

Headstone

Flatbush Zombies

Victory, victory
Gold on my neck—Mr. T
Victory, victory
Zombie Gang reppin' that NYC
Victory, victory
Ice round my neck like I'm Lil Weezy
We run this shit like a pair of cleats
It's hell on earth but this where I be Money over bitches on my headstone
Here lies young nigga gettin' paid
Never take a loss on my headstone
Only take a L when I'm smokin' it
Zombie gang three times on my headstone
Been thuggin' from the cradle to the grave
Now your favorite rapper name on a headstone
Too late—he already dead
Imagine when you're thirty thousand feet up what you think of?
Boy, I hated knowin' that my thoughts deterred a dream
'Cause I never knew I'd get my chance to link up
Boy, I tell you, all of this unusual to me
Swear I came from the bottom, Flatbush livin', walkin' dead on
Put your favorite rapper's name up on a headstone
Biggie Big for the cheese and you're dead wrong
Propaganda set the standards in the terrordome I hit it doggystyle, she throw it back, yeah, I'm
born to mack
It's dark and Hell is hot so leave me where I'm at
I'm livin' how I wanna, no reasonable doubt
It's clear to see, all eyez on me, 400 degrees
Who am I? Ruthless, Eazy does it
The chronic smoke in public, hate it or love it
The underdogs, with liquid swords
It was written in my diary this art of war
I'm feelin' infamous, immortal with my technique
A revolutionary shinin', with diamond teeth
Young Don Cartagena, excuse my demeanor, this the glamour life
You still not a player, you ain't half as nice
I'm born again, life after death, I made the sacrifice
I'm supa dupa fly, Juicy keep them hypnotized
I said my name is Juice, AmeriKKKa's most
Ain't no half-steppin', see you at tha crossroads
Put money over bitches on my headstone
Here lies young nigga gettin' paper
Never take a loss on my headstone

Only take an L when I'm smokin' it
 Zombie gang three times on my headstone
 Been thuggin' from the cradle to the grave
 Now your favorite rapper name on a headstone
 Too late—he already dead It was written in the children's story, that life's a bitch
 So what'cha want? Everyday I struggle with it
 Only God can judge me slippin', I'm infinitely big pimpin'
 Though the genesis, dead presidents, drop a gem on 'em
 Hell on earth, these the last dayz, throw ya guns up
 Get money, Quiet Storm, havin' suicidal thoughts
 For the C.R.E.A.M, renegade
 For the money, all the green is the lemonade
 I'm a playa on the late night tip, shorty triple six
 She the prototype, Tip drill, kiss her fingertips
 Reservoir Dogs, check the score, ignorant shit
 Blackout, can I live? Hellrazor, still feel me
 Kiss of death, and protect ya neck
 Three dope boys in a Cadillac, Gravediggaz
 Kiss of death, and protect ya neck, shame on a nigga
 Three dope boys in a Cadillac, Gravediggaz Put money over bitches on my headstone
 Here lies young nigga gettin' paper
 Never take a loss on my headstone
 Only take a L when I'm smokin' it
 Zombie gang three times on my headstone
 Been thuggin' from the cradle to the grave
 Now your favorite rapper name on a headstone
 Too late—he already dead Right now I'm on the edge (so don't push me)
 Troublesome since '96 (you a shook one)
 Breath easy, know the ledge (I'm your pusha)
 What's that? I smell pussy Let me count my guns, um, hm
 Five, four, three, two, one, run!
 Hi, my name is Durt Cobain
 Like a pimp, here I go, 'til the next, episode
 Ain't a nann nigga this explosive
 Beast Coast shit (blat-blat!) reloaded
 Fuck them other niggas, ride or die for my niggas
 Strictly 4 my niggas, survival of the fittest
 Woop-woop! That's the sound of the police, I'm in deep cover
 Earth, skrt skrt, lean back, give me one more chance
 They say Jesus walks and the Devil wear Prada
 But I'm so, so deaf, God can't tell me nothing
 Write this on my death certificate, I gave you power
 21 questions, like who shot ya? I shot ya!
 Warning, watch them niggas flashin' lights papparazi
 Two words, fuck bitches, get money
 Tonight's da night, guess who's back on my block
 Rather unique, I lick a shot in Bucktown
 This firearm silencer on, that quiet storm

T-O-N-Y—top of New York with a pitchfork

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>