

# A\$AP Rocky, Leaf (Take 1) (Ft. Main Attraktionz)

[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

"I'm so happy, you know um  
You know I looked at the crowd and you know  
I look at my fans, I look at their faces, they expressions  
And I know that damn well, we are some partying mothafuckas"

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

Tired of these rappers, tired of these jackers  
I'm tired of these dances by these fucking backpackers  
And I'm sick of all these hipsters, I'm sick of phony niggas  
I'm stickin' to these bitches 'cause I'm sick of all these sisters  
I'm sick and tired of tryna survive  
I'm sick and tired of my environment  
Sick and tired of feeling deprived  
I'm one of a kind when in my climate  
Sick and tired of your façade  
And all of your lying and your diamonds  
Basically, I'm tired of feelin' sick and tired  
A\$AP (A\$AP) born in money-makin' Manhattan  
Every nigga on my block wanna be a Main Attraktion  
Shout my nigga Squadda, shout my nigga Mondre  
If you disrespect them niggas then I'm polishin' the nine-trey  
And I'm coming to your casa for your madre and your padre  
Comprende? Most of these niggas been gay or they strange  
They say I sound like Andre mixed with Kanye, little bit of Max  
A little bit of Wiz, little bit of that, little bit of this, get off my dick

[Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

I'm in your hood, you ain't got no ticket  
I'm a down to Earth nigga, we could kick it  
Take a hit with me, hit with me, uh  
Take a hit with me, hit with me, uh  
Ain't on stage, behind the scene, I'm probably mixing lean  
Chilling with my niggas, with my team  
Won't you come and take a sip with me, sip with me? Yeah  
Take a sip with me, sip with me, yeah

[Verse 2: Squadda B]

Ay, ay, ay, once again, Mr. Back Selling Crack  
It's an honor keeping real nigga music on the map  
Street raps, new face, sampling with no credits  
Doubting myself 'cause I don't think the world can relate  
To my surprise, everyone does, so have faith  
Half of the other side don't live it, they push play  
The young illest alive, Harlem World to the Bay  
It feels good waking up to money in the bank  
'Cause last year, it was shoebox and lint  
I only write raps just to give you niggas hints  
Every verse a gift, as you smoke like a chimney  
My album coming November, that's twenty years of memory  
And that's assuming I'ma live that long  
If I don't, don't cry 'cause I ain't live that wrong  
Just an artist in a purest form, I live that song  
An artist in the purest form, I live that song, Bambino

[Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

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[Verse 3: Mondre M.A.N]

Okay, hold up, ay, why fuss? I'd rather fuck  
Treat her like my enemy, I just wanna bust  
Seven deuce, waiting on the bus  
Before them boys bend the corner tryna make a bust  
Tryouts, I'm tryna make the bucks  
Purple and the green got me on stuck  
So I two-step, move my feet and keep it pushing  
Always bouncin' back, gotta keep the cushion  
And that's somethin' fat, like eating all the pudding  
A\$AP, we got a slap, bruh, good looking  
Fuck that, A\$AP where I come from  
456, Ice City slums  
Weed in my pocket, coke in his tongues  
Buying Swisher Sweets, no more honey buns  
Fresh white tee, bright like the sun  
Only nigga 'round here rocking Мишка

[Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

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[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

"This go out to all the rappers, this go out to the little darlings  
The little kids running around in the schoolyards, I love you  
Keep it good, keep it good kids cause you know I love you  
I'mma always love you, forever"