

# A\$AP Rocky (ASAP Rocky), Multiply

Fuck niggas gon' multiply  
'Fore the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply  
'Fore the real niggas live, fuck niggas won't multiply  
Fuck niggas won't multiply  
Fuck niggas won't multiply

Yeah, it's your boy Juicy J  
Man you gotta watch out for these backstabbin' broke ass, jealous hatin' ass niggas man  
Man these niggas ain't no real niggas man, know what I'm sayin'?  
Man these niggas be smilin' in your face

Back in the buildin', sold crack in the livin' room  
Niggas toe-tagged, soaked gats for a livin'  
Doo rag and Beretta, blue flagging it nigga  
When your be with be the one to shoot at ya in a minute  
Come to Harlem if you never seen Baghdad  
First place I seen a nigga sell crack at  
Where the hustlers don't sleep, take cat naps  
Shorty with the shotty limp'in' like he got a bad back  
Even in my will, keep it real, thuggin' in my field  
'Til the day I peel, keep it trill, anything I feel  
Youngins trained to kill, aimin', bangin' steel and slangin' krill  
She shake it all for Satan just to paint her nails and pay her bills  
I ain't really fuckin' with that Been Trill  
Swear them niggas booty like Tip Drill  
Nah I ain't really into throwin' shots  
But these mothafuckas better give me my props, word to Pac  
We're the reason that these niggas gettin' throwed  
Reason why you niggas wearin' gold  
Jail pose in the pictures, prayin' fingers to your nose  
I remember, if Pimp was alive he'd tell these hoes and these niggas

Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I peel  
Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I peel  
Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I peel  
Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I...  
When the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply  
When the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply  
When all the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply  
But if the real niggas live, fuck niggas won't multiply

I'm the original Balmain badass, nigga  
I'm the original Margiela madman, in the words of A\$AP Yams  
Smack the shit out a nigga in these skinny pants, feel me?  
Don't get it fucked up, nigga, we been jiggy, been pretty  
Still tell a bitch suck my dick, swag swag nigga

Fuck with a nigga like me, RIP my nigga Pimp C  
HBA shit is weak, you can keep that  
Shit, I might fuck around and bring the Jeep back  
No doors on it, flexin' with the seat back  
B-Boy with the G pack, might fuck around and bring the mink back  
Word to Big Boi and 3 Stacks, nigga  
If you deaf bring the beat back, nigga  
Fuck with a nigga like me, RIP my nigga Pimp C  
HBA is weak, you can keep that  
I'm a trend setter, you ain't even peep that  
Where the hoes, where the weed, where the G's at?  
Fuck the FCC, tell 'em bleep that  
(We ain't no fashion killas nigga, we fashionable killas  
Ya'll got Flacko)

3, 6, suck a nigga dick no foreplay  
All day, boomin' out the trap through the hallway

Slow up, Pretty Flacko Jodye  
Tell these fuck niggas how you been  
You can freshen our minds, niggas talk down every now and then  
On the style, gettin' styled 9 times out of 10  
(Y'all got Flacko fucked up)  
I'm the motherfuckin' Lord of this fashion shit  
Don't I deserve just to brag a bit?  
Set the blueprint, fuck your two cents  
Number 1 stunner, ask Tumblr if I'm accurate  
My motherfuckin' swag is immaculate  
Plus I got enough style just to mack your bitch  
I think back to when Pac is packin' lint  
It's like a nigga got rich on accident  
Now back to Pimp  
Bitches lie, killers never lie  
Triggers on the side by side, bet I'm down to ride  
Prosper said let's ride to the sky, call it catastrophic  
We don't ever die, we just multiply, bitch