

Clams Casino, nigga  
A\$AP

Mr. Pistol Popper, Flacko locked and loaded  
Life's a bitch and she pussy pop, know why? Cause I got her open  
That pussy soaking, fuck is you promoting?  
Yeah, you claim you rage, you hating like you live in Oakland  
All my rap town niggas with the roof back  
Introduce you niggas to the new swag  
Make you say a nigga blew up too fast  
Fuck I'm 'sposed to do with all this new ass?  
Fuck I'm 'sposed to do with all this new cash?  
Thousand dollar drawers just to hold my balls  
All I ever do is let my jewels sag  
Pac gone, but the "Juice" back  
Get your popcorn, juice, snacks  
It's a movie nigga, with a new cast  
Get the news flash, that the truth back  
This is boom bap, mixed with new raps  
Look at all the niggas that I blew past  
Hood by Air, to the do-rag  
Nigga make way for the new jacks

It's Mr. Pistol Popper screaming, "Fuck a copper"  
I just bought a crispy choppa, finna fuck your block up, blocka!  
Even cracked the pavement that's for niggas hating  
I been impatiently waiting to show you niggas Satan  
All this talk of Illuminati ain't got a clue about me  
Bitch I'm Trillmaluminati and got my crew behind me  
Shooters round me, keep them looters round me  
Keep a tool around me, it'll keep you fools from round me  
Couple of them dudes surround me  
With a gat, with a strap in a backpack  
When they cap cap, leave you flat, better back back  
On a fast track, ratatat, nigga that's that  
Nigga pass that, finna ash, where the hash at  
Got a Kat Stacks with a ass, finna smash that  
Make 'em catch that, A\$AP, then I pass that  
Off to my niggas then she ask, "Where the cash at?"  
I see dead people, I need dead people  
Lord Pretty Flacko, bitch, I behead people  
Kneel and kiss the ring, all hail the King  
Long Live A\$AP put that on everything

Alright, mothafucka  
Alright, A\$AP