

# BLACKTIVIST

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

Black activists on actavis  
A whole sheet of LSD but that ain't for the mattress  
Ask ya bitch, my stroke is immaculate  
A sinner and saint, I'm flashy as an acid trip  
Just me and a rusty burner  
Ah, ah, ah, shout out to Shmurda  
Shout out to Rowdy, my mind is cloudy  
Stay with iron round me like Robert Downey  
Don't you doubt me, King like LeBron watch me switch my mouthpiece  
Running through knots  
Couple karats in my mouth like "What's up, Doc?"  
I be talking to my 9 like "What's up, Glock?"  
I flirt with death, the drugs heighten' my paranoia  
But that's what the, acid taught us  
You got a better chance doing laps in pirhanna waters  
Hide your daughters, join a cult, let's have an orgy  
My biography is gory  
My life like American Horror Story  
Still not the father, that's word to Maury  
Revolver ring six times like Robert Horry (and one!)  
Second amendment, nigga, grab your gun  
Invest in a vest when you're from those slums  
LSD amazing, sour kush fragrance  
Somebody tell Uncle Sam I want my reparation  
40 acres and a pearl white slave bitch  
If that offends your race, bitch, well I'll give you a facelift  
You run away from your problems  
Batty boy, then you gon face this  
Lord knows I wanna erase him  
Take him to a level of darkness he ain't been  
Remove the safety  
Can I end up in the state pen with some statements  
Hard time behind these bars, working the grave shift  
Motherfucker we made it, ain't it amazin'?  
Nigga I had to suffer for this, lost every lover for this  
Every night I argue with my mother for this  
Acid was an escape, not a way to the bank  
Not a phase, not a trend, it was the means to my ends  
I don't need no friends  
All I need is this gat, all I need is this Henn  
All I need is this pad, all I need is this pen, motherfucker

Recognize genius, still the same motive  
No I'm not bogus, everybody taking notice  
Just me and my opponents  
Fuck the cops, they a bunch of cronies  
Just save a little weed for the morning  
This is the environment we raised in  
When you try to break out but you're caged in  
Smoking hella weed, this my motivation  
Zombies doing numbers, I promised a combination  
This is for the music, fill it with the hatred  
But only real niggas know how good to make it  
I been a fan of rap before I was a fan of being black  
Now I'm famous, got family, no fantasy in that  
My niggas ain't scared to deploy  
When destroyed off the cannabinoid

I'm out-of-body like I'm Enter the Void  
In first class, God loving your boy  
My employees got hella report but now enjoying the allure of it  
Damn, why are we so sure of it?  
Even when you make mistakes, man they all love it  
The allure of it, why are we so sure of it?  
Even when you make mistakes, man they all love it  
Remorting the things, question all that remains  
Who was living before with clean water to drink  
We avoided to think  
But this a nation of lost souls  
So I'll meet you at the crossroads

Rest in peace Steezy, Rest in peace Stevie  
Put the cup down, y'all niggas still tryna be he?  
No disrespect, but I know some of y'all  
Influenced by hip hop and take it shit too far  
No brains, man, just a slight change in plans  
Use the mic to rule and rock and choose to stand  
No cause ya flaws  
We truth that's all  
You could rap all you all you want with no message involved  
I'll be out in grass meditate in Nepal  
I to pray God God hear me or the devil I call  
I swear I said it before, y'all I ain't ready for war  
Misjudged, misguided, not a ounce of quitter  
Nah, true survivor  
Niggas do drugs but ya mind still basic psychedelics wasted  
Time can't save ya  
Cop killer if ya wanna come up in my face with that nonsense  
Go Thrilla like Mike Jack, bodega be that nigga  
Been in straight jacket  
Let my mind think backwards  
Roll a backwood, pass it before load this Mac  
And let this whole clip pack em ask a question  
Like how we grow up in a system  
Filled with hate and oppression  
And where we going when our pops and moms would left?  
I'm still smoking in the hood on the project steps  
But my money longer than a fucking ostrich neck, nigga