A$AP Rocky, Long Live A$AP

[Verse 1: A$AP Rocky]
I thought I'd probably die in prison, expensive taste in women
Ain't had no pot to piss in, now my kitchen full of dishes
Nose bloody from that sniffin', your heroin addiction
Trigger finger itching fuck parental supervision
This be that murder business, little Timmy got that semi
I ain't kidding hide yo kittens, hit yo children with that Smith and
A bunch of ignant little niglets, hard headed, never listen
Purple sippin', finger twistin', teeth glisten like it's Memphis
A bunch of hypocritic Christians, the land of no religion
My Santa Claus was missing, catch you slippin' then it's Christmas
Motherfuck a wishlist, my ghetto was ambition
For my benjis and my Bentley, and them bitches now I gets gets
On the road to riches, a diamond rings, designer jeans
Toking on that biscuit till I'm no longer existing
I wonder if they miss me, as long as I make history
Now my soul is feeling empty, tell the reaper come and get me

[Hook: A$AP Rocky]
Who said you can’t live forever lied
Of course, I’m living forever I’ll
Forever, I’ll live long
You can’t ever deny
My flaws, I’m living forever I’ll
Forever, I’ll LIVE

[Verse 2: A$AP Rocky]
Riding through your city like that motherfucka mine
Or toking on that semi, rob a motherfucka blind
License plate says wipe me down, car from 1989
But a nigga sits so pretty call that motherfucker fine
Lost your motherfucking mind, what's on your mind niggas talking down
Never talk to cops, make him talk God when I tote that 9, he ain't talking now
Tell 'em watch your spine, I mean watch your back
Better guide your track, better not look back
Now stay in line, don't step on cracks
So you break her back I'm talking 'bout your mom
Cause there's killers in my town, making hits, sniffing lines
Out committing crimes, wait for shit to simmer down
Corrupted little minds, 8 and 9, finna shine
On the grind, do you dirty with that shimmy shimmy ya
Where they shoot without a purpose, services 'n hearses
Kids who ain't deserve it, can't survive a thing, you're worthless
Strangers make me nervous, who's that peekin' in my window with a pistol to my curtains?

[Hook]

[Outro]
Pretty nigga rich, Flacko be the shit
And that bitch, know we poppin' so she boppin' on this dick
Nigga, R.I.P. to PIMP, can't forget Little Flip
And I take it out to Memphis so shout out to triple six

[Hook]