

Vacation (feat. Joey Bada\$\$)

Flatbush Zombies

[Intro: Meechy Darko]

Vacay! Vacay! Vacay! [Verse 1: Erick Arc Elliott]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

I don't sweat her texts (no)

My life is a test (test, yeah)

Takes a little effort (effort)

Makes a lot of stress (uh huh, stress)

Supposed to be this way (way)

Who could lead the way (way)

Them shades a couple K's (K's)

We don't see the same (Uh huh)

Do I need a name (fame)

Do we flee from fame (name)

Now that's a cold case (case)

And I see the same (same)

You're supposed to be the king (king)

Let me see your wings (wings)

Spread the gospel goal (goal)

And let freedom ring

[Chorus: Zombie Juice]

I swear they're so amazin'

I swear they're so amazin'

Yeah I feel like I'm on vacation

They wanna be me I ain't dead yet, no

You wanna ride you need a spaceship

Eh baby don't get impatient, no

Gotta hustle til you make enough

Yeah, I swear it's so amazin' [Verse 2: Joey Bada\$\$]

Yeah, cruising in my own lane, had to take the scenic route

My reality is what most you niggas dream about

Fake niggas only ride for you when they need the clout

They leave your ass for dead when you're bleedin' out

Look!

But blood thicker than water, that's word to my daughter

This year is where I had to draw up all of my borders

I'm bossed up, I used to take their orders

They ain't wanna pay attention, now they can't afford us, yeah

I made a milli' in the first quarter on the hush, yeah

Plus this my Jordan year, bitch I'm just warmin' up, yeah

I ain't in a rush, that's just my adrenaline flowin'

I drop the top just so they can see the melanin glowin'

Like fuck the cops, posted on the block like Giannis

I promise the call me Mr. Brooklyn's Finest, uh
I'm feelin' like I'm Yeezy with the shutter shades
Can't tell me nothing, in my stuntin' phase
Wait till all them hunnids made
[Chorus: Zombie Juice]
I swear they're so amazin'
I swear they're so amazin'
Yeah I feel like I'm on vacation
They wanna be me I ain't dead yet, no
You wanna ride you need a spaceship
Eh baby don't get impatient, no
Gotta hustle til you make enough
Yeah, I swear it's so amazin'[Verse 3: Meechy Darko]
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I just got back from Australia
Wildin' out getting double my [?]
Zombie gang, gang, gang, can't say a word
Who wanna bang, bang, bang, my pops Waynes cuz'
Got a blade on my tongue, dirty 9 on my side
Ratchet from over seas, mail order bride
I'm the shit like my momma gave birth out her asshole
Ammunition, wrapped around my body like Rambo
Shout out to my main chick, side chick, mistress, same shit
Love you girl, just handle yo business
Got blood on my Fendi joggers, walkin' mix masked designer
I just wanna spend 4/20 with Rihanna
Throw her over my shoulder then bring her back to my island
Then put her legs over my head like a Hurricanrana
I'm prolly the realest nigga to climb out a vagina (too real)
Now does that sound like a good vacation or am I wildin'?[Chorus: Zombie Juice]
I swear they're so amazin'
I swear they're so amazin'
Yeah I feel like I'm on vacation
They wanna be me I ain't dead yet, no
You wanna ride you need a spaceship
Eh baby don't get impatient, no
Gotta hustle til you make enough
Yeah, I swear it's so amazin'

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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