

[Verse 1: Zombie Juice]

It's 12: 47, I'm stoned I condone
Almost remembered, Been Here Before
Erick Arc on the beat just to let you niggas know
Ain't nothing to a G, pussy come, pussy go
Take a hit I know you with it, take a sniff I bet you with it
More money, more probs, more grams and more hoes
From my mind, creep with me
Third eye frequency like Jesus be
I'm tryna free the slaves, young minds, bad brains
No shame, no history, no name
I want mine, no rights I'm not blind
Five letters, "FUCK U", a vendetta
If she don't suck dick, useless not with her
I'm saying we the hope, I'm saying we the dopest
Every new trend these artists jump like ropes
I tie around your neck nigga, choke nigga choke

[Hook: Meechy Darko]

Is you gon' cry or die, run and hide
Or look the reaper in his eyes and fight for your life
I consider mine self-righteous suicide
Baby wipe those tears, please dry your eyes
And I ain't need this shit but it's pleasant
And why ever would you want to live forever?
Better off dead, just thought I would mention

[Verse 2: Erick Arc Elliot]

If labels are in a panic, rap should be reprimanded
I rap like I'm on a canvas, keep treading, keep hearing
Call Betty up, side chick or tele-slut
Spark the sinsemilla, I dig the stench like a sixth sense
Laid shorty light marble floor, connoisseurs
Call it karma killing or we call it war, my conscious be that sensible
Instrumentals but breaking them all for those
Who can't grasp, another body leaving his soul
So God bless the dead, Juice made them die and
Meech got the dreads, one before my bread
So you say who is he, Belligerent, move away
Got many maneuvers I break you in two, today nigga
Really are you inferior to my mirror, you slipping
Aware that I'm tripping, don't even give me reason to listen to rap
I rap talent with my pants sagging
Middle finger to the law, excuse my bad habit

[Hook]

[Outro: Zombie Juice]

- Yeah, uhm, so one time it was early in the morning and I said, why don't I just roll a blunt? And yeah, I definitely rolled that blunt. It was really tasty I'd say, you know? Sour diesel. Um, I got really high and I wanted to smoke another one. So I said, hey, bro, are you tryna smoke weed? Cause I got t a spliff "Yeah, son, tryna smoke this weed. Uhm, I got 5 on it" Five? Nigga, five dollars? That can't even get you a burger cause, with cheese! "Yeah, I know something, but uhh, I'm tryna get high too." Yeah, man you can go smoke regs over there with Craig and them cause I be smoking that good weed mo thafucka. Get higher fucking money bitch, like 20 dollars or something. What

you gonna do with that? "Aight man, I'm gonna go over there and try to buy like 10 dollars, you know what I'm saying? Could throw us down, you know what I'm saying? We should smoke" Uhh, okay, sure. I'll see you in hell.

- Or when Erick figures out the levels of this thing so I can stop talking, but um...

- You and your friends are dead