

# U&I (feat. Dia)

## Flatbush Zombies

Don't be anxious, or impatient  
'Cause I-I-I want to hold you close and never let go Yeah, she said baby don't go, but you and I  
got to be for you and I  
This that do or die, po pimp shit recordin' in the sky  
And I get so high that I forgot 'bout last night, right  
Yeah, she said baby don't go, but you and I got to be for you and I  
This that do or die, po pimp shit recordin' in the sky  
And I get so high that I forgot 'bout last night, right In a world (in a world) full of thieves (full  
of thieves)  
We see diamonds (we see diamonds)  
We see keys (we see keys)  
If the issue (if the issue), talk to me (talk to me)  
If I miss you (If I miss you)  
it's 'cause you're deep (it's 'cause you're deep)  
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We see diamonds (we see diamonds)  
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it's 'cause you're deep (it's 'cause you're deep)  
Ooh, I say we struggle  
It's hard livin', streets have been unforgivin'  
Smoke weed, hold deep conversations with winners  
'Cause these my brothers, love 'em to death  
Written in stone, so when I'm gone, they huggin' our breath  
Don't frequent Hell, gorillaz been on lapel  
There's 6 grams in the blunt, on a mission to find myself  
Growin' and breakin' ties, cryin' and savin' lives  
Couldn't be discontent, temptation arrives Yeah, I'm patiently waiting  
But I don't really give a fuck if we ain't in your rotation  
I put the heart up on this bitch and can't nobody take it  
Brooklyn niggas, we take it, Flatbush baby, gon' make it  
Check it, but these my brothers, love 'em to death  
Written in stone, until I'm gone, we puffin' the death  
No concern, nah, compare us, how?  
Cool milli off the merch, SoundScan's shuttin' down now  
I put the bread down on something I wanted for years  
If my brother need some money, man I prolly sell that shit hey  
Break it into pieces, ooh wow there it is  
Brothers make real beats, bomb lyricist  
Brothers look the other way, nothing come to trouble mate  
This is why I love you dog, smokin' at your mama's crib

My brother not a local, my brother travel continents  
No need to find a hotel, my brothers got the couch and shit Debra's only son, he was conceived  
in King's County

That was '89, by '92 he was already rowdy  
Misunderstood since he crawled out the womb, the only child  
And his momma workin' three jobs, one was dealin' with drama  
'Cause I was wildin', he used to rarely see his father  
They seperated, couldn't keep his dick in his pajamas  
Because he was out there hustlin', tryin' to be a provider  
Tryin' to turn a pretty penny into a million dollars  
They tell you 'bout my family, that bipolar disorder  
And due to karma my first youngin' gon' be a daughter  
When I was 5, I told my mama I wanted to die  
And then we cry, the crazy shit, man, it wasn't a lie  
Man, this life is filled with stress  
So much oppressed, call New York City "9"  
I sit alone and reflect, took me 28 years to realize that I'm blessed  
My gran died from cancer, I quit them cigarettes  
Weight of world on my shoulder  
I just finished my reps  
All addicted to drugs, we all addicted to sex  
Feelin' so self destructive, like I'm clingin' to death  
Took my 5 digit check and copped some bigger baguettes  
Take a look at my writing, finger  
charm on my neck

Still in touch with myself, that flashy shit won't prevail  
I really be shopping for happiness, but that shit ain't for sale  
But if you don't show 'em then they won't think you do it well  
I heard that blood is thicker than them Atlanta strippers  
But these my brothers,  
they ain't got real brothers to know the difference  
And Erick if I could, I'd give your mama my kidney  
'Cause she's my momma too  
I promise you I ride for my niggas, die for my niggas  
Load .45 Rat-tat, homicide for my niggas  
Word up, 'cause you my brothers, love 'em to death  
Written in stone, I take my heart and rip it off my chest  
To prove to you that it's Zombie gang, rotten flesh  
That's to the death, nigga no more, nothing less  
True indeed, Juice if you ever off or bleed  
I'm takin' care of your seeds, even if that means millions in fees  
For custody, she wildin' out on court  
I'm like give that bitch what she needs  
(Order in the court!) Judge please (order!)  
I guess I still got alot to maturin' to do  
I know we still got a whole lot of world tourin' to do  
This game is supposed to be locked in, I leak through  
Like a real bad pussy pad, watch me seep through  
Ooh, it's Darky baby, a whole different hue  
My grand-daddy got 8 balls come and get a cue

I come from the struggle, motherfucker get a clue  
Headshot, red dot, now make a move  
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>