

# A\$AP Rocky, Lord Pretty Flacko Jodye 2 (LPFJ2)

[Verse 1]

Who the jiggy nigga with the gold links?  
Got me reminiscin' 'bout my old day  
Three 6, suck a nigga dick, no foreplay, all day  
Boomin' out the trap through the hallway  
Tell me what you niggas know about it  
Auntie sayin' turn it down, or she finna call the cops  
We be plottin' on the ops, she the one who got the drop  
Just a free quick fix of the A, and it's okay  
They gon' take me back to my old ways  
I was tryna chill, poppin' seals ever since I got a deal  
Kick it with my model chick, sip Cris, fuck niggas wanna diss  
Now I gotta let 'em know who's really trill

[Chorus]

Lord Pretty Flacko Jodye  
Tell these fuck niggas how you been  
You been crossin' our minds, niggas talk down every now and then  
On the side, who gave em style 9 times out of 10?  
It was Flacko, Jodye, Flacko, Jodye  
Flacko, Jodye, Flacko, Jodye

[Verse 2]

I ain't never lookin' for no handouts  
Broke ass niggas never helpin' with they hands out  
Find out where the fuck nigga live then we camp out  
Screamin' fuck the world, never catch me with my pants down  
Always been a stand-up guy, I'd rather stand out  
Raf Simons, Stan Smith edition with my bands out  
I'm the trillest one to do it since Pimp, nigga hands down  
If a nigga put his hands on me, that's a man down  
Trick, what? Pimps up, hoes down, whoa now  
Slow down, see they runnin' with my old style  
Grow foul, gold smile, you ho now, thuggin' with my old style  
It's a shame how they low down  
Dirty like Adidas on my sneaker feature, uh  
Trappin' through the speaker, peep the beeper ringer, uh  
Turnin' off phones, just to reach 'em, gotta beep 'em  
I'm a Lord motherfucker, better greet him if you see him

[Chorus]

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