Y.n.r.e.

Asap Mob

In a feeling right, rich with the duffle
Bricks on the shelf, games like 12
You better stay out of trouble
Cool in state of fold, no snitch in the huddle
A$AP mob, money mix with the muscles
Dollars falling from the sky, Harlem on the rise
On spark shit, you don?t want no problems with these guys
I?m no smiling no, high get you body in our ride
Got this shit feeling like July, but I?m cool though
Graduated school though, dope shit nouveau
That never been cool though
Fuck it, I?m a fool yo
New flow after new flow
Toby bout his kudos, alive from the group hole
Hard knocks, and see the bigger picture
Plans to get richer or kill them with the scriptures
So fuck them all the niggas
Cause they ain?t fucking with my niggas
All my niggas throw they hands up
See me singing and winning
Fucking we living, but you gotta be division
All my niggas getting paper
Cause we hustle this shit

Young niggas just running this shit
Man I?m gunning for the top, million niggas deep
Watch how we occupy the streets
With the least in the maximum
All the g?s jacking them
And I keep the calcium
And I?m known for blasting them
Stop harassing them, look out
Bitches and his rapper friends, oh
All what . shit is sickening
All about my benjamins
Old shit is all black timbaland
Y?all old niggas feminine
Y?all ain?t getting dividends
Man I got racks to get

Man I got racks to spend
I?m fit on some rapper shit
I?m caught in the loop, straight from the stoop
To the booth, next stop a coup, I?m the truth
Why they let this young nigga loose
I?m the truth, this is what I do in the booth
Man I have fun, and I spaz on everything
Cause young niggas run everything

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