

**JD**

**ASAP Rocky**

- Yo, what's your name, young blood? What they call you?
- Well I got, I got, James, Jimmy or Byron Dean
- Yeah, I've been feeling that really JD swag lately

Lord Pretty Flacko Jodye stepped up in this piece  
Bust my Glock to ensure that all you niggas rest in peace  
Uh, Schwarzenegger I, straight slaughter niggas  
I'm offin niggas, screaming off with niggas' heads  
They all surrender, better call for niggas  
Come at all you niggas heads, talk em off a ledge  
I'm arguing with 'em, I'm done talking with 'em  
I order coffins for 'em, call the coroner for 'em  
Get a comforter for 'em, I did all you niggas' beds  
I want all you niggas dead  
You want all you nigga money, royalness and bread  
Royalties instead of rollies for your boys, but loyalty is dead

Now I'm only up again  
Kick... kick a man while he's down  
Looks dead; can't be safe to say it  
Everybody's getting punished  
Looking down to sell with you, how have you been?  
Probably an undercover, had them undercovers with you  
People buying and selling for you  
I'll only sell with you if you're blind to sell

Lord Pretty Flacko Jodye stepped up in this piece  
Bust my Glock to ensure that all you niggas rest in peace  
Rep my block, quick to draw on all you niggas if there's beef  
Blow your spot, better pray to Lord this shit don't hit the streets  
Jimmy Dean