

## ASAP Rocky "1 Train"

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[Verse 1: A\$AP Rocky]

Feelin' like a vigilante or a missionary  
Tell my A\$AP killers get they pistols ready  
Send 'em to the cemetery with obituaries  
Don't be scared, nigga, is you ready?  
I been thinkin' 'bout, all the Os in my bank account  
Extra Os in my bed, 'round the same amount  
Ever since this new star fame came about  
Or, even since me and Drizzy started hangin' out  
Young boy, let his gun bang, let his nuts hang  
Transitioned to a Lamborghini from a Mustang  
Drug slang, in the drug game, with the hustling  
(I know one thing)  
Anything is better than that 1 Train  
Bag made at Goyard, cheffing like I'm Boyar - Dee  
Probably sellin' D and in your local courtyard  
Braids like I'm O-Dog, a la familia: go hard,  
Down to my in-laws, they outlaws with no law

[Verse 2: Kendrick Lamar]

We outlaw, then I bogart, any bozack, I approach that  
When a toe-tag get broke off in the projects with a  
skateboard  
I roll past and I blaze y'all like "DOOT! DOOT!" I  
hate y'all  
When the beef cooked, I ate y'all, like "MMM MMM"  
let's play ball  
In a ball park with all sharks and a blindfold I rob cold  
My K hot, your nine cold, it bark like canines, throwin'  
That banana clip, straight from the rip  
I'll make that shirt stay ripped, I'm on some shit  
If I'm not the hottest then Hell must've froze over  
You thought it was safe then forgot what the code was  
I carry traits of a traumatized soldier  
Don't look in my face, I might snap, I might choke ya  
Spine right out of place, give me dap like you supposed  
ta  
Rocks at your posters  
Drop nice like this, I metamorph like I'm supposed ta  
I might slice my wrists or pretend like a vulture  
And jump off this - cliff...

[Verse 3: Joey Bada\$\$]

Barely even conscious, talkin' to my conscience  
Gettin' deeper and these flows like conches  
I'm on my convict, don't drop bars, I drop prisons  
Don't sell rocks! Seen the spectrum through the  
prisms  
Somehow bypassed the bias in the  
The violence and the killings, so give in  
They see my pigment, and yo that was the ign'ance  
Unfortunately, I am not that type of nigglet  
But pass the pot let me skillet  
Just got back to the block from a 6 o'clock with Jigga  
And I'm thinkin' 'bout signing to the Roc  
But my niggas on the block still assigned to the rocks  
And I swear it hurt me, so I try to prevail  
But when I preach it only hurt their sales  
Like you're only gon' end up either dead or in jail  
But you my nigga  
Wish you the best, for real

[Verse 4: Yelawolf]

When you mention my name amongst other white  
rappers  
Or for that matter, any fucking rapper  
Fuck it, painter, skater, musician, trailer park  
Dirt ditch digging, burger flipping, eat, sleep shittin'  
human being  
You would be in trouble to buy double a cup of me  
To these others, 'cause comparatively speaking  
My reach is beyond the bubble that they put me in  
My vision's beyond the Hubble's, I huddle with  
Nubians  
You beginning again - you in school at 10, late  
Radioactive's going gold  
And so? Great!  
Do I give a flying duck if I'm applying love to my  
rhyming,  
Plus aligning us?  
Alabama's climbing up, wait, no I don't give a flying  
duck  
Nothin' but a buckshot  
"Chick - POW! "  
Motherfuck your life, pussy blood clot  
Ain't never been a rapper this cold since 2Pac was  
froze  
And thawed out for a spot date at a Coachella show  
Yelawolf

[Verse 5: Danny Brown]

Weed a different color like a hoodrat's bra and  
panties

And my flow be overhead like pots and pans in pantries  
And see guys, Iâ€™m high like Michael Jacksonâ€™s penny loafers  
Moonwalkinâ€™ on the sun, barefoot, with shades on  
The bitch pussy smell like a penguin,  
Wouldnâ€™t hit that shit with my worst enemyâ€™s penis  
Bitch, when I say this I mean this: â€œHoe, Iâ€™m the meanestâ€  
Dick so big stretch from Earth to Venus  
That molly got me nauseous, Iâ€™m shittinâ€™ out monsters  
Lawless, obnoxious, on that â€œsuck my cockâ€ shit  
That is my synopsis, ostrich plot shit  
Hoes on some got shit â€“ â€œStop it! You not this! â€  
Not this, regardless, heartless and awkward  
Cryinâ€™ tears of vodka, premadonna at the concert  
A goner smokinâ€™ chronic â€™bout to vomit gin and toinc  
Trust me, Iâ€™m honest, tell me: â€œIsnâ€™t that ironic?â€

[Verse 6: Action Bronson]

Swiftly, I shift the beamer 8-60  
A heavy smoker so you know I brought the blake with me  
The moonâ€™s reflection off the lake hit me  
You should have stayed with me, now many Asian bitches lay with me  
The face is silky like a tablecloth  
My shorty gallop in the morning on the beach like a Chilean horse  
Red roses drop from boxes very often  
Confetti tossing, drinking Henny like Iâ€™m Kenny Lofton Outstandingâ€¦  
I fixed the game between Georgia Southern and Grambling  
You see us scrambling, selling Susan Sarandon  
The cloud of smoke like the Phantom  
Damn this shit taste like fantastic  
You see me coming through in each state  
Just so the lord can put the fork inside the cheesecake  
Cuffed to my wrist I got the briefcase  
Gabble slam, Iâ€™m a free man, try not to eat hamâ€¦

[Verse 6: Big K.R.I.T.]

Spit like my last breath, casket wrapped, six deep  
Eyes closed, the black is back, out cold, the legs went flat  
After that, bottles I canâ€™t pronounce, like â€œhow you ask for that?â€  
Why you ask for crack and all you had was scratch?  
All I had was rap when all they had was wack  
All I wanted was love, all they had was dap

Fuck them haters and fuck them hoes  
A championship wins the aftermath  
Ask Lebron, open palm slap a bitch  
Walk the the plank, Iâ€™ll break a bank  
Iâ€™ve been in the business of sinkinâ€™ ships  
Choking niggas out with the anchors they they  
anchored with  
Resuscitations cost the label, Iâ€™m taxinâ€™ if you want a  
hit  
Clear â– fuck your career bitch, I was born here  
Been a killer, eighty-sixer, nigga thatâ€™s my born year  
Get the fuck from â€™round here â– thatâ€™s just my  
country ways  
Suckinâ€™ on your mamaâ€™s titty, bitchinâ€™ while I was  
choppinâ€™ blades  
Grippinâ€™ grain, fuckinâ€™ hoes, candy paint like  
everglades  
Miss me with that rapper, child, Iâ€™ll take that shit up  
with my base  
I put that on my soul, how could you ever doubt me?  
Most rappers hopinâ€™ the world end  
So they wonâ€™t have to drop another album  
B.B. Kingâ€™s all the king in me so why canâ€™t you?  
In order to come up close youâ€™ll have to dig up cash  
and Elvis too  
The way they water flow, Dixie River Pass  
Fuck your Louis flag, poppinâ€™ Benjie tags on your  
wifeyâ€™s ass  
Thatâ€™s out of line, but in living color  
I â€™m more like Miya Bailey on you rap motherfuckers  
A true artistâ€™...

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