

# A\$AP Rocky, 1Train (Ft. Action Bronson, Big K.R.I.T.)

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

Uh, feelin' like a vigilante or a missionary  
Tell my A\$AP killers, get they pistols ready  
Send 'em to the cemetery with obituaries  
Don't be scared, nigga, is you ready?  
I've been thinkin' 'bout all the O's in my bank account (What?)  
X the hoes in my bed is 'round the same amount (What?)  
Ever since this new star fame came about  
Or ever since me and Drizzy started hangin' out, huh  
Young boy, let his gun bang, let his nuts hang  
Transition to a Lamborghini from a Mustang  
Drugs slang in the drug game with the hustling  
(I know one thing) Anything is better than that 1 Train  
Bag made of Goyard, cheffin' like I'm Boyar—  
Dee, probably sellin' D in your local courtyard  
Braids like I'm O-Dog, my la familia go hard  
Down to my inlaws, they outlaws with no laws

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

We outlawed, then I bogart, any pros that got 'proached at  
With a toe-tag, get broke off in the projects with a skateboard  
I roll past and I blaze y'all like, "Doo, doo," I hate y'all  
When the beef cooked, I ate y'all like, "Mmm, mmm!"  
Let's play ball in a ballpark with all sharks and a blindfold  
I rhyme cold, my K hot, your 9 cold, that bark like K9s on  
That banana clip, straight from the rip  
I'll make that shirt say R.I.P., I'm on some shit  
If I'm not the hottest then Hell must have froze over  
You thought it was safe then forgot what the code was  
I carry traits of a traumatized soldier  
Don't look in my face, I might snap, I might choke ya  
Spine right out of place, give me dap like you 'posed to  
Darts at your posters, dark nights like this  
I metamorph like I'm 'posed to, I might slice my wrist  
Or pretend like a vulture and drop off this cliff

[Verse 3: Joey Bada\$\$]

Barely even conscious, talkin' to my conscience  
Gettin' deeper in these flows like conches  
I'm on my convict, don't drop bars, I drop prisons  
Don't sell rocks, seen the spectrum through the prisms  
Somehow bypassed the bias and the -isms  
The violence and the killin', so given  
They seen my pigment and thought that was the ign'ance  
Unfortunately, I am not that type of niglet  
But pass the pot, let me skillet  
Just got back to the block from a 6 o'clock with Jigga  
And I'm thinkin' 'bout signin' to the Roc  
But my niggas on the block still assigned to the rocks  
And I swear it hurt me soul  
I try to prevail but when I preach I only hurt their sales  
Like you're only gon' end up either dead or in jail  
But you my nigga, wish you the best for real

[Verse 4: Yelawolf]

When you mention my name amongst other white rappers  
Or for that matter any fuckin' rapper, fuck it  
Painter, skater, musician, trailer park, dirt-ditch-diggin'  
Burger-flippin', eat, sleep, shittin' human bein', you would be in  
Trouble to body-double or couple me to these others  
'Cause comparatively speakin', my reach is beyond the bubble  
That they put me in, my vision's beyond the Hubble's  
I huddle with Nubians, new beginnin' again  
You in school at 10, late, Radioactive's goin' gold

And so? Great! Do I give a flying duck  
If I'm applyin' love to my rhymin' plus alignin' us?  
Alabama's climbin' up—wait! No, I don't give a  
Flying duck nothin' but a buckshot; ch-pow!  
Motherfuck your life, pussy blood-clot  
Ain't never been no rapper this cold since 2Pac was froze  
And thawed out for a spot date at a Coachella show—Yelawolf

[Verse 5: Danny Brown]

Weed a different color like a hoodrat bra and panties  
And my flow be overhead like pots and pans in pantries  
Antsy 'cause I'm high like Michael Jackson, penny loafers  
Moonwalkin' on the sun, barefoot, with shades on  
Bitch pussy smell like a penguin  
Wouldn't hit that shit with my worst enemy's penis  
Bitch, when I say this, I mean this  
Ho, I'm the meanest  
Dick so big, it's like from Earth to Venus  
That molly got me nauseous, aw, shit, no off switch  
Lawless, obnoxious, on that "suck my cock" shit  
That is my synopsis, ostrich's posh shit  
Hoes on some goth shit, stop it! You not this!  
Novice, regardless, heartless and awkward  
Cryin' tears of vodka, prima donna at the concert  
Adonis smokin' chronic, 'bout to vomit gin and tonic  
Just bein' honest, tell me, isn't that ironic?

[Verse 6: Action Bronson]

Swiftly, I shift the Bimmer 860  
A heavy smoker, so you know I brought the Blake with me  
The moon's reflection off the lake hit me  
You should have stayed with me  
Now many Asian bitches lay with me  
The face is silky like a tablecloth  
My shorty gallop in the mornin' on the beach like a Chilean horse  
Red roses dropped from boxes very often  
Confetti torchin', drinkin' Henny like I'm Kenny Lofton  
Outstandin', I fixed the game between Georgia Southern and Gramblin'  
You see us scramblin', sellin' Susan Sarandon  
The cloud of smoke like the phantom  
Damn, this shit tastes like fantastic, uh  
You see me comin' through in each state  
Just so the lord could put the fork inside the cheesecake  
Cuffed to my wrist, I've got the briefcase  
The gavel slam, I'm a free man, try not to eat ham

[Verse 7: Big K.R.I.T.]

Big K.R.I.T., shawty  
Spit like my last breath: casket rap, six deep  
Eyes closed, the black is back, out come the 'lac with flats  
After that, bottles I can't pronounce, like, "How you ask for that?"  
Why you ask for crack and all you had was scratch?  
All I had was rap, when all they had was wack  
All I wanted was love and all they had was dap  
Fuck them haters and fuck them hoes, a championship win is  
The aftermath, ask LeBron, open palm, slap a bitch  
Walk the plank or break a bank, I've been in the business of sinkin' ships  
Chokin' niggas out with the anchors that they anchor with  
Resuscitations cost the label, I'm taxin' if you want a hit  
Clear, fuck your career, bitch, I was born here  
Been a killer, '86er nigga, that's my born year  
Get the fuck from 'round here, that's just my country ways  
Suckin' on your momma's titty, bitchin' while I was choppin' blade  
Grippin' grain, fuckin' hoes, candy paint like Everglades  
Miss me with that rapper chatter, take that shit up with my bass

I put that on my soul, how could you ever doubt me?  
Most rappers hopin' the world end so they won't have to drop another album  
B.B. King saw the king in me, so why can't you?  
In order to come up close, you'll have to dig up Cash and Elvis, too  
(That wasn't no sample, nigga!)  
Muddy water flow, Dixie rebel past  
Fuck your Louis flag, poppin' benji tags on your wifey's ass (on your wifey's ass)  
That's out of line, but in livin' color?  
I'm more like Miya Bailey on you rap motherfuckers: a true artist