

# 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 the 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

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

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>