

ASAP Mob

"Choppas On Deck"

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[Verse 1: A\$AP Ferg]

Medusa faces turn me in a stone
Versace killers and Ralph murderer in Dior Homme
My skinny niggas fuckin' bring the chrome
The only thing I'm killin' is a microphone
I let my little niggas take you home
One straight to that dome
Betta ring the alarm, Fergie's home
Ever taste the chrome? way far from a silver spoon
Sing your lullabies, watch your mother and your brother
cry
Fuck your sister brains, causin' mental homicide
Motherfuck' your life, fuck your family nigga, fuck your
wife
I be down for life, ASAAAP, my brothers for life
Big money, talk to me nice
Talk to me nice or don't talk to me at all
Grippin' that Mack now he grippin' the floor
Ratatatat let it split to your jaw
Laid on your back, whisperin' Lord, bet he couldn't see
his death
Berettas under the leather he couldn't see this Tec
Teflon vest for those who test
A bunch of niggas gettin' throwed call me Jazzy Jeff

[Hook x4]

I got these choppas on deck
And the 9 is on deck
And the llamas on deck
Just in case you ain't heard what I say

[Verse 2: A\$AP Ferg]

I'm drowning' these niggas, not carving up with me
That vitamin water that formula 50
I'm pipin' your daughter, muhfucker come get me
One clip to that brain, gone in a jiffy
I'm poppin' your dame, cum on the titties
Beef lo mein, all in her shrimpy
Oodles and noodles, hangin out it Fifties
Somebody done died, who knows who done did it
Somebody gon' ride, bang her with the Smith and

Nines men in black, I will Will Smith him
Semi-automat', brattttt it would lift him
Preacher gone sang, momma gone listen
He was on that bullshit, Jordan or Pippen
So I had pull shit, feeling so tempted
Rocks on his socks, Shawshank Redemption
Somebody gon' die, who know done did it

[Hook x4]

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