

A\$AP Rocky, Leaf (Take 1) (Ft. Main Attraktionz)

[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

"I'm so happy, you know um
You know I looked at the crowd and you know
I look at my fans, I look at their faces, they expressions
And I know that damn well, we are some partying mothafuckas"

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

Tired of these rappers, tired of these jackers
I'm tired of these dances by these fucking backpackers
And I'm sick of all these hipsters, I'm sick of phony niggas
I'm stickin' to these bitches 'cause I'm sick of all these sisters
I'm sick and tired of tryna survive
I'm sick and tired of my environment
Sick and tired of feeling deprived
I'm one of a kind when in my climate
Sick and tired of your façade
And all of your lying and your diamonds
Basically, I'm tired of feelin' sick and tired
A\$AP (A\$AP) born in money-makin' Manhattan
Every nigga on my block wanna be a Main Attraktion
Shout my nigga Squadda, shout my nigga Mondre
If you disrespect them niggas then I'm polishin' the nine-trey
And I'm coming to your casa for your madre and your padre
Comprende? Most of these niggas been gay or they strange
They say I sound like Andre mixed with Kanye, little bit of Max
A little bit of Wiz, little bit of that, little bit of this, get off my dick

[Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

I'm in your hood, you ain't got no ticket
I'm a down to Earth nigga, we could kick it
Take a hit with me, hit with me, uh
Take a hit with me, hit with me, uh
Ain't on stage, behind the scene, I'm probably mixing lean
Chilling with my niggas, with my team
Won't you come and take a sip with me, sip with me? Yeah
Take a sip with me, sip with me, yeah

[Verse 2: Squadda B]

Ay, ay, ay, once again, Mr. Back Selling Crack
It's an honor keeping real nigga music on the map
Street raps, new face, sampling with no credits
Doubting myself 'cause I don't think the world can relate
To my surprise, everyone does, so have faith
Half of the other side don't live it, they push play
The young illest alive, Harlem World to the Bay
It feels good waking up to money in the bank
'Cause last year, it was shoebox and lint
I only write raps just to give you niggas hints
Every verse a gift, as you smoke like a chimney
My album coming November, that's twenty years of memory
And that's assuming I'ma live that long
If I don't, don't cry 'cause I ain't live that wrong
Just an artist in a purest form, I live that song
An artist in the purest form, I live that song, Bambino

[Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

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[Verse 3: Mondre M.A.N]

Okay, hold up, ay, why fuss? I'd rather fuck
Treat her like my enemy, I just wanna bust
Seven deuce, waiting on the bus
Before them boys bend the corner tryna make a bust
Tryouts, I'm tryna make the bucks
Purple and the green got me on stuck
So I two-step, move my feet and keep it pushing
Always bouncin' back, gotta keep the cushion
And that's somethin' fat, like eating all the pudding
A\$AP, we got a slap, bruh, good looking
Fuck that, A\$AP where I come from
456, Ice City slums
Weed in my pocket, coke in his tongues
Buying Swisher Sweets, no more honey buns
Fresh white tee, bright like the sun
Only nigga 'round here rocking Мишка

[Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

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[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

"This go out to all the rappers, this go out to the little darlings
The little kids running around in the schoolyards, I love you
Keep it good, keep it good kids cause you know I love you
I'mma always love you, forever"