

A\$AP Rocky, Houston Old Head

[Intro]

Yeah, uh-uh, uh-uh
Yeah, alright, alright
Yeah

[Verse 1]

Smoking, rolling reefer up, I adjust the tweakers up
(Break it, break it down) Break it down so I can beat it up
Where the welcome back? Where the welcome mat? My sneakers tough
This is for my old head, gon' turn your speakers up
"Rocky, where you been?" I been tryna make my ends meet
So I can cop that Bathing Ape or Jeremy Scott or 10 Deep
Bottles full of Rose, riding in the Benz jeep
Blowing money fast, now I'm finna think I'm (Big Meech)
I met with my old head, we sat for a while
We rolled a couple Swishers, we chat for a while
I said, "I'm just on my grind, I come to Houston all the time"
He said, "What's been goin' down in your New York state of mind?"
Fine, you ever got days you feel like giving up
Like how you gon' eat when this gig is up?
When the chips is down and the jig is up
But I don't give a fuck, roll another Swisher up
Cause I just came here down South so I could get these pounds out
And move my mother nice somewhere, nothin' closer than a townhouse
And my beats banging, kicking harder than a roundhouse
I spoke with my old head and this is what I found out

[Chorus]

Life is just a bitch, a bitch is like a ho
Hoes want the money, but money come and goes
Friends turn to foes, and foes, they be fake
If you listen when ya old head talkin', you'll be straight
Cause life is just a bitch, a bitch is like a ho
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[Verse 2]

Now my old head old age, bald head, Rogaine
Code red codeine, nose red, cocaine
Pimpin bitches since lemon chicken, shrimp lo-mein
Gold chains, afros, platforms, Soul Train
And he told me 'bout that rapping, trapping in the old days
When Pac hung with Shock before that rat-tat-tat-tat, nose rings
And I'm so high, I could fuck around and grow wings
And we sipping on something purpler than Soul Plane
We sip slow, we slow swang
We tip fours, on chrome wings
Told me I should head home and do my own thang
Then I heard my phone rang, hold up, that's my old dame
Pick it up, I hit you back, miss me and I miss you back
She said, "Harlem miss you too and they can't wait to get you back
You should come on home, leave the drugs alone and stick to rap
Just don't come back flossin' 'cause that type of shit'll get you clapped"

[Chorus]

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[Bridge]

I'm riding down, coming down for my old head (Yeah, yeah)
Junkied up, chunk the deuce for my old head (Alright)
Sitting slow, riding down with my old head (Yeah)
Bury niggas talking down on my old head (Alright, yeah)
Riding down, riding down with my old head (Yeah)
Chunk the deuce, give it up for my old head (Yeah)
Riding down, riding 'round with my old head (Alright, alright)
For my old head, for my old head

[Chorus]

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