

Angels

A\$AP Rocky

Ten gold chains, wood grain propane
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang

I'm the dope mane bitches sniffin' cocaine
All my young niggas know that they could all weigh, all weigh
(Call me, call me, call me) all weigh, all weigh
(Call me, call me, call me) all weigh, all weigh
(Call me, call me, call me) all weigh, all weigh
(Call me, call me, call me) all weigh, all weigh

If, if, if you see me trucking bitch

They call me young drug dealer
They call me young thug nigga
24 karats my slugs glitter
24 years old worth a couple million
Shouts out to my 'cause niggas
Finna' let it fly for my blood niggas
Middle finger up to you fuck niggas
If you a trill nigga, then fuck wit' us
Nigga dash like a speed of a bullet
Wit' a pistol on him proolly' wouldn't even pull it
Heart made of puddin mean muggin' wit' a hoodie
Like what's goodie
Tryin' to be the motherfucker that you couldn't
Knowin' you
Down to let it fly when I shouldn't
All my young niggas they gon' rep it to the fullest
Tell a fuck nigga be you fucked up be cool
All the young niggas in crew they down to let it fly

For a nigga like me, young nigga like me
They let it fly
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me
They let it fly
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me
They let it fly
For a nigga like me, jiggy young nigga like me

Ten gold chains, wood grain propane

Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang
Ten gold chains, wood grain propane
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang

Niggas got rips in they jeans man I started that
Hood by air man I started that
Niggas claim they the God of black
Well your name is purple I'm the God of that
Gave you my back nigga' pardon that
Fuck that shit I brought mobbin' back
I brought robbin' back, I brought the Garden back
Motherfuck black land I brought Harlem back
Rollin' in my Benzo
Hoes on the curb a couple of friends
Rollin down my window
Yo what's the word, fuck it get in
Ride round wit' these bimbos
She give head to my kin folk
Shout outs my connect tho'
Keep a watch out for them Winslows
Cause' the boys gon' creep
D-boys gone' serve
Hoes gone skeet and the V gone swerve
Imma' get by while the world gon' turn
Imma' get mine like you gon' get yours
Niggas do the least do when the piece got nerve
Niggas in the streets when the heat got burned
Feel a nigga be you fucked up be cool
All the young niggas in crew they down to let it fly

For a nigga like me, young nigga like me
They let it fly
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me
They let it fly
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me
They let it fly
For a nigga like me, jiggy young nigga like me

Ten gold chains, wood grain propane
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang
Ten gold chains, wood grain propane
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang
Ten gold chains, wood grain propane
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang
Ten gold chains, wood grain propane

Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by HEAP, IMOGEN JENNIFER / CONNOR, CLARENCE IAN / DAVIS, DAYQUAN / DAVIS,
SOLOMON / MAYERS, RAKIM

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>