

Bring Em Out (feat. Flatbush Zombies)

Bodega Bamz

Tour bus looking like a brothel
Catching more bodies than hostel
Flatbush Zombies put money in my pocket
If it's war against them I'ma pop
Word like a pastor
Kid from the ghetto listenin' to heavy metal, Rock rolled in my sock
Ain't never been afraid renegade got bars like mess halls
Locked 3 mils in the? Nigga what?
Pussy at noon got me feeling brand new
When the sun come down I'm leaving
Fuck I look like? A fool?
Throwing shade like cool bitch don't wake me up I'm dreamin'
Puff puff pass that's old school
I'm getting yesterdays paper that's old you
The way I'm programmed I never hold hands
Straight business, first class, never the coach
I'ma handle the game the way I handle the coat
Hand to hand on instagram, picture the post
Nigga picture me broke, I got a picture of henny
I know my liver be ready for adios?
I'm a shore thing I don't coast call
I mean we all kings but theres one god
There's one Allah, there's one Jah Bless
Bring em out, bring em out
Pussy ass niggas bring em out, bring em out Bring em out, bring em out
Lysin' ass niggas bring em out, bring em out Now I pose for pictures, Can't fuck with you be
more specific
Toss me light when you beg forgiveness
I didn't like your vibe so I kept my distance
Niggas do it all for the paper
Institution was made then strewn to little girls and boys
But now "the world is yours", my nigga please
I done gross over a hundred G's
That's a lot of of money still I'm screamin' "Fuck the police!"
In my motions I can't pretend that I'm different than you
But nigga listen then pay attention when I make a move
Vision blurred, I don't see no deterrence
But seeing the same niggas then saying the same words? Puffin' the same flavor
My niggas is Tan Boys original delegators
We ripping the floor panel then?
With a matter of force we go and handle you boys
We only?

Nobody ever gave a fuck about us, You never believed
 Can't believe they fucking doubted, now they can see
 Child of the corn, Darko, freak off the leash, rather unique who art thou Van Gogh, Randy
 Savage on beats,?
 Pitbull, if you break in my house he bark wild fuck you talkin' bout?!
 Lil nigga I spark proud, pop a band, throw up bread, you should learned it by now, make 'em
 say, "ugh"
 Then???
 Then it's get to steppin', I'm kickin' pamela out (get to steppin!)
 That tommy hold a lot of slugs might be a hundred rounds
 Them flatbush niggas a shmurda ya, rusty tre pounds
 Shoot you an throw it in the air, like a cap and gown
 I demand the throne and the crown, tell 'em I want it now(Ha!)
 Hair swingin' when i'm shootin' like O-Dog in that movie
 Zombie gang fully lucid, Bathing Ape, fully draped????, knuckle it behind bars like a prisoner
 in cage
 Johnny cage, black shades, hit off half yo face
 My orange box cutter make the world rotate
 My orange box cutter make the world rotate I need a honor roll for this shit, I need a honor roll
 for this shit
 Thank the lawd it's lit, thank the lawd it's lit??
 Flatbush, Tan Boy stylin'
 All my niggas get lit like a chalice, all my niggas get lit like a chalice
 Cookies in my blunt, Liquor in my gut,? you niggas up
 I'm on top of the world like Randy says
 So high, so high like East L.A
 Feelin' unstoppable every bone and my particles?
 And they said it's impossible for a black young man to kill this shit
 For a tan young man to kill this shit
 So, more or less I do my thing do my thing
 No stress, smoke green,?...Bring em out, bring em out
 Pussy ass niggas bring em out, bring em out Bring em out, bring em out
 Lyin' ass niggas bring em out, bring em out Bring em out, bring em out
 Pussy ass niggas bring em out, bring em out
 Bring em out, bring em out
 Where the hoes, where the hoes?
 Bring em out, bring em out
 Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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