Leaf

ASAP Rocky

I'm so happy, you know um
You know I looked at the crowd and you know I
I look at my fans, I look at their faces, they expressions
And I know that damn well
We are some partying mother fuckers

Tired of these rappers, tired of these jackers
Tired of these dances by these backpackers
And I'm sick of all these hipsters
I'm sick of phony niggas
I'm sticking to these bitches, cause I'm sick of all these sisters
I'm sick and tired of tryna survive, I'm sick tired of my environment
I'm sick and tired of feeling deprived, I'm one of a kind, when in my climat
e
I'm sick and tired of your facade and all of your lying and all your diamond
s
Basically I'm tired of feeling sick and tired (ASAP)
Born in money makin' Manhattan
Every nigga on my block wanna be a main attraction
Shout my nigga Squadda, shout my nigga Mondre
If you disrespect them niggas then I'm polishin' the nadre
And I'm coming to your casa for your madre and padre
Comprende? Most of these niggas been gay or they strange
They say I sound like Andre mixed with Kanye
Little bit of Max, little bit of Wiz, little bit of that, little bit of this
Get off my dick

I'm in yo hood, you ain't got no ticket
I'm a down to earth nigga, we could kick it
Take a hit with me, take a hit with me
Ain't on stage behind the scene
I'm probably mixing lean
Chilling with my niggas, with my team
Why don't ya come and take a sip with me
Take a sip with me

Once again Mr. Back selling crack
It's the how to keep it real nigga music on the map
Street raps, new face, sampled with no craze
Doubting myself cause I don't think the world can relate
To my surprise everyone does, so have faith
Half of the other side don't live it they push play
The young illest alive, Harlem world to the Bay
It feels good waking up to money in the bank
Cause last year it was shoe box and lint
I only write raps just to give you niggas hits
Every verse a gift, as you smoke like a chimney
My album coming November, that's 20 years of memory
And that's assuming I'm a live that long
If I don't, don't cry cause I ain't live that wrong
Just an artist in a purest form, I live that song
An artist in a purest form, I live that song, Bambino

I'm in yo hood, you ain't got no ticket
I'm a down to earth nigga, we could kick it
Take a hit with me, take a hit with me
Ain't on stage behind the scene

I'm probably mixing lean
Chilling with my niggas, with my team
Why don't ya come and take a sip with me
Take a sip with me

Why fuss? I rather fuck, treat her like my enemy
I just wanna bus, 7 deuce, waitin' on the bus
Before the boys bend the corner, tryna make a bust
Tryouts I'm tryna make the Bucks
Purple and the green got me on stuck
So I 2 step, move my feet and keep it pushin'
Always bouncin' back, got it keep the kush in
And that's somethin' fat, like eatin' all the puddin'
ASAP we got it slap, bruh good lookin'
Fuck that, ASAP where I come from
4 5 6, ice city slums
Weed in my pocket, coke in his tongues
Buying swisher sweets, no more honey buns
Fresh white tee, bright like the sun
Only nigga round here rockin michigan

I'm in yo hood, you ain't got no ticket
I'm a down to earth nigga, we could kick it
Take a hit with me, take a hit with me
Ain't on stage behind the scene
I'm probably mixing lean
Chilling with my niggas, with my team
Why don't ya come and take a sip with me
Take a sip with me

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!