
I need that bitch with thighs, her p*ssy sweet as pie
You callin' my dawg a liar, I'm back to back like Aubrey
Your girl, she like the molly, this 'cid, this ain't no molly
Noooo, this 'cid, this ain't no molly
Nooo-whoa, yeah, yeah, yeah

Said I do it better, them Margielas, cost a grip, grip
Pants is Valentino, while kickin' with my mistress
I'm the type of nigga smoke a spliff inside a moshpit

Purple drink and lean ain't the same, they say that shit is toxic
Kirkie made the beat, now you see, that's a plot twist
Hoppin' plane to plane, forgot to set my watch to tick, tick
I don't have them diamonds but I'm shinin' in this bitch, bitch
When you run your list, that's how you get, get your shit, shit
I don't take the risk, I count my money on my roof and shit
Sweet and sours, scream and holler, make you lose your tooth and shit
I know it's been a long time comin', we got hits, hits
Addiction by subtraction, 'bout that action, not the risk, risk, bitch

Call me Chun-Li, peep how I kicks it
This sherm and gelato smell like the best bitch
Really ahead of my time, thank God I ain't reach my prime
Open your mind, owning the day, one day at a time
Run it up, double up, flippin' what? Don't stop now
Count it up, slab of what? Get the bucks, don't stop now
This we smoke, no coffin, got a leather vest with Steve Austin
I move the base like a forklift, it's a Zombie thing, we some bosses

All this gas I'm goin', all this loud I'm blowin'
All these bitches showin', all these niggas bluffin'
This shit here fire, this shit a riot

I need that bitch with thighs, her p*ssy sweet as pie
You callin' my dawg a liar, I'm back to back like Aubrey
Your girl, she like to party, this 'cid, this ain't no molly
Noooo, this 'cid, this ain't no molly
Nooo-whoa, yeah, yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, woah, woah, ohh
Yeah, yeah
Um, yeah
Yeah, yeah, woah, yeah, yeah, oh
Woah, woah