Gotham City

K-os

[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
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
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
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
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
Cozy boy so relax
[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?
[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
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
Cozy boy so relax

[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
[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
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
Cozy boy so relax

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/