

The Results Are In

Flatbush ZOMBIES

[Intro: Maury]

Look at this mouth, look at these eyes
Look at these ears, look at this hairline!

But, why don't you think you're the father?

Because, it's been a time where I've went over to Sheela's house
And it's been 12 guys in there!
And there's a bottle of gin, and there's things being rolled up
We all know what I'm talking about

You, first of all, are a liar
You're as dumb as a box of rocks
Number 4 in your class? I don't think so

I have the high school transcript to prove it!

OK, well show me! I'm not trying to hear none of that
That's not putting food on Keyshawn's table
Or clothes on her back

Maury, Maury, Maury I'd just like to say-

[Verse 1: Juice]

Metaphysics, religious scripture
Read the picture
Participating, hate the negative, we'll get ya
Look inside your soul, meet your maker
I suppose, in Jamaica blowing O's
Cali niggas cutthroat
Beast coast nigga, yeah we've been on
Trippy motherfucker up-and-down ping-pong
Bullet-proof from the roof, third eye strong
King of my own, that throne'll leave you thorny crowned
Crucify, getting shitted by your own
The universe everywhere I roam is my home
To some I suppose, uranium explode
Leaving kids disfigured they meant to just a figment
I ain't acid rap, but I rap on acid
Do it for the culture, that pop shit over
If it wasn't for A\$AP, the radio would make me throw up
Here's the reality, I plead my insanity
I don't give a fuck if you rap niggas don't like me
Same old nigga, rubber bands and a white tee
No chain on, gold teeth blowing Yoshi (Yoshi!)
Issa, AK do it for the whole team
[?] Zombie niggas reign supreme
[?]
Last week overseas, steady getting love
Signing out, Juice man, peace ganja blood

[Verse 2: Erick Arc Elliot]

Got a job, got to rob
Black mask, black noise
Black ball, black hoodie back on my back, boy
My axe raw, never pack gats, I pack poise
I back smack niggas 'til I'm back on the tabloids

Everything I knew about jealousy and wicked niggas
We don't need no shootouts
Part of me, I'm part of poverty
The streets father me love
Hesitate to tell the truth
Because only part of me was
Confident when the skoma lit [?]
My crew move anonymous over units
Assemble platoons to form a conglomerate
Blood-rushing concussions ain't nothing
You don't have to be a nigga to consume a substance
But pour us a bottle
Formula is to follow, trippy chick
"Love Lucy" like Ricky Ricardo
Capable of crashing internet without the intellect
Tell him "fuck you" to his face in case it's never indirect
See my mother struggled so I never loved another like her
Despite the human cycle
Entice a rap revival
I've been here, my marketing plans are well off
My haters on the dick, advise for you to get off
Papa was a Rolling Stone waiting for that mobile phone
And my homies know, call my bluff
Who will hold the throne? Probably me
The prophecy is as I see, it's not a dream
On the MPC, it's sending you shots to your self-esteem

[Verse 3: Meechy Darko]

When you got that juice
You got to move like the bishops do
Even if that means killing every nigga in your crew
I'm the type to screw over anyone to make a move
Paper I pursue
Looking for a big head, brunette, betty boop
She can be black-and-white
Just like the cartoon
I ain't picky
No invite to the VMAs
Cause they knew I was going to shoot this shit up
Like sticky fingers on the trigger
And it's getting itchy
I like my sex hot, sticky, sweat dripping
Kinky, finger-licking bitches fuck with me
Yet they honor me 'cause of my honesty
Cause honestly, I ain't shit
I'm just being honest, B
All red suit
[?]
No sleep til Brooklyn
So I still open my eyelids
Hah, did I mention psilocybin my stylist
The wildest
Brooklyn niggas is Christopher Wallace "Gimme the loot, gimme the loot!"
I need your purse and wallets
I'm smoking cookies, nigga
Scout's honor
Mr. Darko
(You are not the father!)