

Gunz n Butter

ASAP Rocky

Swingin' by the tires leave a third degree
And I heard theres bouncin' niggas hatin' wanna murder me
They gon' have to take me straight to Satan cause I'm blessin' this
I fell the stress, I feel no stress
I built this trust, they won't come murder me
Hercules

Mama warned me pop was on me
Acid shorty (shut the fuck up!)
Get-get gettin' guap before when I was fourteen
Glock was forty kick-kick
Bounce your jaw for plottin' on me
Hot bologna grits with problems copper hoppin' on me
Cheese from government-ment (what that mean?)
Prada on me, choppers on me, crock on Maury kicks-kicks (word)
God was for me, locks was on me
Blew up ever since then (okay okay)
Grew up ever since then
Screwed up ever since then
Two cups ever since then
(Kill 'em Flacko)
Nah big homie
Took my time but now big homie, homies outta line big homie
Money outta pocket homie (money outta pocket)
All these niggas pockets homie
Chopper let 'em live, I was only six, when I crept up in the crib
Found a cig, what I did, what I did (oh!)
Cock it homie, now it's in my p-pocket homie
I-I r-rock it homie, dare you nigga, tr-try me homie
For the love of spread, I'mma butter bread
Man I prolly should be dead, was it 'cause of what I said?
What I..

Uzi, FN, Ruger, Draco
Euros, Pounds and Dollars, Pesos
Money, hoes and power, Draco
Violence, rifle, shotguns, Draco

Now can't a nigga see I ain't got no time for games
I'm on this Hennessey and I'm quick to shoot dat thang
But fuck that one of my young niggas 'ill take tha charge
I'm stackin' loot muthafuck lookin' behind some bars

Rocky Rocky
Hold on one second bro
Ha Rocky, it's Hector bro
Rocky this is Hector bro
We gotta hold on one second bro
There's an issue goin' on back here

Rambo was a cathy
And mama was a christian
My papa turned to muslim when he spent some time in prison
(No cappin')
No Jehova's witnesses but I'm from kinda different
They don't leave no witnesses so folks just mind they business
These days I just practice all the good from all religion

So plead the fifth amendment or you're gonna be the victim

So get up off my YKK

The president a a-hole (Fuck off)

Prayin' for a JFK

All we got was KKK

AKA AK that you target not from Target but from Walmart

Then it's a-ok

Fuck them boys no KY with this SK leave them DOA

AR in the ER it's the state of mind of every state

Say your grace you better pray

Guns with the butter

Guns for my brother

Came from the gutter

Cocaine in the buttocks

Raise a box cutter

Play undercover

Paint in the hummer

Skate wit' your mother

Tha fact of tha matter she blow out tha frizzame

I keep me some powder so I'm gettin brizzain

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What's really butter?

The gun or the putter?

You hear me?

You understand what I'm sayin'?

What's really butter?

What's really butter?

What's really butter?

Guns, you can get that butter