

Nigo, Lost and Found Freestyle 2019 (with A\$AP

Okay, okay, okay, okay, okay

Okay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, 'kay, okay

A\$AP Rocky, nigga

Pretty Flacko, nigga

A\$AP shit, nigga

I just want my credit like I'm Soulja

Camo like Rambo, big draco 'cross the shoulder

I'm fine-tuned on iTunes if you shuffle

Test the boy Le Suez like I came to tune your motor

Motherfuck a mumble rapper, I'd rather be a mogul

Million dollar market deals closin' on my mobile

Keep the grass cut, got a phobia for cobra

Usually low-key, fuck the world when I'm vulgar

Man, I used to listen to that nigga when I was younger

Found out he's a poser when I got a lil' older

My bitch used to model for the Vogue, but she older

(A truce and a foe), sittin' 'round watchin' poker

No buns in the oven, or babies in the stroller

Just guns in the cupboard, and some ladies comin' over

See I'm a pretty boy, manicures with the rollers

And babushkas on the head, like grandmothers and the Roman

Some women throw me bras, some women throw me roses

Might even flash a titty while she on her nigga shoulders

They goin' crazy at my shows, she passed out if I noticed her

(Yeah, we in the buildin' 'til the shit is for foreclosure)

Yeah, we not the same, I ain't tryna play it like a lame nigga

Switch a gang, switch the beat, like the track that's playin' (that's playin')

Ayo (woo, woo)

Bitch, I called you a Uber, and that's the only way I'm giving you payback (yeah)

My shit nasty like that one nigga from A\$AP

Been ill since I was 12, was Rocky but ended swell

Now say Tyler, watch these motherfuckers start ringing bells (ding-dong)

'Cause I spit fire, and shit cold, this shit so mean, nice rocks and I get stones

This shit so clean and bright, bold (yeah), the gold got a grip hold

All these Lucky Charms like a thick bowl, the diamonds all appraised (nigga), yeah

Y'all go to Avianne and y'all get a lease in that bitch

My earlobes got them yellow boogers like I sneezed in that bitch (Achoo)

Your 808s is dry, you need to put some grease in that bitch and let it sit, nigga

Fuck what you heard and fuck rap, I make a living off that four-letter word (GOLF)

One-stop shop, nigga, just to sell them shoes

The profit margins lookin' higher than them airplane views

Y'all getting fucked in your deals, and they share that lube

I push the cum-colored Beamer and the inside blue (skrrt)

I push an Elon too, and the 675, the long tail, like the mane that's on A\$AP Lou

Whips, whips, whips, whips, Kunta started a fight

The 720 ordered, and I still go ride me a bike

But don't follow in yours (nah), Vill behind me in sight (yeah)

My niggas strictly like 9s, like young Mike and his type (pew-pew)

Rip, you better zip that lip and zip up quick

And shit, he'd probably suck my dick then kiss his bitch (mwah)

It's two sides to each coin, I call heads (heads)

Been countin' so much goddamn coin, my palm red (uh)

I spend it on some books and some diamonds that shed light

And them hoes shine just like the top of a bald head, nigga

Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha, yeah