

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 slain
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, fuck it we just meet again
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 watch, they high all day
Fuck you leaving, fuck all evening
Call me mister fuck all day
Trap all day and night
Don't need a house [?]
Spam my conscious, tryna' walk on water
Feel the earth [?]
You hatin', I'll be somewhere slayin' bitches by their face [?]
Catch a fake [?], with an eighth on me
Not phased, don't pass that shit homie
Cause more [?]
'Bout to put some in the air, 'til my nigga goes 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
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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 [?] when you're done
[?] put you down, afraid to look around, instead I [?] for my dogs
Now my city give me 150 for my skis, 150 for [?]
Three niggas, we gotta eat
Shouts to fans that's overseas
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 the [?]
You back into handling business, no kidding
My head's at the clinic, I need a prescription My vision is clearer through smoking 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
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All my niggas need a plan, cos all my niggas need to win Feeling brave? Nigga run up
Buck shots, Here muscle
And I don't need Joey to pump it
Pitbull, no muzzle
Badman, I'm thuggin'
Dunno, gun smoke
Can't tell me nothin', there's no need for discussion
I'm the sinner and 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 haters all the same [?]
Will I die from my homicide or will I die from taking too much drugs?
Lord knows I'm just here to die on an acid high and I'm double cupped
Cold line, 100 blunts
Seen a few bitches I'd love to fuck
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 count all my blessing up
Bloodstream full of chemical, crip, blood, twist your fingers up
Better than some of them Bet they gon' say it's beginners luck
I would die for my niggas, but would they do the same?
And then somebody get em and I'm losing my balance and I would ride for my niggas, just
show me the lane
My granddaddy's still in the kitchen, w-w-whooping the 'caine
My celly' keep ringing I cannot find enough courage 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 suckingMade it out the ghetto,
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

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