

ASAP Rocky "Phoenix"

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Bloody ink on my past spelled suicide,
Michael Jackson even passed cuz you scrutinize
Fuck illuminati lies, say IÂ'm lucified,
Baptised in the gutter, motherfucker you decide
Cause the ride come with doors that be suicide
Or the thighs on my whores, they be super-sized
Good and bad happen, wars, nigga chose a side,
Now all hail to the Lord like you do to God,
Who am I?
Lord Flacko,
Painting vivid pictures, call me Basquiat Picasso,
Capo Head Hancho, now my followinÂ's colossal,
AinÂ't no boxer Paquiao but got the chopper en todo
caso
ItÂ's like you heard God spoke,
IÂ've seen the ghetto gospel,
The choir like my reefer and the preacher got my eyes
low,
Sister Mary Jane to make me see from singin high
notes
The bible or the rifleÂ...goodnight folks.

Bloody ink on my pen spelled suicide,
Kurt Cobain even died cuz you scrutinize
ItÂ's a fine line between truth and lies,
Jesus Christ never lied, still was crucified,
ThatÂ's why I never judge another nigga,
LifeÂ's a bitch, but that bitch in love with other niggas,
3 to a bed, sheets, no covers nigga
Dirty Kitchen, no supper in the cupboards nigga,
Sucker niggas,
Wassup wit' niggas,
So my new attitude is like Â“Fuck the niggas! Â”
I grew up with niggas,
But donÂ't fuck with niggas,
I donÂ't trust them niggas,
AinÂ't got no love for niggas,
Had the gold grills shine like them southern niggas,
Kept it trilla, now the whole world fuckinÂ' with us!
Meanwhile you treated all of us like other niggas,
Now your world is in my palm, take cover niggas!

I shall ever pour, Lord, pick me up
Ever since a baby two deuce in sippy cups
Ever since them diapers and my zip-me-ups
Now I'm walkin' on my own, y'all wish me luck

(Outro)

Where do we lie
Tell me where do we stand
Where do we go
It's all part of the plan(X2)

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