A\$AP Rocky, Goldie

[Chorus] Aha, aha

I said it must be 'cause a nigga got dough
Extraordinary swag and a mouth full of gold
Hoes at my shows they be strippin' off they clothes
And them college girls write a nigga name on they toes
Niggas talk shit 'til they get lockjaw
Chrome to ya dome 'til ya get glockjaw
Party like a cowboy or a rockstar
Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off

[Verse 1]

Let's take it to the basics, you in the midst of greatness My Martin was a Maison, rocked Margielas with no laces Cristal go by the cases, wait hold up that was racist I would prefer the Aces, ain't no different when you taste it A 40 ounce to chase it, that's just a understatement I'm early to the party, but my 'Rari is the latest Somehow it seems girls in they late teens Remind me your favorite jeans cause they naked cause you famous Life's a mothafucka, ain't it? These other rappers ain't us So tell me what your name is, I'ma tell it to my stainless You aim it 'fore you bang it let that banger leave you brainless It's just me, myself, and I and mothafuckas that I came with Miscellaneous niggas wanna hate on me Until I tell 'em to they face they ain't no G Low key, niggas mad cause I'm smooth puffin' Zig Zags Tell 'em quit the riff raff bitchin' with your bitch ass

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Yes, I'm the shit, tell me do it stink? It feel good wakin' up to money in the bank Three model bitches, cocaine on the sink And I'm so 'bout it 'bout it, I might roll up in a tank Cause my chain came from Cuba, got a lock up on the link And them red bottom loafers just to compliment the mink Eyes chink, rollin' up that dank, blowin' on that stank What you mean? Tell me what you drink, I'm on that kissin' pink You could call me Billy Gates, got a crib in every state Man on the moon, got a condo out in space Open up your legs, tell me how it taste And them niggas talkin' shit so tell 'em, "Tell it to my face" Tell that bitch, hop up on my dick, rolled up on her quick In a six, told her suck a dick, motorboat her tits I'm the shit, niggas mad cause I'm smooth puffin' Zig-Zags Tell 'em quit the riff raff bitchin' with your bitch ass

[Chorus]

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[Outro]
Oh, yeah, oh, right
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, yeah, oh, yeah
Oh, yeah
Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off (Right, right)