

# R.I.P.C.D.

## Flatbush Zombies

The rhyme is so raw, most these rappers need a seminar  
You copy the same schematics, you making the same songs  
You thought that you were the only, but understand it's the physical  
Artistry manifest, but know I [?] original art  
Sick as creation no need for further analysis  
Plus the beats bang prestige giving me calluses  
Even if it's assumed, proving it all again  
Selling out all the souls never selling out who I am  
Mild temper venter, chronic keep me casual  
Formally introduced to a journey into the natural  
The three, two zeros then proceeded by one  
Laced like your woven tennis shoes before you go run  
Danger danger, Will Robinson  
There's a crisis here, nappy ain't dirty  
Raised this man it's just a type of hair  
Nightmares have just begun, there's no enticing him  
Limbs relaxed, but your music pop like a Vicodin  
R.I.P. to the CD can't even play my hits  
Cause new computer shit without the means to play the shit

We love to boost the speed  
We love the memory It got me feeling light with nothing like we used to be  
Smoke smoke drip  
sip sip sip

Eyes closed like a [?]  
No forgiveness, just a sick bitch  
Cause I'm under destruction what is this?  
Just a young nigga ready to get this  
If I fall on my face, you're my witness  
Feast on my blood when I leave this  
Didn't mention I'm starting to think that  
This world is [?] like a sea ship  
Walking to hell with the demons  
How can the heavens defeat them?  
Sometimes I just wanna, leave 'em  
This feeling is something I can't [?]  
I just wanna be where I came from  
I'm never gon' see where I came from  
Rest in peace to the Queen son  
Brooklyn baby reborn

This is like a warning Flatbush swarming Nike shoes on  
Prove them critics wrong getting cream  
bitch I love it

And the fans hold us down, put nothing above  
R.I.P. to the CD can't even play my hits

Cause new computer shit without the means to play the shit  
We love to boost the speed  
We love the memory  
It got me feeling light with nothing like we used to be  
The wickedest, man of fire the new Richard Pryor  
The wicked lit, rubber on my dick  
Cause I don't want that Charlie Sheen shit  
Please don't say you're the highest until you met your highness  
I just, want the head like ISIS  
Fuck her so precise her pussy gushing like a geyser  
I'm Michael Myers with these grip pliers took off your eyelids  
I sit in silence, speaking tongues and burnt bibles  
So open letter to all of my rivals you will not vanquish my titles  
My semi-automatic, will splatter a nigga like Jackson Pollock  
Deranged since birth I was conceived in an insane asylum  
I solemnly swear this evening to refrain from the violence  
Young and wilding, psilocybin still my style  
LSD drops in my iris, police sirens  
No guidance, the belly of the beast is where I reside in  
Grimy and vibrant like Busta Rhymes, in the early 90's  
Click boom, your head blew like you play for the Giants  
Lyrical tyrant the way I be rhyming  
I deserve all of the [?] surprises my pistol be hiding I pull it surprise 'em  
My voice can be hypnotizing every verse I deliver be vivid and visually striking  
Been the highest since I arrived and the climate is rising  
It's 'bout to get violent cover your eye and take this lyrical dose Doctor Meechy prescribed  
I slide inside her I love her tight vagina no [?]  
Back to the cypher I got chronic to light up pass me the lighter

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>