

## Club Soda

## Flatbush ZOMBiES

The high, exalted professional like DJ Clue?  
I might get lost like every night  
Hell, my life like, a vivid picture, a porno movie  
Smoking Buddha with shooters, maneuvering the steez  
Sharp like a Ginsu, I bleed for your sins  
I'm G-double-O-D  
Believe what I feel, feel what I see  
Do what I want, why you trying to do what I do?  
Stay in your lane, young man  
I do my thing, young man

Although I never made a reason to lie, I kiss the sky  
Her imagination bleed into mine, we intertwined  
Divine to a T, cop you want from me?  
The cops cop from the bums, the bums cop from me  
True say, young virgin eyes are from demise  
Where the pun is bite the curb and die, I improvise  
Not to televise reality, your dreams are falsified  
Now you pivot on your wish to be wise as third eye  
Long shot, one try, let fly

Body like Michelle Tucker  
Fuck her like I love her  
It's simple as we break it down on instrumentals  
Straight killer ninja, bounty on your head  
Wrap you in your sheets, defecate, suffocate, and bleed  
As you plead, give me all the ganja, the money  
Being broke, ain't a damn thing funny  
No taxes, dirty money circle like the axis  
Wax this dab shit  
Young, high, and black, bitch!

Whoever said tricks are for kids don't know this bitch  
Real nigga, vintage apparel, and fake friends  
Real niggas make it apparent and make ends  
So I architect the future, embarrass the fake brands  
Say, word, man, them niggas, they nervous too  
We on the cusp or something, .38 is starting to brew  
Making these movements, plus you do the interlude  
But I won't produce unless you nude, miss  
Otherwise you useless, yes, you useless  
So light a new spliff

Pop up at your funeral shirtless and spit on your hearse, bitch  
The worst is, nigga, you worthless  
Better off dead, so you laying in dirt deaves  
I'm better off dead cause there's zombies emerging  
Soon the ideology will be full surface  
And I won't have to go back to snatching purses and yapping Urkels  
Semi-automatic, leave the funeral service  
Mother with running mascara clutching the hearses  
Dark nigga but I never bow to the serpent  
What is your purpose?  
Hopefully on the crossroads you learn it  
That's if you earn it, that's for certain  
Money on my mind, marijuana my taste buds  
Young, black, and deprived so the world I shake up

Who's your maker, look me in my eyes, nigga  
Meet your maker, Meech your maker

It's me  
From the top floor view, I can see it all  
From this top floor view, I can see it all  
Dog, my bitch look like Nia Long  
Dog, my bitch look like Nia Long  
They say it's lonely where I'm at  
Shit, I'm quite cozy in the Jag  
They say it's lonely where I'm at  
Shit, quite cozy  
I'm sitting at the outdoor desk with my pants off  
FaceTiming my little mama back in France  
Speaking broken English, my golden features is the reason  
Why they stroke my penis when I sing songs, it's like a stroke of genius  
I'm Eric Clapton in a black Benz, stack ends  
You can tell my eyes are blue through the mac lens  
Lord, cleanse me, for dead soldiers pour Henny  
Uh, pour it  
The peppered steak was salty, but I ate it cause I love her  
She put sugar in her vegetables, she grew up in the gutter  
Tater tots with every meal, her body like a goddess  
Fingers, toes are polished, Super Sport Impalas  
Red flowers, that's to signify a new start  
Cause without you, I've been living with a blue heart  
Mixed emotions from the purple got me cloudy  
Got me willing, got me speeding in the Audi, in Maui  
Queens shit  
Peace to my motherfucking brothers  
Flatbush, yeah  
You know we too high to die