

# A\$AP Rocky, Ghetto Symphony (Ft. A\$AP Ferg)

[Intro: Imogen Heap & A\$AP Rocky]

Do just what I tell you (Uh)

Don't come in any closer (Uh)

And no one will get hurt

'Cause I don't know how long I can hold my heart in two (Uh)

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

A rebel I be one day, on that track with Gunplay

Out— Outcast my whole life so I decide to spit like André (Uh)

Beef is on my entrée (Yeah), gin and juice, that's Bombay

Driving fast the wrong way, I swear life is like a one-way (Uh)

Pussy on a Sunday (Yeah), business on a Monday (Yeah)

My new crib came with feng shui and my closet's like a runway (Uh)

Come be my fiancée, she fucked me in a Hyundai

My rooftop got a lounge, just sit around and watch her sunbathe (Yeah)

Dinner date for one K (Bitch), shopping date for two K (Bitch)

Bougie-ass bitch made me wait to fuck for two days (Yeah)

Finally got it today (Uh), swear to God my mood changed (Uh)

Top off like toupees, drive off, touché (Bitch, uh)

Yeah— Yeah, my mouth is full of gold and I'm a city boy (Yeah)

And my outfit was in Vogue, I'm a pretty boy (Uh)

Bounce, boy, Flacko tell 'em holler at a nigga, G (Yeah)

Ridin' on my enemies (Yeah), this my ghetto symphony (Uh, uh, yeah), 'ny

Uh (Uh), uh (Yeah)

Uh (Uh, yeah)

[Chorus: Imogen Heap & Rick James]

Sing

Louder

Don't come in any closer

Don't come in any closer

Don't come in any closer

Don't come in any closer

[Verse 2: Gunplay & A\$AP Rocky]

Whip— Whippin' Whitney, my mama as a witness

Bitches lickin' and lockin' up my Swishers

Once she blow my whistle, she know it's dismissal

Spread the news, I'm official, now hop out my foreign vessel (Uh)

Before I get aggressive, forget it, war-ready

Already tested, tears and blood invested

'Til my cardiac's arrested and my 40 ounce is empty

Show me what you owe me and a porterhouse with that (Uh)

Black magic on the tires, only I

Roll— Rollin' down a lonely mile, phony smile

Warrants, police on me now, still tourin'

And my chain, it may slow me down, cheer for it

Pain in its purest form

Don't complain, I came to reign from here forward

Still 'noid, so the crib got clear doors

Burnin' planes in my Air Force

And all I can see is Clearports (Uh)

[Chorus: Imogen Heap, Rick James & A\$AP Ferg]

Sing

Louder

Don't come in any closer

Don't come in any closer

Don't come in any closer

Don't come in any closer (Uh)

[Verse 3: A\$AP Ferg]

Since Rocky spit like André

I'm gon' kill 'em like Big Boi

These rappers is on my entrée  
Eat 'em like cookies, Chips Ahoy  
Mm, enjoy, when I get annoyed  
Know a couple niggas that'll kill for joy  
Either Gunplay, runway, trip avoid  
Body get found by a little fishin' boy  
Arnold Schwarzenigga, toss a nigga  
Like codeine mixed with a 'roid  
Slow punch make a nigga chin collide  
Fuck talking, how fast you could grip a nine?  
Damn  
Look at how the hollow tip hit his spine  
Little motherfuckers that commit to crime  
These niggas had the sidewalk sippin' wine  
Guess that's why the ground sip the wine  
Pouring liq' so I soak in, lift and shine  
Tip-tip and toe, I miss the sky  
My soul gets cold when my niggas died  
So and so, niggas live and die  
Beneath shoe soles you will reside  
Rappers get a mil' for these freakin' lies  
Sign a couple deals for these freakin' lies  
How many times your eyes seen a nigga die?  
Never  
Spittin' it like a Beretta, nobody do it better, nigga