

# A\$AP Rocky, M'\$ (Ft. Lil Wayne)

[Intro: Lil Wayne]

P.O

One time for A\$AP Yams

Let's go

[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

What's this I see? Niggas tryna act like G's

Got A\$AP, got Fergy with me

It's a new day, no Black Eyed Peas

That's that shit, mhm, mhm, yeah, that's that shit

(You ain't got no Flacko in your Serato?)

Mothafucka better blast that shit

Niggas drink quarts of the Clicquot

Bitches sniff raw of the kilos

Flacko makes sales of the perico

She knows, went to ATL for my C-Note

'Member, I ain't ever have no home

Now I got a penthouse and a beach home

Back when I was rockin' least (2 Chainz!!!)

I was trappin' off at least like three phones

Me and Yams made the plan

Then I paid myself and I gave myself advance

Way before I became myself

I'd like to thank myself because I made myself the man

It's like lately I ain't myself

I'd rather hang myself before I play myself

I tell her, "throw on the dress with the pinstripes"

Know the one that fit the booty all skin tight, that's right

Yeah, you that shit, mhm, mhm, yeah, move that shit

Frontin' like you did it for the fellas

Get all the bitches jealous when you do that shit

But my neck is gold, the rest is froze

Sex and hoes, best of both, girls and girls, perpetual

Sippin' slow, Texas throwed, comma, I'm about decimals

Chill and get faded, I'm surprised that we made it

Young niggas know the sky's the limit

All I ever wanna do is chill and get shaded

Chill and get faded, shit, I'm surprised that we made it

Nowadays stress overrated

All I ever wanna do is chill and get shaded

[Pre-Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

I wanna see you take it all off

And she just wanna make it harder

And we just end up takin' longer

Can't impress with them diamonds though, them diamonds

[Chorus: A\$AP Rocky]

Talkin' about M's

Talkin' bout M's, nigga, M's

Make 'em talk about, make 'em talk about M's

Nigga, talkin' bout M's

Nigga, talkin' bout M's

Nigga, talkin' bout M's

Make 'em talk about, talkin' bout M's, nigga

Talkin' bout M's

[Interlude: A\$AP Rocky]

It's like lately all I ever seem to think about is M's, nigga

Talkin' 'bout M's

See the same thing all up in my bank account

M's, nigga, talkin' 'bout M's

And my YouTube account say the same amount

M's, nigga, talkin' 'bout M's

[Verse 2: Lil Wayne]

Money talk and dogs bark  
I got a pocket full of stones in my stonewashed  
Lambo, brand new Lambo  
With tiger stripes on it call that bitch a golf cart  
I'm outchea, I'm so outchea, I swear niggas have no idea  
I swear niggas better wear riot gear  
Cause I appear and pow loud and clear give 'em diarrhea, oh  
I re-up tonight, I'ma be up tonight, cookin' a key up tonight  
Niggas de-up I slide to the right, throw a three up in time  
Put a B up, let's fight, don't get beat up tonight  
Feet up in my European, I ride with me heater inside  
Kill you and your dog then go put on a shirt that say PETA for life  
Like you sneeze you on tight, you got beef I got white  
You got beef I got white, I got green, I got white  
I got pink, I got pints, I got lean, I got ice  
I got needles and pipes, I got clean, I got right  
I got mean, I got nice, that's that Tina and Ike  
I don't lean on her price, I don't cheat on her price  
Try to cheat on the dice, you get beat on the spot  
I get keys on the spot and I keep it on lock  
And I keep it up safe, what you keep in your safe?  
S'what I spent on my watch and I wave it like Ma\$e  
Bout to redo the face, get a see-through AK  
I eat seafood and steak  
But girl, I'ma treat you like cake til I get a sweet tooth tooth ache  
But wait let's talk about M's, not about them  
I love my BM's, I love my YM ain't no more CM  
Let's pluck out the stems, let's fuck like a nymph  
She walk out, she limp, it's dark and we dim, yeah  
We dem niggas, handcuffing him niggas back up and skim niggas  
See that we strapped up we cap up your brim nigga  
Fill my cup up to the rim nigga, Tunechi