

Lvl

A\$AP Rocky

[Verse 1]

Mister Pistol Popper - Flacko locked and loaded
Life's a bitch and she pussy pop (know why) cause I got her open
That pussy soakin', fuck is you promotin'
Yea, you claim you rage, you hatin' like you live in Oakland?
All my rap town niggas with the roof back
Introduce you niggas to the new swag
Make you say a nigga blew up too fast
Fuck I'm 'sposed to do with all this new ass
Fuck I'm 'sposed to do with all this new cash
Thousand dollar drawers just to hold my balls
All I ever do is let my jewels sag
Pac gone, but the "Juice" back
Get your popcorn, juice, snacks
It's a movie nigga, with a new cast
Get the news flash, that the truth back
This is boom bap, mixed with new raps
Look at all the niggas that I blew past
Hood By Air, to the do-rag
Nigga make way for the new jacks

[Verse 2]

It's Mister Pistol Popper screaming "fuck a copper"
I just bought a crispy choppa finna fuck yo block up
Even cracked the pavement that's for niggas hatin'
I been impatiently waitin' to show you niggas Satan
All this talk of Illuminati ain't got a clue about me
Bitch I'm Trill-Maluminati and got my crew behind me
Shootas round me, keep them looters round me
Keep a tool around me, it'll keep you fools from round me
Couple of them dudes surround me with a gat
Wit a strap in a backpack
When they cap cap, leave you flat, better back back
On a fast track, ratatat, nigga that's that
Nigga pass that, finna ash, where the hash at
Got a Kat Stacks with a ass, finna smash that
Make 'em cash that, A\$AP then I pass that
Off to my niggas then she ask, "Where the cash at?"
I see dead people, I need dead people

Lord Pretty Flacko, bitch, I behead people
Kneel and kiss the ring, all hail the King
Long live A\$AP. put that on everything

[Outro]

Alright, motherfucker

Alright, A\$AP

Lyrics submitted by LisaScho.

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