

# Lvl

## Future Heroes

Clams Casino Nigga  
ASAP, ASAP  
Mister Pistol Popper  
Flocko locked and loaded  
Lifes a bitch and she pussy pop (know why)  
Cause I got her open (alright), that pussy soakin'  
Fuck is you promotin', yea, you claim you rage  
You hatin' like you live in Oakland?  
I'm ride town - niggas with the roof back  
Introduce you niggas to the new swag  
Make you say a nigga grew 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  
Flow by ear  
, to the do-rag  
Nigga make way for the new jags  
It's Mister Pistol Popper screaming "fuck a copper"  
  
I just bought a crispy choppa finna fuck yo blocka  
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  
, better keep you fools from Rami  
Couple of them dudes surround me with a gat  
Wit a strap, and a backpack, when they cap cap  
Leave you frap, better back back, on a fast track  
Better tap, nigga that's that  
Nigga pass dat, finna ash, where the hash at  
cash stacks

with a ass, finna smash dat  
Make 'em cash that, A\$AP then I pass dat - 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 (All hail the King)  
Long.Live.A\$AP. put that on everything (Everything)  
...Alright, motherfucker...

Lyrics provided by  
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