

# A\$AP Rocky, Phoenix

[Verse 1]

Bloody ink on my pad spelled suicide  
Michael Jackson even passed cause you scrutinized  
Fuck Illuminati lies, say I'm lucified  
Baptized in the gutter, motherfucker you decide  
Cause the ride come with doors that be suicide  
Or the thighs on my whores, they be super-sized  
Good and bad having wars, nigga, choose a side  
Now all hail to the Lord like you do to God  
Who am I? Lord Flacko  
Painting vivid pictures, call me Basquiat, Picasso  
Capo Head Hancho, now my following's colossal  
Ain't no boxer, Pacquiao, but got the chopper todo caso  
It's like you heard God spoke, I seen the ghetto gospel  
The choir like my reefer and the preacher got my eyes low  
Sister Mary Jane to make me sleep from singing high notes  
The bible or the rifle, goodnight folks

[Verse 2]

Bloody ink on my pen spelled suicide  
Kurt Cobain even died cause you scrutinize  
It's a fine line between truth and lies  
Jesus Christ never lied, still was crucified  
That's why I never judge another nigga  
Life's a bitch, but that bitch in love with other niggas  
3 to a bed, sheets, no covers nigga  
Dirty kitchen, no supper in the cupboards nigga  
Sucker niggas, wassup with niggas?  
So my new attitude is like "Fuck them niggas!"  
I grew up with niggas but don't fuck with niggas  
I don't trust them niggas, ain't got no love for niggas  
Had the gold grills shining like them southern niggas  
Kept it trilla, now the whole world fuckin' with us  
Meanwhile, you treated all of us like other niggas  
Now your world is in my palm, take cover niggas

[Bridge]

If I shall ever fall, Lord pick me up  
Ever since a baby, two deuce in sippy cups  
Ever since them diapers and my zip-me-ups  
Now I'm walking on my own, y'all, wish me luck

[Outro]

Where do we lie  
Tell me where do we stand  
Where do we go  
It's all part of the plan  
Where do we lie  
Tell me where do we stand  
Where do we go  
It's all part of the plan