

This Is It

Flatbush ZOMBIES

All you fools just sound the same
Ain't no credit to your name
Ain't no credit line open, that's discrediting the fame
Form your business in the name, something unique like a slang
Make a difference, make a change
But ain't no puppets on a string
Don't be chilling on the couch, remember this is for the clout
Remember this is for the poor niggas that'll represent you when you're out
Forget you when you need your friends, f*ck it we just meet again (why)
All my niggas need a plan, cos all my niggas need to win

Always was a winner even when I wasn't 'posed to
The money getting bigger as if it wasn't supposed to
Just a lonely nigga, talk too much to myself, need a break
On July 8th broke down heaven's gates
Now I stay high all day
f*ck you leaving, f*ck all evening
Call me mister f*ck all day
Trap all day and night
Don't need a house much less you 'bout some change
Expand my conscious, tryna' walk on water
Feel the earth on me
You hatin', I'll be somewhere slayin' bitches by their face on me
Catch a fade, Kobe, with an eighth on me
Not phased, don't pass that shit homie
Cough, smoke, cough, got my shit sealed off
'Bout to put some in the air, 'til a nigga doze off
Cos you got some shrooms, I got a room
You and me 'til we reach the moon
Never wore a disguise, love the skin I'm in
You trade your soul for fame, we ain't built the same

All you fools just sound the same
Ain't no credit to your name
Ain't no credit line open, that's discrediting the fame
Form your business in the name, something unique like a slang
Make a difference, make a change
But ain't no puppets on a string
Don't be chilling on the couch, remember this is for the clout
Remember this is for the poor niggas that'll represent you when you're out
Forget you when you need your friends, f*ck it we just meet again (why)
All my niggas need a plan, cos all my niggas need to win

All I ever wanted was to be a one to one
Now I'm one in three
Compulsively a nigga gotta run up or get none
Know I feel your pain, a different day
Opinions always alter when you're done
Pray to put you down, afraid to look around, instead I pen it for my dogs (Hoo!)

Know my city give me 150 for my steez, 150 for my beats
Three niggas, we gotta eat
Shouts to fans that's overseas, hey
Independent grind, at least we did form a company
We a bond that never breaks, never giving up the cake
Not a fan of pointing fingers at men
It's dependent on who can pay for academics

Homie your chemists are missing appendages
You back into handling business, no kidding

My head's at the clinic, I need a prescription
My vision is clearer through smoke and them mirrors
I can't be compared to those niggas you hearing
So don't be offended when niggas don't feel you

All you fools just sound the same
Ain't no credit to your name
Ain't no credit line open, that's discrediting the fame
Form your business in the name, something unique like a slang
Make a difference, make a change
But ain't no puppets on a string
Don't be chilling on the couch, remember this is for the clout
Remember this is for the poor niggas that'll represent you when you're out
Forget you when you need your friends, f*ck it we just meet again (why)
All my niggas need a plan, cos all my niggas need to win

Feeling brave? Nigga run up
Buck shots, tear your muscle
And I don't need Joey to pump it
Pitbull, no muzzle
Badmon, I'm thuggin'
Done know, gun smoke
Can't tell me nothin', there's no need for discussion
I'm the sinner in Saint, I'm the box logo bully
Used to buy Bathing Ape, now they send this shit to me
I paved the way for niggas that're scared to say what they ain't wanna say
Now watch a demon demonstrate, annihilate
Love / hate it's all the same
Will I die from my homicide
Or will I die from taking too much drugs?
Lord knows I deserve to die on an acid high and I'm double cupped
Coke line, hundred blunts
Seen a few bitches I'd love to f*ck
2Pac in 96 and troublesome
27 club, here I come
Comma, c-c-c-c comma, comma, comma
A whole lot of decimals
I just s-see my account and c-c-c-c-c-c-c count all my blessings up
Bloodstream full of chemical
Crip, Blood, twist your fingers up
Better than some of them veterans
Bet they gon' say it's beginners luck
I would die for my niggas, but would they do the same?
Hennessey by the gallon, I'm losing my balance and manage the pain
I would ride for my niggas, just show me the lane
My grandaddy's still in the kitchen, w-w-whipping the 'caine
My celly' keep ringing
I cannot find enough coverage to answer
The backwoods is hitting
Hope that that shit is not giving me cancer
Trip on acid while I'm rapping, Sippin' muddy, counting money
I think she took too many xannies, she fell asleep while she was sucking

Made it out the gutter, shout out to my mother
Kudos to my papa, he ain't wear the rubber
This is it, I do this shit here for my brothers
This is it, I do this shit here for my brothers
This is it, I do this shit here for my brothers...

This Odyssey is complete, now you ready for some f*cking bars?

