

# 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