

# Perfume

ASAP Ferg

Trap Lord on my belly, free my nigga Really  
Elijah smoking that smelly, ménages in the telly  
Bonde bitch named Shelly, dick all in her belly  
I met that bitch at a fashion show, she was rocking Margiela  
I was with Quasey Casey rocking all that Versace  
Might be in there sailing, smoking all that Beijing  
Ten stacks in my pocket, for no reason I got it  
Fuck around and hit Sin City, tell that bitch to pop it  
What's up with you and Purrr? I ain't into all of that gossip  
He brought the funk into my crew, you gotta ask Rocky about it  
All I know is A\$AP riding in them Maybachs  
40. cal, we spray that, when AK brratt you take nap  
Oh, Lord, that Hood Pope - oh, Lord, that Trap Lord  
Why they call you Trap Lord? Cause you a rap lord to my casket  
I ain't bowing to no time, Hood Pope on my gold shine  
My dirty niggas wanna tote nine, but we talk rhyme  
I tell 'em hold up

All I know is that Trap Lord, that Hood Pope  
All I know is that Trap Lord, but you're a rap Lord to my casket  
All I know is that fast Porsche smoking that good smoke  
Model bitch who from Brazil, she want it on her culo  
Riding 'round the city feeling like P. Diddy  
Glock 9 in my silk shirt, nigga, no Pac and no Biggie  
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Glock 9 in my silk shirt, nigga, no Pac and no Biggie

No reply when you call Lord, mama cry 'til her throat sore  
Liechtenstein when I drunk four you was dying in this war hall  
Body left near the staircase courtesy of the whole mob  
Don't mean no fucking thing when I pull up in that Goyard  
Shooked up from that toe star, ask questions like Nardwuar  
Like can you feel your fucking legs? I bet that nigga cannot walk  
Persian bitch stack coke hard, sniff white 'till her nose soft  
I fucked that bitch with no rubber, cause that bitch be so raw  
Puff-puff when the semi pump, nigga really gonna pop  
Trunks when you see me duck, niggas really want  
Y'all punks can't see the God trap, truly Lord  
And I click like Donkey Kong when I hit this long  
Better run when you see the mob, you be seeing God  
Hear the drum when my niggas march, you gon' see Allah  
You the son of a bitch nigga, you daddy a broad  
You a bitch, little bitch nigga, probably wearing bras