

A\$AP Rocky, Tony Tone

Uh, my mic sounds nice, check one (Woo!)
My mic sounds nice, check two (Uh-huh, yeah-yeah)
Testing, one-two, one-two, let's go (Uh-huh, yeah-yeah)
(Uh, woo!) Let's go
(Uh, uh, yeah-yeah) Let's go
My mic sounds nice, check one (Yeah, yeah)
My mic sounds nice, check two (Yeah, testing, testing, woo!)

Stoned-stoned when I'm in my zoney-zone
Smokin' on the homegrown, feeling like I'm all alone
Used to go to Kingdome, Rucker Park with Tony Tone (Harlem!)
Listenin' to Bone Bone, feelins in my bone bone

I can tell it
I could give a fuck about a list, ya heard? (Ya heard?)
I could give a fuck about a diss, ya heard? (Ya heard?)
I could give a fuck about your clique, ya heard? (Ya heard?)
Shut the fuck up 'fore I rock your bitch, ya heard? Uh
Shut the fuck up!

My mama named me, my papa gave me cock to take a piss with
To fuck ya bitch with, life is different for me, for instance
The type of niggas spray his kids in some chicks
He wouldn't raise his kids with, that type of twisted sick shit
Come on, man

What you say, nigga? Time's out
Let's start over with this conversation
You sound super crazy right now
And I got my two kids listenin'? (I'm just playing)
You said what? (I said I'm just-)
Uh-uh, nigga, you got me fucked up
Shut the fuck up!

I could give a fuck about a list, ya heard? (Ya heard?)
I could give a fuck about a diss, ya heard? (Ya heard?)
I could give a fuck about your clique, ya heard? (Ya heard?)
Shut the fuck up 'fore I rock your bitch, ya heard?
Shut the fuck up!

People really think I'm an asshole, I say anything (C'mon)
Truthfully, I just say what I really think
Like I'm too fresh, man, to be an under-class-man (Too fresh)
Would say, "Suck my dick"—but that's sexual harassment (Take that, let's go!)
Fuck around and really come through in a murse on ya (Come on)
Who else you know design ya stage and do your merch over? (Come on)
And if you lame, do your verse over (Yeah)
I changed the game like I'm Kurt Warner (Yeah, keep going)
I run the game like I'm Time Warner (Yeah)
This ain't no Teen Choice Awards, slime slide on ya (Keep goin', yeah)
And make it home for mama's fried roasting
Had leans and Beams, tomatoes, Mercedes
Had keys and grams, just me and Yams
(Yeah, come on)

And Stevie rest in peace
Pickin' off the last collard greens, stress up outta me

Now we sellin' out the Coliseum for the dynasty
Tell them boys who got it locked and got the key
You gotta see behind the scenes or in the streets (A\$AP)

Peep my repertoire, Uptown esplanade
Eleanor, Druham, Nickel goin too HAM (C'mon)
AK, Jackie Rob, East 11, 99
Lenox Ave, VLONE, Eastside, Wingstone (Yeah, Uptown)

Stoned-stoned when I'm in my zoney-zone
Smokin' on the homegrown, feeling like I'm all alone (Yeah)
Used to go to Kingdome, Rucker Park with Tony Tone (C'mon, that's right)
Listenin' to Bone Bone, feelins in my bone bone (Yeah, yeah)

I can tell it
I could give a fuck about a list, ya heard? (Take that, yeah)
I could give a fuck about a diss, ya heard? (Ya heard?)
I could give a fuck about your clique, ya heard? (Take that)
Shut the fuck up 'fore I rock your bitch, ya heard? Uh (Take that, take that)

Ayo, we don't give a fuck about none of that shit
This is Harlem, motherfuckers (Yeah, take that, take that)
The fuck you think? (Uptown, nigga!)
Mob, A\$AP, Same Gang, Tone Wop
Harlem