

# Damn Mo'

ASAP Twelvyy

Yeah, nigga  
Yeah, them Drop Boyz  
A\$AP Mob, you dig  
Twelvyy

Lotta long nights on that side street  
Them Straight Drop Boyz gon' ride with me  
If you give me your word, then don't lie to me  
I'm what you niggas keep trying to be

Run the block down, then we pack it up  
Get a whole brick and then I wack it up  
Need a new blender, this one acting up  
I drive big trucks when I'm backing up

You better move, bitch, like you Ludacris  
You ain't seasoned yet, you still new to this  
Get a pot and a fork, I'm too equipped  
Get dumb money from a stupid risk

I'm too rich to have a stupid bitch  
I bring that shit in ASAP  
When I'm in New York, I'm with A\$AP  
If you need a verse, I need eight racks

The M club tryna chase that  
If you ever rat, you can't erase that  
It's the blueprint, we tryna trace that  
A quarter M, I already made that

Off the back blocks  
It wasn't blacktops  
It was glass pots for that crack rock  
Bitch, I'm balling hard, call ASCAP

You ain't in the game, you just a mascot  
I got lil niggas ready to crash out  
Auntie smoke and drop till she pass out  
I was selling crack, I took the fast route

I remember dreaming for a fast car  
And I put my life in that glass jar  
How you started first, but I passed ya  
I know some niggas that can't take the mask off

I'm the rocket man, help you blast off

Super dirty, I'm running from 5-0  
911, this hot as Diablo  
Got a plate in the back of Tahoe  
Need baggies, I'm headed to Costco

More chicken, they thinking 'bout Roscoe's  
Four extra, I stick to the block code  
Got the sniffles, I'm looking for snot nose  
Ye on me, I feel like I'm Pablo

That's a play, I'm telling to drive slow  
Got a package, I'm splitting with Paco  
Got a pot, but we missing utensils  
Treat a fork like a number 2 pencil

Steven Foster, heard Twelvyy official  
On the track, you could still hear the sizzle  
Ever threw a G pack out the window?  
Had to lower your stick like it's limbo

In my section, we throwing up symbols  
Where you from? I don't mean to offend you  
I heard Brody got hit in his temple  
From the mud, you don't know what I been through

See, I started with mid, but I made it out  
Used to trap out the Chinos, I'm taking out  
You want a Key and a Glock? Need a paper route  
See my money and fam, I don't play about

I been grinding like, "Where did the time go?"  
Big, big face on the money like '94  
See, bro had a 9, we had 9 O's  
Bird Box did a flip with a blindfold

When I land in the city, I'm John Doe  
Out the jungle, we bred in the Congo  
This the Mob, they calling me Scarfo  
From the streets, this really my heart, Mo

Yeah  
This really my heart  
I love you  
Everything you put me through  
Everything you forever gon' put me through  
Yeah, yeah