

# A\$AP Rocky, Trilla (Ft. A\$AP Illz, A\$AP NAST & a

[Intro: Sample]

One, two, umm

Buckle my, umm (Yeah)

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

Pass the- pass the- pass the mothafuckin' Swisher, pour some mothafuckin' liquor

For my mothafuckin' niggas who ain't wit us, keep it trilla'

My gold teeth, my french braids, getting throwed since 10th grade

Wealth is in the mind, not the pocket, if that's the case, then I been paid

Herringbone chain, my gold frames, my Cartiers, you small change

You bitch made, I'm old school, like gem stars and switchblades

I spit game, I get paid, a pimp game

I be, I be that pretty muthafucka, A\$AP is just my nickname

I'm comin' down when I'm tippin' on them 4' (Yeah)s

Cause we shittin' on these, shittin' on these niggas and these hoes

Cause that purp shit I sip up, your bitch chose, you slipped up

I get-get my dick licked, I'm draped out, drip-dripped up

Top of the top of the line, all on my grind, purple be easin' my mind

We runnin', we runnin', we gunnin', we gunnin', we're gonna hit one at a time, time

Them bad bitches blow kisses by my earlobe

A weirdo but I'm real though

[Verse 2: A\$AP Twelvyy]

Yeah, um

All these boppers wanna bop 'em, niggas wanna jock 'em

Not a red light or a city cop that can stop 'em

Going broke is not an option, always on that cash flow

She used to call me asshole, now she drop that ass low

Fuck it man I'm past dope, sour diesel slash coke

A\$AP we the last hope, fuck it this my fast flow

I slow it down I pick it up, blue jeans I rip 'em up

That's swag bitch, you mad bitch, see you in my past bitch

I'm headed to the future, Twelvyy ain't no loser

Mixing up that syrup, call it Punky Brewster

I'm slurring wussup, don't tell me to shut up

I ain't tryna start shit, but man I'm really fucked up

I lucked up, I see it as a come up (Yeah)

I'm on my job man, I see you when the sun's up (Yeah)

Huh, young niggas run everything

A\$AP to the top and these bitches love everything

[Verse 3: A\$AP Nast]

Uh, god bless America, my flow is scarier

Style wild like my nigga Common after Erykah (Damn)

Your bitch, I'm in bed with her, head so good (Yeah)

Make a nigga feel good to the point I wanna marry her (Uh)

But I be on my pimping shit, check out my limp and shit (Yeah, uh)

I be getting money, getting money, can you dig it, bitch? (Uh)

Hoes get on my pimping ship all aboard, all aboard (Uh)

East coast mothafuckas making all the noise, all the noise

I know you niggas heard of us, Raf Simon murderers (Uh, uh)

Fashion killa' word to Bigga Bars, I never heard of ya

Still sipping candy painted whips is what I'm sitting in

Kitchen chemist whipping up that shit that get these bitches in

New York Nasty flow, that's a little bit of crack mixed in with a fifth of Hen

Businessman, middle finger to your fucking business, man

Great adventure shit, rollercoasting take a flick of this

Motion picture shit, bitch I grind like a skater do

Always strive and prosper, Rock what level we gon' take it to?