

Long Live A\$AP

A\$AP Mob

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky] I thought I'd probably die in prison, expensive taste in women

Ain't had no pot to piss in, now my kitchen full of dishes

Nose bloody from that sniffin', your heroin addiction

Trigger finger itching fuck parental supervision

This be that murder business, little Timmy got that semi

I ain't kidding hide yo kittens, hit yo children with that Smith and

A bunch of ignorant little niglets, hard headed, never listen

Purple sippin', finger twistin', teeth glisten like it's Memphis

A bunch of hypocritic Christians, the land of no religion

My Santa Claus was missing, catch you slippin' then it's Christmas

Motherfuck a wishlist, my ghetto was ambition

For my benjis and my Bentley, and them bitches now I gets gets

On the road to riches, a diamond rings, designer jeans

Toking on that biscuit till I'm no longer existing

I wonder if they miss me, as long as I make history

Now my soul is feeling empty, tell the reaper come and get me

[Hook: A\$AP Rocky] Who said you can't live forever lied

Of course, I'm living forever I'll

Forever, I'll live long

You can't ever deny

My flaws, I'm living forever I'll

Forever, I'll LIVE

[Verse 2: A\$AP Rocky] Riding through your city like that motherfucka mine

Or toking on that semi, rob a motherfucka blind

License plate says wipe me down, car from 1989

But a nigga sits so pretty call that motherfucker fine

Lost your motherfucking mind, what's on your mind niggas talking down

Never talk to cops, make him talk God when I tote that 9, he ain't talking now

Tell 'em watch your spine, I mean watch your back

Better guide your track, better not look back

Now stay in line, don't step on cracks

So you break her back I'm talking 'bout your mom

Cause there's killers in my town, making hits, sniffing lines

Out committing crimes, wait for shit to simmer down

Corrupted little minds, 8 and 9, finna shine

On the grind, do you dirty with that shimmy shimmy ya

Where they shoot without a purpose, services 'n hearses

Kids who ain't deserve it, can't survive a thing, you're worthless

Strangers make me nervous, who's that peekin' in my window with a pistol to my curtains?

[Hook][Outro]Pretty nigga rich, Flacko be the shit

And that bitch, know we poppin' so she boppin' on this dick

Nigga, R.I.P. to PIMP, can't forget Little Flip

And I take it out to Memphis so shout out to Triple Six

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