

M. Bison

Flatbush ZOMBiES

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, turn this up
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah
We got gelato bumping, base pumping, place jumping, woo!
And he stunting and he stunting, that ain't nothing
Got gelato puffing, base pumping, place jumping, woo!
And he stunting and he stunting, it ain't nothing, yeah

I'm so froze, every day feel like February
Zombie Gang, we the best, I'm feeling legendary
I just switch up my flows, I just switch up my hoes
Picture me in a Porshe, yeah, picture me I'm a boss, yeah
Her pussy wet like a faucet
I'm getting head like I'm balling
They wanna seem me 'til I'm falling
This ain't a game, I put it all here
ViH, you niggas know the face
Flatbush King, you niggas know the place
I'm might be outside pushing weight
Keep your eyes wide for the Jakes
Hulk Hogan with the fucking weights
Will I make it to the Pearly Gates?
Donald Trump, he a fucking fake
Will we live to see another great?
Do you ever feel like you wanna die?
Do you ever feel like you wanna fry?
If it's me then I just wonder why
If it's me, I just wonder why

I believe this shit is destined for me
I repeat this shit is legendary
Winning winning now we all win
Winning winning now we all win
I believe this shit is destined for me
I repeat this shit is legendary
Winning winning now we all win
Winning winning now we all win

Fronto burning like an incense
Can you see me? Face your lenses
Independent nigga on a mission
I ain't listen when they tell me different
Now I'm out of state, I'm out of shape
Freed up chilling, grilling by the lake
On the line with Juice's major cake
Flatbush niggas on the paper chase
Running with me, got a hundred with me
Henny sipping and they with the shits
Take your pick I switch my shit
Copy me, I switch my shit
Biting niggas know your role
Shut your mouth, I smack down
Everywhere I'm getting pat down
Hard to ignore the good black child
Funny thing is I ain't with the gimmicks
I ain't here to give you grievance, no

I just think it's time to educate you
How there's levels to this shit could go
Nappy dreads are swinging now, got to give me another prayer
Another nigga lose his life, another nigga wasn't there

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Summertime tripping, I'm Janis Joplin
Cut off that bitch like Lorena Bobbitt
Not in the Hills, I'm in Brooklyn, homie
Invented the swag, bro is you mad?
I fucked your bitch in the home in the cab
Hollywood blonde, Yves Saint Laurent
Dion, Frion, smoking the bomb
Meech got the drugs, I got pounds in the trunk
They thought I was done but I can't get enough
Sinners to villains to don't get to finish
You're not competition, you live on the internet
I make it juicy, my baby gon' call me back
On the track, on the track, ándale, running back
Double back, used to move shhh like a running back
If it ain't about a dollar, won't hit you back
Niggas talk shit like a dollar strap
I believe this shit is legendary
Dump your favorite artist in the cemetery
Ain't new to this, ain't no worry
Since 2012, niggas honorary
Sherm mulatto when I'm out in Paris
Bitch scream my name like I'm Bloody Mary

And this game is heavy, came prepared to press your buttons
Don't be there for nothing, Zombies up to something
Man these niggas buying muscles now
Eating mussels, driving muscle cars
Must be something in the water, all us got a bone to pick
At 26, never felt so infinite
I'm pissed I couldn't get a grip
I slipped the fish and ever since, I missed the system
My assistant with a pistol pushed me to the edge
Put a ransom on your head nigga

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