

# A\$AP Rocky, Brotha Man (Ft. French Montana)

Young man, brotha brotha, you gotta fight for somethin'  
Stand for somethin', gotta understand, gotta make the plays  
Stick to it, get through, write yours, ride your wave, just keep it true  
We'll fight the blues, we'll fight the blues  
Brotha man, young man, let me tell you somethin'  
Young man, brotha man, brotha man  
You gotta fight for somethin', stand for somethin'  
That's what the poem told me  
It was a greater poet like you know it but  
I'd rather talk about how my neck is frozen and I  
I'd write a song about the banging hoes and then  
Stay up in the bitches while she dozing

When I went to my brotha, told him, "Help me please"  
Now we hop out the PJs posted by the P  
My old bitch yellin', "Come back, come back  
Come back, babe  
Come back (Come back) come back (Come back)  
Come back (Come back) babe"

Harlem nights, quick speed, Godspeed  
Speed of light, Grease Lightnin', leather on my six-speed bike  
Bicycle tires, icicle diamonds, popsicle stripes  
Pop (Sicles) pop (Sicles) for the Klondikes  
Pop-pop wheelies on the dirty bikes, 15 sellin' China white  
Cops stoppin' if you opposite of white  
Pop, pop like you opposite of right  
Take heed, lil' nigga, lowkey, take lead on them niggas

Smooth dude riding 'round the boulevard  
Back in the days was on the train  
Ride the bus before I ride another nigga wave  
Beautiful, the water's flat like asses pre-Onika (Yeah)  
You the smaller version, you the baby sneaker

Flacko, I wonder how it feel to live or be like you  
Album number three and keep it G like Q  
Heard you niggas get fly like G, like 2  
Nah, more like 4, like 3, not 2  
Shittin' on these niggas like P, like U  
Drip Raheem and Q, got Hi-C like juice  
Mama hubby got life, he got three strikes too  
Real niggas bleed like me, like you  
That's why I got a beam with a green light too  
I don't even make a scene, I just swing right through  
I'm just stayin' on my Qs and my Ps like soup  
Walkin' in my shoes, follow me like suit

Brotha man, young man, let me tell you somethin'  
Young man, brotha-brotha, gotta fight for somethin'  
Stand for somethin', brotha understand, God don't make the plays  
Take the truth, get through, ride your wave, just keep the truth

Remember when I went to my brotha, told him, "Help me please"  
Now we hop out the PJs, posted by the P  
My old bitch yellin', "Come back, come back  
Come back, babe  
Come back (Come back) come back (Come back)  
Come back (Come back) babe"

You're a cornstar, all you fuck is corn broads (You fucking pop)  
Frenchie faux pas 'cause you ain't had no pa  
Your deal got catches like an outfielder  
(Are you, are you, are you?)  
Getting that God's view from towers  
Lookin' downward like I'm Donald Trump