

Kaywhy "Zombies"

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[Chorus:]

Everybody they clonin, I know it I can feel it in my bones
(run inside)

Look around they growin you know it, and they entering
ya home (lock ya doors)

Cause do u wanna be a zombie, nope, nope, nope, I
didn't think so

No we don't wanna be zomies, nope, nope, nope,
I didn't think so

[Verse 1:]

It's your brains that they after,

Gonna give you pain and disaster

And they'll break you in half cause

That's what they do cause they're bastards

Yo, it's the zombies, they are monsters

They will stomp you, they will chomp you

They will eat you, steal your people

Cheat everything that you know

Everything that you own

They don't give a fuck, cause they're different from us

And they swear on their shit that they're bigger than us

But they're not because we don't let them get to us,

It's straight ridiculous

So we be flippin this and we be getting shit

And they be getting zilch

Cryin over spilt milk, I deal with real folk

And that's the real deal zombie move real slow

Don't let them kill you, that'll help em build clones

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

I am the hunter

I know a bunch of zombies that's are all around me

They go to school with me, they work with me

They sit next to me, they live with me

They are the ones that try to stop you

They are the ones that try to box you, in

With that negative bullshit

Jus stop it ignoring it, it's not important

They can't feel what u feel,

They don't know what the deal is,
They don't know what real shit is
They can't make it
They try to break it
They try to ace it
They are impatient
They are ignorant bitches
They don't know that they're too big for they're britches
They build bridges, jus to burn em down
Don't earn em or deserve em
Murk em!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

No no no we won't go for that bullshit
So zombies get get back
Tell us how to kill a zombie
Just, blow they head off for they steal ya soul,
We really wanna kill some zombies,
So hurry up cause they building clones
Don't let them fill ya domes
Will all that nonsense that will kill ya goals
It's the haters
It's the pessimists
It's the negative specialists
They only good for one thing
Talk alotta shit and ruin good dreams
Kill them dudes by doin true things
It's the dawn of the dead
And they want you to end
So do us all a favor and: blow off a zombies head

[Chorus]

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