

# A\$AP Rocky, Angels

[Intro]

Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane  
Sell a whole thang from the cellphone rang  
I'm the dope mane, bitches sniffing cocaine  
All my young niggas know that they could always  
Call me, call me, call me  
Always  
Call me, call me, call me  
Always  
Call me, call me, call me  
Always  
Call me, call me, call me  
If-if-if you see me trouble, bitch

[Verse 1]

They call me Young Drug Dealer  
They call me Young Thug Nigga  
24 karats my slugs glitter  
24 years old worth a couple million  
Shoutouts to my cuz niggas  
Finna let it fly for my blood niggas  
Middle finger up to you fuck niggas  
If you a trill nigga then fuck with us  
Nigga dash like a speed of a bullet  
With a pistol on him, probably wouldn't even pull it  
Heart made of pudding  
Meanmuggin' with a hoodie like, what's goodie?  
Tryin' to be the motherfucker that you couldn't knowin' you  
Down to let it fly when I shouldn't  
All my young niggas, they gon' rep it to the fullest  
Tell a fuck nigga, "Be you", fuck tough, be cool  
All the young niggas in my crew, they down to let it fly

[Pre-Chorus]

For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)  
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)  
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)  
For a nigga like me, jiggy young nigga like me (Flex)

[Chorus]

Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, right)  
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Yeah, yeah)  
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, yeah)  
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Uh, right)

[Verse 2]

Niggas got rips in they jeans, man, I started that  
Hood By Air, man, I started that  
Niggas claim they the God of black  
Well, your name is purple, I'm the God of that  
Gave you my back, nigga, pardon that  
Fuck that shit, I brought mobbin' back  
Brought robbin' back  
Brought the Garden back  
Motherfuck Black Land, I brought Harlem back  
Rollin' in my Benzo  
Hoes on the curb, a couple of friends  
Rollin' down my windows  
Yo, what's the word? Fuck it, get in  
And ride 'round with these bimbos  
She gave head to my kinfolk  
Shoutouts my connect though  
Keep a watch out for them Winslows  
'Cause the boys' gon' creep, D-boys gon' serve

Hoes gon' skeet and the V gon' swerve  
I'ma get by while the world gon' turn  
I'ma get mine like you gon' get yours  
Niggas do the least when the piece got nerve  
Niggas in the streets when the heat got burned  
I'll tell a nigga, "Be you", fuck tough, be cool  
Couple young niggas down with my crew who be down to let it fly

[Pre-Chorus]

For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)  
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)  
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)  
For a nigga like me, jiggy young nigga like me (Flex)

[Chorus]

Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, right)  
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Yeah, yeah)  
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, yeah)  
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Uh, right)  
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, right)  
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Yeah, yeah)  
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, yeah)  
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Uh, right)

[Outro]

Right  
Right  
Right