

A\$AP Rocky, Angels

[Intro]

Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane
Sell a whole thang from the cellphone rang
I'm the dope mane, bitches sniffing cocaine
All my young niggas know that they could always
Call me, call me, call me
Always
Call me, call me, call me
Always
Call me, call me, call me
Always
Call me, call me, call me
If-if-if you see me trouble, bitch

[Verse 1]

They call me Young Drug Dealer
They call me Young Thug Nigga
24 karats my slugs glitter
24 years old worth a couple million
Shoutouts to my cuz niggas
Finna let it fly for my blood niggas
Middle finger up to you fuck niggas
If you a trill nigga then fuck with us
Nigga dash like a speed of a bullet
With a pistol on him, probably wouldn't even pull it
Heart made of pudding
Meanmuggin' with a hoodie like, what's goodie?
Tryin' to be the motherfucker that you couldn't knowin' you
Down to let it fly when I shouldn't
All my young niggas, they gon' rep it to the fullest
Tell a fuck nigga, "Be you", fuck tough, be cool
All the young niggas in my crew, they down to let it fly

[Pre-Chorus]

For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)
For a nigga like me, jiggy young nigga like me (Flex)

[Chorus]

Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, right)
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Yeah, yeah)
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, yeah)
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Uh, right)

[Verse 2]

Niggas got rips in they jeans, man, I started that
Hood By Air, man, I started that
Niggas claim they the God of black
Well, your name is purple, I'm the God of that
Gave you my back, nigga, pardon that
Fuck that shit, I brought mobbin' back
Brought robbin' back
Brought the Garden back
Motherfuck Black Land, I brought Harlem back
Rollin' in my Benzo
Hoes on the curb, a couple of friends
Rollin' down my windows
Yo, what's the word? Fuck it, get in
And ride 'round with these bimbos
She gave head to my kinfolk
Shoutouts my connect though
Keep a watch out for them Winslows
'Cause the boys' gon' creep, D-boys gon' serve

Hoes gon' skeet and the V gon' swerve
I'ma get by while the world gon' turn
I'ma get mine like you gon' get yours
Niggas do the least when the piece got nerve
Niggas in the streets when the heat got burned
I'll tell a nigga, "Be you", fuck tough, be cool
Couple young niggas down with my crew who be down to let it fly

[Pre-Chorus]

For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)
For a nigga like me, young nigga like me (They let it fly)
For a nigga like me, jiggy young nigga like me (Flex)

[Chorus]

Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, right)
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Yeah, yeah)
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, yeah)
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Uh, right)
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, right)
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Yeah, yeah)
Ten gold chains, wood grain, propane (Yeah, yeah)
Sell the whole thang from the cellphone rang (Uh, right)

[Outro]

Right
Right
Right