

Ghetto Symphony

A\$AP Rocky

Do just what I tell you
Don't come in any closer
And no one will get hurt
Cause I dunno how long I can hold my heart in two

A rebel I be one day, on that track with Gunplay
Outcast my whole life so I decide to spit like Andre
Beef is on my entre, gin and juice that's Bombay
Driving fast the wrong way, I swear life is like a one-way
Pussy on a Sunday, fitness on a Monday
My new crib came with Feng Shui
And my closet is like a runway
Come be fiancée, she fuck me in a Hyundai
My rooftop got a lounge
Just a sit around and watch her sunbathe
Dinner date for one K, shopping date for two K
Bougie ass bitch made wait to fuck for two days
Finally go the two day, swear to god my mood change
Top off like toupes, drop off, touche
Yeah my mouth is full of gold and I'm a city boy
And my outfit was in Vogue, I'm a pretty boy
Bounce, boy, Flacko tellem holla at a nigga G
Riding on my enemies, this my Ghetto Symphony

Whippin' Whitney, my mama as a witness
Bitches lickin' and locking up my swishas
Once she blow my whistle
She know it's dismissal
Spread the news I'm official
Now hop out my foreign vessel
Before I get aggressive
Forget it, war ready, already tested
Tears and blood invested
Till my cardiacs arrested and my 40 oz is empty
Show me watcha owe me and a porterhouse with that
Black magic on the tires only I
Rolling down the lonely mile phony smile, was
Police on me now, still touring
And my chain it may slow me down cheer for

Pain, in it's purest form
Don't complain I came to reign
From here forward, still noid
So crib got clear doors
Burning grains in my air force
And all I can see is clear ports

Since Rocky spit like Andre I'm gonna kill em' like Big Boi

These rappers is all my entrÃ©e
Eat em' like cookies, chips ahoy
Eat, enjoy, when I get annoyed
Know a couple niggas that Iâ€™d kill for joy
Either Gunplay, runway, trip avoid
Prolly get found by a lil' fishin' boy
Arnold Schwarzenegger, toss a nigga
Like codeine mixed with a Roy
Smoke what make a nigga trip collide
What took me how fast, you could grip a 9
Damn, look at how that hollow tip hit his spine
And the motherfuckers come in to cry
You niggas have a sour dipped in wine
Guess thatâ€™s why the ground sip the wine
Pourin' liq so I soak in different shine
Tip tipped and toe I miss the sky
My soul get cold, all my niggas died
So and so, niggas live and die
Beneath choose souls you will reside
Rappers get a mil' for these freakin' lies
Tryina come with this for their freakin lives
How many time your eyes and a nigga died?
Never!
Spittin it like a Beretta, nobody do it better nigga

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written by HEAP, IMOGEN JENNIFER / SIGSWORTH, GUY / CHILL, PETER / KEY, TIVON / MAYERS,
RAKIM / MORALES, RICHARD / WILLIAMS, JONATHAN

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