

New World Order

Flatbush ZOMBiES

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All the homies say I'm brain dead
Amen, smoke weed, talk shit
All these rappers be on pain meds
So why should I give a fuck how to fit?
Heard you don't even gang bang
But you're twistin' up the fingers in the flicks
Know you gotta have the good aim
When you're shootin' from the whip
New world order, baby baby
Please work smarter instead of harder
That new world order, the world is mine so
Why the fuck would I give you a portion?
New world order, no calm shit
Revolvin', bust guns that start riots
Booty so round and soft, I left a palm print
I'm Schwarzenegger, black leather, shotty under armpit

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Everything cozy 'til a nigga call the squad up
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Let me see you snitchin' best pretend that you saw nothin'
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Rebel with no cause, homie welcome to the slaughter

Ain't no rivalry, ain't no hide and seek
Bang bang, rather you than me
Another rapper, just a bunch of chatter
Come 'round my way 'til the boat sink
My lifestyle gets unusual
We terp talk, you know the usual
It's in my blood, it's in my heart
You niggas out here dressin' like some thots
I'm really out here eatin' with some rastas
Your baby girl slurp me like some pasta
Hotel looking like a trap house
Tour bus looking like a frat house
I like the way she fuckin' with her ass out
She couldn't catch me on the phone so she mad now
Call up AK, nigga bring the bands out
It's a new world order, we the gang now

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You know we make history, burn your light, hickory
Niggas ain't shit to me, I meant to
Offend you, it's mental, I bend you
Shit is so raw, you can't read it on your Kindle
Strictly on the mental, slice face, ginsu
On some Heath Ledger shit, smash face, pencil
Copying my stencil, soaking up the swag that I exude
So excuse this my next move, all the best do
Their own stunts, I'm going harder on these cold fronts
Roll blunts, kickin' back where the crows hunt
More stunts, see you vapor when I smoke one
Head up in the clouds, never seen my nose run
Don't front, not a nigga you can post on
Something for that ass, and a glass you can toast on
Boy you got the scope on and he raisin' both arms
Can't keep it concealed, know we gotta show gun

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