

A\$AP Ferg (ASAP Ferg), Hood Pope

Let me sing my song, if you feel this shit, mothafucka sing along
It's the Hood Pope, chain hang low, red rubies and the gold
Young Trap Lord, feel your pain, I be down for my people
Drinking Jesus juice, jeans hang low, red rubies and the gold

And we sick, cause we hurting
Pull a chrome fifth when they murk them
Then murk off in Excursion
All cause a nigga be lurking
Big money shit we earning
A bunch of hooligans need churching
I'm the Hood Pope, these my children
And I'll be their Donny McClurkin
Gold teeth when I'm smirking
Bunch of little kids running 'round need nuturing
Lord know that I ain't really perfect
All of these clowns run around this circus
Lord please what is my purpose
Besides fucking these Persians
Popping these bottles and popping these models
Please tell me where is the Sherman
And I'm smoking my weed, put me in my zone
Demons chasing me, cause they want my dome
And I carry the heat, and I sleep with the chrome
Cause I'm in some beef, and they want my dome

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God say "Son, you don't wanna go down"
Now you praying in that trap when you hear that gun sound

And I told you, told you time again
That ain't you gon' find your friends
You talking about you riding with them
And fighting with them, those ain't your friends
You dying, lying on cement, mamma be crying "Don't take him!"
Gotta be trying, but he said "I promise he won't, ever again"
God, he was a little child, he was a good kid for a while
He found the streets and then it got wild, God, I promise, never again
God, he is my only child, please don't wake him so he smiles
But all she hear is lonely sounds, now he won't talk ever again

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