

Flatbush ZOMBiES, This Is It

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