

Headstone

Flatbush ZOMBIES

Victory, victory
Gold on my neck—Mr. T
Victory, victory
Zombie Gang reppin' that NYC
Victory, victory
Ice round my neck like I'm Lil Weezy
We run this shit like a pair of cleats
It's Hell on Earth but this where I be

"Money over bitches" on my headstone
Here lies "Young nigga gettin' paper"
Never take a loss on my headstone
Only take a L when I'm smokin' it
Zombie Gang three times on my headstone
Been thuggin' from the Cradle to the Grave
Now your favorite rapper name on a headstone
Too late—he already dead

Imagine when you're thirty thousand feet up what you think of?
Boy, I hated knowin' that my thoughts deterred a dream
Cause I never knew I'd get my chance to link up
Boy, I tell you, all of this unusual to me
Swear I came from the bottom, Flatbush livin', walkin' dead on
Put your favorite rapper's name up on a headstone
Biggie Big for the cheese and you're dead wrong
Propaganda set the standards in the terrordome

I hit it Doggystyle, she throw it back, yeah, I'm Born to Mack
It's Dark and Hell is Hot so leave me where I'm at
I'm livin' how I wanna, no Reasonable Doubt
It's clear to see, All Eyez on Me, 400 Degreez
Who am I? Ruthless, Eazy does it
The Chronic smoke in public, Hate It Or Love It
The underdogs, with Liquid Swords
It Was Written in my diary, this Art of War
I'm feelin' Infamous, Immortal with my Technique
A Revolutionary shinin' with diamond teeth
Young Don Cartagena, excuse my demeanor, this the Glamour Life
You Still Not a Player, you ain't half as nice
I'm Born Again, Life After Death, I made the sacrifice
I'm Supa Dupa Fly, Juicy keep them Hypnotized
I said my name is Juice, AmeriKKKa's Most
Ain't No Half-Steppin', see you at Tha Crossroads

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It Was Written in the Children's Story, that Life's a Bitch
So What'cha Want? Everyday I Struggle with it
Only God Can Judge Me slippin', I'm infinitely Big Pimpin'
Though The Genesis, Dead Presidents, Drop a Gem on 'Em

Hell on Earth, these the Last Dayz, Throw Ya Guns Up
Get Money, Quiet Storm, havin' Suicidal Thoughts
For the C.R.E.A.M, Renegade
For the money, all the green is the lemonade
I'm A Playa on the Late Night Tip, shorty Triple Six
She the prototype Tip Drill, kiss her fingertips
Reservoir Dogs, check The Score, Ignorant Shit
Blackout, Can I Live? Hellrazor, still feel me
Kiss of Death and Protect Ya Neck
Three Dope Boys In a Cadillac, Gravediggaz
Kiss of Death and Protect Ya Neck, Shame on a Nigga
Three Dope Boys In a Cadillac, Gravediggaz

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Right now I'm on the edge (so Don't Push Me)
Troublesome since '96 (you a Shook One)
Breath Easy, Know The Ledge (I'm Your Pusher)
What's that? I Smell p*ssy
Let me count my guns, um, hm
5, 4, 3, 2, 1, run!
Hi, my name is Durt Cobain
Like a Pimp, here I go, 'til The Next, Episode
Ain't a Nann Nigga this XXXplosive
Beast Coast shit (blat-blat!) reloaded
f*ck them other niggas, ride or die for my niggas
Strictly 4 My N.I.G.G.A.Z., Survival of the Fittest
Woop-woop! That's the Sound of da Police, I'm in Deep Cover
Earth, skrt skrt, Lean Back, give me One More Chance
They say Jesus Walks and the Devil wear Prada
But I'm So, So Def, God can't tell me nothing
Write this on my Death Certificate, I Gave You Power
21 Questions like "Who Shot Ya?" I shot ya!
Warning, Watch Dem Niggas, Flashing Lights, Papparazi
Two Words: f*ck bitches, get money
Tonight's da Night, Guess Who's Back on my block?
Rather Unique, I Lick a Shot in Bucktown
This firearm silencer on, that Quiet Storm
T-O-N-Y-Top of New York with a pitchfork