

# STFU

ASAP Rocky

Shut the fuck up (Ooh)  
Shut the fuck up  
Shut the fuck up  
Shut the fuck up

Is there heaven for a pig?  
Might spray paint that on my van  
Hit two hundred on the bridge  
Screamin', "Catch me if you can"  
Mama, I'm not comin' home  
I've been livin' with the band  
Ayy, fuck stickin' to the plan  
I'm tryna stick it to the man

What? (Woo)  
I'm out of luck, rush, what?  
Now I feel the rush  
I'm really out of touch  
Now the crowd has been so touched and the mobs don't rush  
What? What?  
No time  
Eyes so rushed

I done fucked up  
Off this shit, I lucked up  
Yeah, they fucked up  
They done got me fucked up  
Now I'm fucked up  
Off that shit that I done drunk  
Man, these niggas out of luck  
What?

(Ayy-ayy) How you ask for a handouts and you ain't hit the concrete?  
They say Hatians eatin' cats, I make sure my dogs eat  
Rich, rich, rich, rich, I make sure it's under the seat  
Eh, eh, eh, eh, I ain't got no time for the weak (Ayy-ayy)

No time, look at the Patek (No time)  
Keep lookin' back at it (No time)  
Yeah, what's up, sir? I'm really up, up  
Tell Gousse, tell these niggas duck-duck  
When are you and Rihanna? (Shut the fuck up)  
Like when's the new album gonna-? (Shut the fuck up)  
Back the fuck up  
Watch your mouth or get packed the fuck up

Ah, shoot 'em in a barrell (Ah, kill, kill)  
Keep on wakin' 'til the overkill  
Big old bully and a half a milli'  
Get up with 'em in a half a milli'  
A\$AP [?]  
Pull up, goofy, nigga, shut the fuck up  
[?] bucka-bucka  
Show no mercy to these motherfuckers

What?  
I'm out of luck, rush, what?

Now I feel the rush  
I'm really out of touch  
Now the crowd has been so touched and the mobs don't rush  
No time, what? (No time)  
Eyes so rushed

It's like throw some shit (Ayy-ayy)  
Sock a bitch, throw some shit (Ayy-ayy)  
Bitch talkin' like she know some shit  
Broke nigga always owe some shit  
Always beggin', tryna hold some shit  
He ain't my twin, on some Olsen shit  
Quit lyin' to hoes like he close and shit  
I'm a grown man, on my wholesome shit  
Talk my shit, boy, I torture this  
Pretty boyish, grew up with the pimps and socialists  
Always on my shit like porcelain  
In the moshpit with all my ornaments  
And my chain's twisted like contortionist  
Order office, I went corporate  
Too much insubordinates, unfortunately, it disappointin' me  
Be off this shit, bitch (No time)

[?] dance from (Brraow, brraow)  
That could be a face lift (Ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy)  
You need it, (Ayy-ayy-ayy-ayy)  
He ain't even onto that (Ayy-ayy)  
That could be a face lift (Ayy-ayy)  
That could be a dumb split (Ayy-ayy)  
That could be a face lift (Oh)  
He ain't even onto that  
Shut the fuck up (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up, bitch (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up, let me hear it (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up, bitch (Shut the fuck up)  
Shut the fuck up (Shut the fuck up)  
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