

A\$AP Rocky (ASAP Rocky), Multiply

Fuck niggas gon' multiply
'Fore the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply
'Fore the real niggas live, fuck niggas won't multiply
Fuck niggas won't multiply
Fuck niggas won't multiply

Yeah, it's your boy Juicy J
Man you gotta watch out for these backstabbin' broke ass, jealous hatin' ass niggas man
Man these niggas ain't no real niggas man, know what I'm sayin'?
Man these niggas be smilin' in your face

Back in the buildin', sold crack in the livin' room
Niggas toe-tagged, soaked gats for a livin'
Doo rag and Beretta, blue flagging it nigga
When your be with be the one to shoot at ya in a minute
Come to Harlem if you never seen Baghdad
First place I seen a nigga sell crack at
Where the hustlers don't sleep, take cat naps
Shorty with the shotty limp'in' like he got a bad back
Even in my will, keep it real, thuggin' in my field
'Til the day I peel, keep it trill, anything I feel
Youngins trained to kill, aimin', bangin' steel and slangin' krill
She shake it all for Satan just to paint her nails and pay her bills
I ain't really fuckin' with that Been Trill
Swear them niggas booty like Tip Drill
Nah I ain't really into throwin' shots
But these mothafuckas better give me my props, word to Pac
We're the reason that these niggas gettin' throwed
Reason why you niggas wearin' gold
Jail pose in the pictures, prayin' fingers to your nose
I remember, if Pimp was alive he'd tell these hoes and these niggas

Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I peel
Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I peel
Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I peel
Even in my will, keep it trill, to the day I...
When the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply
When the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply
When all the real niggas die, fake niggas gon' multiply
But if the real niggas live, fuck niggas won't multiply

I'm the original Balmain badass, nigga
I'm the original Margiela madman, in the words of A\$AP Yams
Smack the shit out a nigga in these skinny pants, feel me?
Don't get it fucked up, nigga, we been jiggy, been pretty
Still tell a bitch suck my dick, swag swag nigga

Fuck with a nigga like me, RIP my nigga Pimp C
HBA shit is weak, you can keep that
Shit, I might fuck around and bring the Jeep back
No doors on it, flexin' with the seat back
B-Boy with the G pack, might fuck around and bring the mink back
Word to Big Boi and 3 Stacks, nigga
If you deaf bring the beat back, nigga
Fuck with a nigga like me, RIP my nigga Pimp C
HBA is weak, you can keep that
I'm a trend setter, you ain't even peep that
Where the hoes, where the weed, where the G's at?
Fuck the FCC, tell 'em bleep that
(We ain't no fashion killas nigga, we fashionable killas
Ya'll got Flacko)

3, 6, suck a nigga dick no foreplay
All day, boomin' out the trap through the hallway

Slow up, Pretty Flacko Jodye
Tell these fuck niggas how you been
You can freshen our minds, niggas talk down every now and then
On the style, gettin' styled 9 times out of 10
(Y'all got Flacko fucked up)
I'm the motherfuckin' Lord of this fashion shit
Don't I deserve just to brag a bit?
Set the blueprint, fuck your two cents
Number 1 stunner, ask Tumblr if I'm accurate
My motherfuckin' swag is immaculate
Plus I got enough style just to mack your bitch
I think back to when Pac is packin' lint
It's like a nigga got rich on accident
Now back to Pimp
Bitches lie, killers never lie
Triggers on the side by side, bet I'm down to ride
Prosper said let's ride to the sky, call it catastrophic
We don't ever die, we just multiply, bitch