

# A\$AP Rocky (ASAP Rocky), Long.Live.A\$AP

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  
Tokin 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

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

Riding through your city like that motherfucka mine  
Or tokin 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?

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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