

## dirty elevator music

Flatbush ZOMBiES

I got the world in my hands now  
Attitude fuck it like I'm caught with my pants down  
You pussy, and I always been a dog  
Most of the game are rookies, you know that we came to ball  
The sooner you bring it to me, the sooner we ship it off  
Hennessy and bad decisions, making millions off us all  
With this bad lotto, my motto, drive and swerve pot hole  
Numbers don't lie, when on my side capo

I got an energy problem, no I got an enemy problem  
No I got a hennessy problem, paranoia's gettin' me probably  
Opposite of kamikaze, papi your shit never droppin', stop it  
Tight body, nothing sloppy but her toppey, zombie gang, gang gang  
Body rotten  
Gucci sweats while casket shopping  
I'm possessed, the acid dropper  
Never lying Boo'  
I'm designed to rhyme, the grimy moves is what I'm inclined to do  
I'm sorry silly rhymers your highness, don't need no kind of boost  
This is highly ignitable, riot indicting  
Frying my mind, body with chemicals, Why Try?  
It's all in your mind, red eye flights, I'm going in raw  
Lets roll the dice roll the dice  
Kill you on cam and  
Take your life for likes, I'm trife, I'm quite nice, precise with knife slic  
e and dice  
Inhale, exhale, close one eye, then snipe  
Beware, this here is the tales of the dark side  
Nobody gets out of alive  
Ask why, Satan cried when I got baptized  
All I got is my balls, my word, my pride  
Her head fire  
Ghost Rider, just Meech no help, no writer no sire  
Pussy boy eat fire, Flatbush, east sider

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Yeah, dirty as Jersey, no disrespect to Reggie the noble  
Repeatedly hitting your whip, until it's been totaled  
Please lady no photos, I'm hardly sober  
My omens have only told me to focus on every quote  
And expose every single soul with the motives of taking over the globe  
Taking over the road, on the dough with my bros  
I'm bowling with pins of woes, more than convinced I'm old  
Wisdom infinite fold, my window is tinted closed  
These niggas is gimmicks, so I hit em' like Riddick Bowe  
I'm driven to pay the toll, you niggas is paper plush, you fuckin' with ange  
l dust (woo)  
We can't be fucked with, it's nothing, to niggas no discussion, I crush them  
Sweet as custard, apply the pressure, the messier the dossier

Closer where the the Yankees play their closers  
Can't you see me, 3D, that's Tesla memory  
Here's the melody, eat your shit, human centipede

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