

# Choppas On Deck

## ASAP Mob

[Verse 1: A\$AP Ferg]

Medusa faces turn me in a stone  
Versace killers and Ralph murderer in Dior Homme  
My skinny niggas fuckin' bring the chrome  
The only thing I'm killin' is a microphone  
I let my little niggas take you home  
One straight to that dome  
Betta ring the alarm, Fergie's home  
Ever taste the chrome? way far from a silver spoon  
Sing your lullabies, watch your mother and your brother cry  
Fuck your sister brains, causin' mental homicide  
Motherfuck' your life, fuck your family nigga, fuck your wife  
I be down for life, ASAAAP, my brothers for life  
Big money, talk to me nice  
Talk to me nice or don't talk to me at all  
Grippin' that Mack now he grippin' the floor  
Ratatatat let it split to your jaw  
Laid on your back, whisperin' Lord, bet he couldn't see his death  
Berettas under the leather he couldn't see this Tec  
Teflon vest for those who test  
A bunch of niggas gettin' throwed call me Jazzy Jeff[Hook x4]  
I got these choppas on deck  
And the 9 is on deck  
And the llamas on deck

Just in case you ain't heard what I say[Verse 2: A\$AP Ferg]

I'm drowning' these niggas, not carving up with me  
That vitamin water that formula 50  
I'm pipin' your daughter, muhfucker come get me  
One clip to that brain, gone in a jiffy  
I'm poppin' your dame, cum on the titties  
Beef lo mein, all in her shrimp  
Oodles and noodles, hangin out it Fifties  
Somebody done died, who knows who done did it  
Somebody gon' ride, bang her with the Smith and  
Nines men in black, I will Will Smith him  
Semi-automat', brattttt it would lift him  
Preacher gone sang, momma gone listen  
He was on that bullshit, Jordan or Pippen  
So I had pull shit, feeling so tempted

Rocks on his socks, Shawshank Redemption  
Somebody gon' die, who know done did it[Hook x4]

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>