

Trade-Off

Flatbush Zombies

It's that work hard, play hard
Make you quit that day job
I smoked so much this year we couldn't even take a day off
I plan to take a trip
Want the money how it's spent
I just re-up
Plus I just payed my phone and the rentHey, it's lit
Call my partners up, we going up, you slowing up
I never judge, we do indulge
In truth I never touch this stuff
One puff of that fluffy stuff, shit hit me like a sucker punch
Side effects include mass paranoia plus the cotton mouth
Down another bottle with my niggas
Before this was a movie we pictured us living bitter
And I forgive 'em, whatever, whatever
Telling me different
Nothing is given without sacrifices
Something is close to niggas to chill with
Pray for the children
The government spiking penicillin
And lord willin'
We all live to be 20 million
Outcome infinite dawg, where is the ceiling?
Cause five years ago we came to be without disappearingIt's that work hard, play hard
Make you quit that day job
I smoke so much this year we couldn't even take a day off
I plan to take a trip
Want the money how it's spentI just re-up
Plus, I just payed my phone and the rentIt's that work hard, play hard
I just got a blow jobSmoke so much this year we couldn't even take a day off
Twenty something years, I never had a fucking day job
Never ask for truth, it's what expected, it's a trade-off
Real nigga shit, getting money bound to flip
Now turned on like I'm the shit
Bitch I told you how it gets
It's that mix, ain't rap long
Rap, puffing an hour
I'm in a all black top, strapped like [?]
So I can go top speed
While the blink is on
Screaming "Fuck the world"
Lion king is gone

Who am I? Who am I?
Handsome guy, my [?] niggas with a patch in my eye
Please, turn up the headphones I speak the value
I pray for freaks, [?] outcome
Choke, choke and choke We just need your vocal
So this is the future, ain't what your used
Four years ago I was poorer than you are
Trapped in the lobby in the back of a U-haul It's that work hard, play hard
I just got a blow job
Smoke so much this year we couldn't even take a day off
Twenty something years, I never had a fucking day job
Never ask for truth, it's what expected, it's a trade-off It's that work hard, play hard Make you
quit that day job
I smoke so much this year we couldn't even take a day off
I plan to take a trip
Want the money how it's spent
I just re-up Plus, I just payed my phone and the rent This that work hard, play hard
Rest in peace to Trayvon
Did so much different drugs this year I'm feeling so amazing
LSD them potent doses smoking 'til I take off
Two freaks, one Meech, that's an even trade-off Rosemary's baby the hand I rock my cradle to
the grave
I had six exorcisms this year alone and I feel the same
I'm high and sleep deprived, having nightmares while I'm still awake
40 ounce, sipper, until my liver give away
I think I lost my mind and, I'm willing to trade my soul if you can find it
An even exchange I'm young and deranged All these drugs in my body
Rawer than the kilo under my granddaddy pillow
Kill a cop, la-la-laugh, reload, ha-ha-ha
Drop plastics, we now laugh at you niggas
I average 50, I don't feel the need to pass to you niggas
Roll up the sticky, young irrational nigga
Don't throw stones, unless your crib is shatter proof nigga A headshot, now let's see if you
splatter-proof nigga It's that work hard, play hard
Make you quit that day job
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Want the money how it's spent
I just re-up
Plus, I just payed my phone and the rent It's that work hard, play hard
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Smoke so much this year we couldn't even take a day off
Twenty something years, I never had a fucking day job
Never ask for truth, it's what expected, it's a trade-off
This that work hard, play hard
Rest in peace to Trayvon
There is so much different drugs this year
I'm feeling so amazing
LSD, them potent doses
Smoking 'til I take off

Two freaks, one Meech, that's an even trade-off

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