Leaf

William Parker Quartet w/ Hamid Drake, Lewis Barne

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 Attrakion
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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