

Clams Casino, nigga
A\$AP

Mr. Pistol Popper, Flacko locked and loaded
Life's a bitch and she pussy pop, know why? Cause I got her open
That pussy soaking, fuck is you promoting?
Yeah, you claim you rage, you hating like you live in Oakland
All my rap town niggas with the roof back
Introduce you niggas to the new swag
Make you say a nigga blew up too fast
Fuck I'm 'sposed to do with all this new ass?
Fuck I'm 'sposed to do with all this new cash?
Thousand dollar drawers just to hold my balls
All I ever do is let my jewels sag
Pac gone, but the "Juice" back
Get your popcorn, juice, snacks
It's a movie nigga, with a new cast
Get the news flash, that the truth back
This is boom bap, mixed with new raps
Look at all the niggas that I blew past
Hood by Air, to the do-rag
Nigga make way for the new jacks

It's Mr. Pistol Popper screaming, "Fuck a copper"
I just bought a crispy choppa, finna fuck your block up, blocka!
Even cracked the pavement that's for niggas hating
I been impatiently waiting to show you niggas Satan
All this talk of Illuminati ain't got a clue about me
Bitch I'm Trillmaluminati and got my crew behind me
Shooters round me, keep them looters round me
Keep a tool around me, it'll keep you fools from round me
Couple of them dudes surround me
With a gat, with a strap in a backpack
When they cap cap, leave you flat, better back back
On a fast track, ratatat, nigga that's that
Nigga pass that, finna ash, where the hash at
Got a Kat Stacks with a ass, finna smash that
Make 'em catch that, A\$AP, then I pass that
Off to my niggas then she ask, "Where the cash at?"
I see dead people, I need dead people
Lord Pretty Flacko, bitch, I behead people
Kneel and kiss the ring, all hail the King
Long Live A\$AP put that on everything

Alright, mothafucka
Alright, A\$AP