

Gotham City

The 1990s Karaoke Band

[ASAP Ferg]Point em out where he at

Chrome .9 point the mac

Sit him down, in the trap

Four pound for the strap

Big guns go BRAP!

ASAP where it's at

Real niggas all black

Sip lean so relax

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Cozy boy so relax

Young Trap Lord, diamonds and fur

Ride or die boy nigga get murked

Pull a 9 boy he played with the dirt

Layin' on who? Sleep in the earth

She feel on my clothes, she lifting her skirt

She say she love coke, she sniffin the work

Semi auto Tec, guns go flur

Bang bang bang ...

She wanting my body, pursuing my colleagues

Versace, my eyelids but it Yves Saint-Laurent me

Twelvy in Huraches and Margiela on Rocky

Yohji Yamamoto for Ty Nast and Ty Beats

Fuck bitches that's on me

Wack bitches move kindly

Last niggas of a dying breed

Yeah me, myself, and Irene

Niggas hear them sirens

When that fo' fif' and that 9 squeeze

China bitch sip sake

While I chop that ass with that Tommy

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[ASAP Twelvyy]We all want that Meech money

Gold grill make ya speak funny

My eyes open cause the streets hungry

A new Jack fuckin' G-money

Niggas dead over sneak money

Shit ain't sweet honey

The streets love me right here is in the peach rugby

I go hard cause the niggas thought the least of me

I'm in the hell yeah that bitch made a beast of me

while your bitch make a feast of me

I'm a greedy nigga stuff in my face

Gettin' money, fuckin' bitches yeah them stuck in my ways

Bout to turn 23 but I give zero fucks

Niggas wanna sign me tell them niggas zero up

Wussup?

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[ASAP Nast]It's the pistol poppin' business nigga mind ya own
Expensive taste in guns, shorty's coppin' chrome
I'm in love with a chopper doe
Him 'em, get 'em, split 'em
Turn a fuck nigga into a bowl of pasta dog
I'm not at all
A nigga to fuck with hammer
biscuit down on a musket
middle finger up to the bitch
fuck shit?
Run shit?
Nothing?
young niggas run this

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