

ASAP Rocky "Ghetto Symphony"

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A rebel I be one day, on that track with Gunplay
Outkast my whole life so I decide to spit like Andre
Beef is on my entrÃ©e, Jim & Juice, that's Bombay
Driving fast the wrong way, I swear life is like a one way
Pussy on a Sunday, fitness on a Monday
My new crib came with a fenshuey in my closets like a
runway
Come be my fiancÃ©e, she fuck me in a Hondey
My rooftop got a lounge, just sit around and watch her
sunbathe
Finna date for 1K, shopping date for 2K
Hoopy ass bitch, made me wait to fuck for 2 days
Finally got the toobey, swear to God my mood changed
Top off like toupees, drive off, touchÃ©
Yea my mouth is full of gold and I'm a city boy
And my outfit was in Vogue, I'm a pretty boy
Bounce what? Flocka tell em holla at a nigga G
Riding on Miami mix, here's my ghetto symphony

Rippin, with me, my mama as a witness
Bitches knickin and lockin up my swishas
Once you blow my whistle, she know it's the swistles
Spread the news, I'm official, now hop out my foreign
vessel
Before I get aggressive, forget it, war ready
Already tested, tears and blood invested
Til my cardiac's arrested and my 40 ounces empty
Show me what you owe me and appoint a house with
that
Black magic on the ties, only I
Rolling down a lonely mile, phony smile
One, police on me, still torn
And my chain and my stony dow cheerful
Pain, in it's purest form
Don't complain, I came to reign
From here forth, still lord
So the crib got cleared for us
Burning planes in my airforce
And all I can see is clear porch

Since Rocky spit like Andre I'm gon kill it like Big Boi
These rappers is on my entrÃ©e,

You don't like cookies, chips your heart
Eatin joy when I get annoyed, no cover niggas that I kill
for joy
Either Gunplay, runway, trip avoid
Money get style, my lil fishin boy
Arnold Schwarzeneger, toss a nigga
Like codein mixed with a Roy
Smoke what make a nigga trip collide
What took me how fast, you could grip a 9
Damn, nigga I doubt they tell this my heart
And the motherfuckers come in to cry
You niggas have a sour dipped in wine
Guess that's when a girl sip the white
Pourin liq so I soak in different shine
Tip tipped and toe I miss the sky
My show get cold, all my niggas died
So and so, niggas live and die
Beneath choose souls you will reside
Rappers getting nailed for this freakin life
Tryina come with this for their freakin lives
How many time your eyes and a nigga died?
Never!
Spittin it like a Beretta, nobody do it better nigga

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