1Train

A$AP Rocky featuring Kendrick Lamar, Joey Bada$$,

Feeling like a vigilante or a missionary
Tell my A$AP killers get they pistols ready
Send 'em to the cemetery with obituaries
Don't be scared nigga, is you ready?
I've been thinking 'bout all the O's in my bank account (What?)
X the hoes in my bed is 'round the same amount (What?)
Ever since this new star fame came about
Or ever since me and Drizzy started hangin' out
Young boy, let his gun bang, let his nuts hang
Transition to a Lamborghini from a Mustang
Drugs slang in the drug game with the hustling (I know one thing) anything is better than that 1 train
Bag made of Goyard, cheffin' like I'm Boyar-
Dee, probably selling D in your local courtyard
Braids like I'm O-Dog, my la familia go hard
Down to my inlaws, they outlaws with no laws

We outlawed then I bogart, any pros that got 'proached at
With a toe-tag, get broke off, in the projects with a skateboard
I roll past and I blaze y'all like, "Doo Doo!" I hate y'all
When the beef cooked, I ate y'all like, "Mmm mmm," let's play ball
In a ballpark with all sharks and a blindfold, I rhyme cold
My K hot, your 9 cold, that bark like K9 drone that banana clip,
Straight from the rip, I'll make that shirt say RIP, I'm on some shit
If I'm not the hottest then Hell must've froze over
You thought it was safe then forgot what the code was
I carry traits of a traumatized soldier
Don't look in my face, I might snap, I might choke ya
Spine right out of place, give me dap like you 'posed ta
Darts at your posters, dark nights like this I metamorph like I'm 'posed ta,
I might slice my wrist or pretend like a vulture and drop off this cliff

Barely even conscious, talking to my conscience
Gettin' deeper in these flows like conches
I'm on my convict, don't drop bars, I drop prisons
Don't sell rocks seen the spectrum through the prisms
Somehow bypassed the bias and the -isms
The violence and the killin', so given
They seen my pigment and thought that was the ign'ance
Unfortunately I am not that type of niglet

But pass the pot let me skillet
Just got back to the block from a 6 o'clock with Jigga
And I'm thinkin' 'bout signin' to the Roc
But my niggas on the block still assigned to the rocks!
And I swear it hurt me soul I try to prevail, but when I preach it only hurt their sales
Like you're only gon' end up either dead or in jail
But you my nigga, wish you the best for real

When you mention my name amongst other white rappers
Or for that matter, any fuckin' rapper,
fuck it painter, skater, musician, trailer park dirt ditch diggin'
Burger flippin', eat, sleep, shittin' human bein',
you would be in trouble to body double or couple me
to these others 'cause comparatively speakin',
my reach is beyond the bubble that they put me in,
my vision's beyond the Hubble's I huddle with Nubians,
new beginning again you in school at 10, late,
Radioactive's goin' gold and so? Great!
Do I give a flying duck if I'm applyin' love to my rhymin' plus alignin' us?
Alabama's climbin' up, wait, no I don't give a flying duck, nothing but a buckshot, chck-pow!
Motherfuck your life, pussy blood clot
Ain't never been no rapper this cold since 2Pac was froze
And thawed out for spot date at a Coachella show, Yelawolf!

Weed a different color like a hoodrat bra and panties
And my flow be overhead like pots and pans in pantries
Antsy 'cause I'm high like Michael Jackson penny loafers
Moonwalkin' on the sun, barefoot, with shades on
Bitch pussy smell like a penguin
Wouldn't hit that shit with my worst enemy's penis
Bitch when I say this I mean this, "Ho, I'm the meanest"
Dick so big, stretch from Earth to Venus
That molly got me nauseous, on shit, no off switch
Lawless, obnoxious, on that "suck my cock" shit
That is my synopsis, ostrich pot shit
Hoes on some God shit, stop it! You not this!
Novice, regardless, heartless and awkward
Cryin' tears of vodka prima donna at the concert
Adonis smokin' chronic 'bout to vomit gin and tonic
Just bein' honest, tell me, isn't that ironic?

Swiftly, I shift the Beamer 860
A heavy smoker so you know I brought the Blake with me
The moonâ€™s reflection off the lake hit me
You should've stayed with me

Now many Asian bitches lay with me
The face is silky like a tablecloth (uh)
My shorty gallop in the morning on the beach like a Chilean horse (uh)
Red roses drop on boxes very often (uh)
Confetti torture, drinking Henny like I'm Kenny Lofton (uh)
Outstandin'
I fixed the game between Georgia Southern and Grambling
You see us scrambling, selling Susan Sarandon (Sarandon)
The cloud of smoke like the phantom (uh)
Damn this shit tastes like fantastic
You see me comin' through in each state
Just so the lord could put the fork inside the cheesecake
Cuffed to my wrist Iâ€™ve got the briefcase
The gavel slam, Iâ€™m a free man, try not to eat ham (Big KRIT, shawty)

Spit like my last breath, casket rap, six deep
Eyes closed, the black is back, out come the 'Lac with flats
After that, bottles I canâ€™t pronounce, like, â€œHow you ask for that?â€•
Why you ask for crack and all you had was scratch?
All I had was rap, when all they had was wack
All I wanted was love, all they had was dap
Fuck them haters and fuck them hoes and cherish your wins
The aftermath, ask LeBron, open palm slap a bitch
Walk the plank or break a bank, Iâ€™ve been in the business of sinkin' ships
Chokin' niggas out with the anchors that they anchor with
Resuscitations cost the label, Iâ€™m taxing if you want a hit
Clear, fuck your career, bitch, I was born here
Been a killer, â€˜86er, nigga, thatâ€™s my born year
Get the fuck from â€˜round here, thatâ€™s just my country ways
Suckin' on your mommaâ€™s titty, bitchin' while I was choppin' blade
Grippinâ€™ grain, fuckinâ€™ hoes, candy paint like Everglades
Miss me with that rapper chatter, take that shit up with my bass
I put that on my sub, how could you ever doubt me?
Most rappers hoping the world end so they wonâ€™t have to drop another album
B.B. King saw the king in me, so why canâ€™t you?
In order to come up close, youâ€™ll have to dig up Cash and Elvis, too
Muddy water flow, Dixie rebel past fuck your Louis flag,
Popping benji tags on your wifeyâ€™s ass
Thatâ€™s out of line, but in living color?
Iâ€™m more like Miya Bailey on you rap motherfuckers, a true artist

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