

[Verse 1: Meech]

Reportin'
Live from Hell
Ho we told you we was welcome
To sell the rum and vail
Unless you want your heart to fail
Unless you want small with the real potato cutter
I, pale flesh on, hands and feet
And dump you in a tub of salt, sheesh

[Verse 2: Zombie juice]

Smoke yuh, burn up, psshh yoga flame
Zombie mahfucka, prepare for the rain
Shreddin through the world, silent feelled pain
Open up yo eyes, life is just a game

[Verse 3: Meech]

You don't like my music, well I hope you fuckin' die
Grab that pistol, kiss it, put it to your temple
Quisp'n'mwua (kiss sound) Kiss of death your gum
Mighty kun, carry on
Lucid dream of feelin' martin, pain smokein Tommy Strong
My trickit gully, jawn
She suck with a skully-aw or english, so enjoy the war
Cut, my cut and runnin' off like,
Red pill, blue pill, plug in-plug out
Gang yo mouth, if shit shay, your out.

[Verse 4: Zombie juice]

We ain't at the top, what we name is
Started from the bottom, seven grams and the blank disc
My ex girl wanna fuck, but I ain't rich
I saw myself die once, what a nice trip.

[Verse 5: Meech]

You say you want the highest, well I am him
No such thing is a loss, so I reap on his grim
The demons bleed through the pen
The canvas drips from the sin
I mind bend spit shit to make a manikin cringe

[Verse 6: Zombie juice]

I'm not just like Nazis
Smackin' paparazzi like Kanye
Pardon my cocky, can't stop me
I'm on a million, the feeling I'm feelin', look to the ceiling
Smoke cut with the building
Buildin' a billion, fuck everyone who said that we couldn't.
Dab city bitch, strollin' through your hood
Juicy long beard show the kitty like I should
Scalpel, cut yuh, ease yuh' like my dutch
Four fifth, morbid
Psychedelic, raw shit

[Outro:]

Zombies existed across all culters in mythalogical selections
And their imminent arrival is all but for-told in all the richest texts

My advice...

"Sharpen your sword"