

Pretty Flacko

ASAP Rocky

Yeah

You know I be that little Pretty Flacko, Jody the Second, nigga

You know we had to hit you with another one

This time I got my niggas with me

We finna keep it trill in this bitch, know what I'm sayin'?

If you a trill nigga, if you a trill bitch

Throw that shit up right now!

Shotgun pop, make the monetary add

Chop, won props with a military badge

Went AWOL 'cause I serve 8-balls

And I straight eggnog with the military axe

Pimpin' when I'm pinnin', bitch you couldn't tell me that

Way too loud, where the cemetery at?

Way too smart to wear the penitentiary hat

So remember, to the end or to infinity it's swag...

Skinny nigga, Pretty Flacko, nigga grippin' that chopper

Party like a rocker now my niggas wildin' with Flocka

Guess who just walked in with a Goyard bag

Sixteen gold teeth and four gold slabs

One dime piece, you already know she bad

Divan, GT and extraordinary...

My wrist said I'm rich, my whips say I made it

My tat say ASAP and your bitch say I'm famous

My whole clique dangerous

We creepin' and sweepin' them grams up

For niggas and bitches and killers with triggers

Who buckin' and keepin' them hands up If you a trill nigga, get your motherfuckin' hands up

If you a trill nigga, get your motherfuckin' hands up

If you a trill bitch, get your motherfuckin' hands up

If you a trill bitch, get your motherfuckin' hands up

Waka Flocka, loco loco, I don't fuck with popo, popo

FN on my hip, shorty, I'm not ridin' solo, dolo

RIP to Duncan Romo, pay for pussy, that's a no-no,

Throwin' money, dive in the crowd, shorty I take all that promo

Call me Pretty Godo, baller, date a model, drinkin' Roma

Scott'll keep me G'd up while I'm buying bottle after bottle

3-6, Frankie Lymon, he ain't ballin', girl, he's just lyin'

Oh, broke-ass nigga, won't you keep on tryin'?

Killed the parking lot, it's our assignment

My watch say I made it, my chains say I'm rich
Diamonds in my mouth got me talkin' cash shit
Kush Clark Kent, for dough, bitch, what I spit
Fuck your main girl off my down south accent
Waka Flocka! My whip said I made it, my chain say I'm rich
I'm talkin' cash shit, 'cause Gucci Mane the shit (Gucci)
Hit a lot of licks, sold a lot of bricks
Served a lot of pounds, and I will never quit
Gucci goin' loco, had that cocoa loco
Shorty say I fucked her - I don't really know, though
These ladies want a hug, baby want a photo
Blue and white diamonds, bitch, I'm so Tony Romo
Thirty-four bricks, I grind 'em into bands
Stack a lot of bands and I serve a lot of grams
Thirty-six O's, stamped with the dragon
Brick Squad, Bird Gang, yeah we got them Falcons
Your girl hold my dick like a Wii controller
Where's your bitch, nigga? We control her
The weed she holdin' while she be over
And when she saw my motherfuckin' keys it's over
And when I start it up, she like "lean me over"
Cold heart, warm dick, mama we be polar
I wore Louis Vuittons before they knew what they was
They like: "Louis Vuitton? Naw, unh-uh, cous"
That's when I realized they didn't know what they was
Them niggas actin' like I fuckin' stepped in blood
O-7 2-11 man, I put out duds
And ate space cakes that was filled with bud
And now 20-12 nigga, look at these scuds
Green hair, money on my mind, hip-hop grunge
You wear a cross I wear a Cartier nail
You niggas ain't fuckin' with frail
My wrist sizzle hot like it's stuck in the chair
My jewelry's so loud, it's got something to share
Like a conspiracy, like it's ACHAP
Everybody on my dick like Ahab
Wait, did I say that? First pause, then play back
Recognize nigga, ASAP

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>