

# A\$AP Rocky, Excuse Me

[Intro]

For all 'em hoes that was frontin' on niggas back in the days, man  
(You know I'm sayin'? This for my broke jiggy niggas right now, you know)  
Excuse me, fuck out my face  
They say wealth is in the mind, not the pocket (I still had that)  
I learned that from a very wise man  
(Gotta pocket full of stones like Pimp say, this shit)  
(Uh, yeah)

[Verse 1]

Okay excuse me, Mr. Bill Collector, I got problems  
My check arrive mañana, I'ma pay my debt, I promise  
I spent twenty thousand dollars with my partners in Bahamas  
Another 20 thousand dollars on Rick Owens out in Barneys  
I said excuse me, why the fuck you lookin'? What's your problem?  
I swear we gon' have drama if you touch my tailored garments  
All you see is niggas here, so that means it's triggers there  
What you mean? We got weed, and codeine and bricks for sale (Excuse me)  
I bet a lot of niggas plottin', so you know I got that heater, bruh (Excuse me)  
Drive my side of Harlem, catch me ridin' with my Nina, bruh (Excuse me)  
She got an apple bottom that remind you of Bonita, bruh  
Oh, you mean like Q-Tip? Now that girl my new bitch  
Excuse me, no, I believe the proper term's excuse you  
I could switch up on you niggas and start shittin' if I choose to  
That's when the new you becomin' different since they knew you  
I guess the new me is just gon' take some gettin' used to (Excuse me)

[Chorus]

Excuse me, I tell them they're excused  
What's the word around town, tell me what's the latest news  
And, uh, who them niggas, I tell 'em we them dudes  
Ain't got time to make excuses, bruh, we steady makin' moves  
And I, run the game even when they bend the rules  
I pay very close attention after that I pay my dues  
And, uh, excuse me, may I be excused?  
'Cause I gave this shit my all, ain't got nothin' left to lose

[Verse 2]

Tell me why these little niggas talking like they killers, bruh  
Nowadays these niggas always caught up in they feelings, bruh  
But I stay one hundred 'cause you know I keep it triller, bruh  
Mobbin like 2Pacalypse or Bishop how I Hit 'Em Up  
Fill 'em up with lyrics, bury all my victims, kill 'em  
Dig 'em up again, to say I did it  
Snitch, excuse me, mind your business, bruh  
Swear that you could get it, girl  
She a fashion killer, huh? Killer girl, I'm a go-getter, she get it, girl

[Bridge]

Flacko, where you been? I've been thuggin' with my niggas, bruh  
Flacko, how you been? I'm still thuggin' with my niggas, bruh  
Flacko, where you been? I've been thuggin' with my niggas, bruh  
Flacko, how you been? I've been thuggin' with my—

[Verse 3]

Buggin' with my niggas, gold sluggin'  
Tell me who fuckin' with my niggas  
Who run it, my niggas, fuck the fussin', they buckin' and bussin'  
Now niggas slump over Robitussin in public  
Cup full of purple substance or somethin'  
My niggas, the only thing that move me, 'Excuse me'

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko, Flacko