

# Leaf

## A\$AP Rocky

I'm so happy, you know um  
You know I looked at the crowd and you know  
I look at my fans, I look at their faces, they expressions  
And I know that damn well, we are some partying mothafuckas  
Tired of these rappers, tired of these jackers  
Tired of these dances by these fucking backpackers  
And I'm sick of all these hipsters, I'm sick of phony niggas  
I'm sticking to these bitches, cause I'm sick of all these sisters  
I'm sick and tired of tryna survive, I'm sick tired of my environment  
I'm sick and tired of feeling deprived, I'm one of a kind, when in my climate  
I'm sick and tired of your facade and all of your lying and all your diamonds  
Basically I'm tired of feeling sick and tired  
ASAP, born in money makin' Manhattan  
Every nigga on my block wanna be a Main Attraktion  
Shout my nigga Squadda, shout my nigga Mondre  
If you disrespect them niggas then I'm polishin' the nadre  
And I'm coming to your casa for your madre and padre  
Comprende? Most of these niggas been gay or they strange  
They say I sound like Andre mixed with Kanye, little bit of Max  
Little bit of Wiz, little bit of that, little bit of this, get off my dick  
I'm in your hood, you ain't got no ticket  
I'ma down to Earth nigga, we could kick it  
Take a hit with me, take a hit with me  
Ain't on stage behind the scene, I'm probably mixing lean  
Chilling with my niggas, with my team  
Come and take a sip with me, take a sip with me  
Once again mister back selling crack  
It's an honor keeping real nigga music on the map  
Street raps, new face, sampled with no craze  
Doubting myself cause I don't think the world can relate  
To my surprise everyone does, so have faith  
Half of the other side don't live it they push play  
The young illest alive, Harlem world to the Bay  
It feels good waking up to money in the bank  
Cause last year it was shoe box and lint  
I only write raps just to give you niggas hits  
Every verse a gift, as you smoke like a chimney

My album coming November, that's 20 years of memory

And that's assuming I'mma live that long  
If I don't, don't cry cause I ain't live that wrong  
Just an artist in a purest form, I live that song  
An artist in the purest form, I live that song, Bambino  
I'm in your hood, you ain't got no ticket  
I'ma down to Earth nigga, we could kick it  
Take a hit with me, take a hit with me  
Ain't on stage behind the scene, I'm probably mixing lean  
Chilling with my niggas, with my team  
Come and take a sip with me, take a sip with me  
Why fuss? I'd rather fuck  
Treat her like my enemy, I just wanna bust  
7 deuce, waiting on the bus  
Before the boys bend the corner, tryna make a bust  
Tryouts, I'm tryna make the bucks  
Purple and the green got me on stuck  
So I 2 step, move my foot and keep it pushing  
Always bouncing back, got it keep the cushion  
And that's something fat, like eating all the pudding  
ASAP we got it slap, bruh good looking  
Fuck that, ASAP where I come from  
456, Ice City slums  
Weed in my pocket, coke in his tongues  
Buying swisher sweets, no more honey buns  
Fresh white tee, bright like the sun  
Only nigga round here rocking ?????  
I'm in your hood, you ain't got no ticket  
I'ma down to Earth nigga, we could kick it  
Take a hit with me, take a hit with me  
Ain't on stage behind the scene, I'm probably mixing lean  
Chilling with my niggas, with my team  
Come and take a sip with me, take a sip with me  
This go out to all the rappers, this go out to the little darlings  
The little kids running around in the schoolyards, I love you  
Keep it good, keep it good kids cause you know I love you,  
I'mma always love you, forever

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