

# A\$AP Rocky, Goldie

[Chorus]

Aha, aha

I said it must be 'cause a nigga got dough  
Extraordinary swag and a mouth full of gold  
Hoes at my shows they be strippin' off they clothes  
And them college girls write a nigga name on they toes  
Niggas talk shit 'til they get lockjaw  
Chrome to ya dome 'til ya get glockjaw  
Party like a cowboy or a rockstar  
Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off

[Verse 1]

Let's take it to the basics, you in the midst of greatness  
My Martin was a Maison, rocked Margielas with no laces  
Cristal go by the cases, wait hold up that was racist  
I would prefer the Aces, ain't no different when you taste it  
A 40 ounce to chase it, that's just a understatement  
I'm early to the party, but my 'Rari is the latest  
Somehow it seems girls in they late teens  
Remind me your favorite jeans cause they naked cause you famous  
Life's a mothafucka, ain't it? These other rappers ain't us  
So tell me what your name is, I'ma tell it to my stainless  
You aim it 'fore you bang it let that banger leave you brainless  
It's just me, myself, and I and mothafuckas that I came with  
Miscellaneous niggas wanna hate on me  
Until I tell 'em to they face they ain't no G  
Low key, niggas mad cause I'm smooth puffin' Zig Zags  
Tell 'em quit the riff raff bitchin' with your bitch ass

[Chorus]

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[Verse 2]

Yes, I'm the shit, tell me do it stink?  
It feel good wakin' up to money in the bank  
Three model bitches, cocaine on the sink  
And I'm so 'bout it 'bout it, I might roll up in a tank  
Cause my chain came from Cuba, got a lock up on the link  
And them red bottom loafers just to compliment the mink  
Eyes chink, rollin' up that dank, blowin' on that stank  
What you mean? Tell me what you drink, I'm on that kissin' pink  
You could call me Billy Gates, got a crib in every state  
Man on the moon, got a condo out in space  
Open up your legs, tell me how it taste  
And them niggas talkin' shit so tell 'em, "Tell it to my face"  
Tell that bitch, hop up on my dick, rolled up on her quick  
In a six, told her suck a dick, motorboat her tits  
I'm the shit, niggas mad cause I'm smooth puffin' Zig-Zags  
Tell 'em quit the riff raff bitchin' with your bitch ass

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Oh, yeah, oh, right

Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah

Oh, yeah, oh, yeah

Oh, yeah

Everybody play the tough guy 'til shit pop off (Right, right)