

M's

ASAP Rocky

What's this I see?, niggas tryna act like G's
Got A\$AP, got Fergy with me
It's a new day, no Black Eyed Peas
That's that shit, mhm mhm, yeah, that's that shit
(You ain't got no Flacko in your Serato?)
Mothafucka better blast that shit
Niggas drink quarts of the Clicquot
Bitches sniff raw of the kilos
Flacko makes sales of the flico
She knows, went to ATL for my C-Note
'Member, I ain't ever have no home
Now I got a penthouse and a beach home
Back when I was rockin' least (2 Chainz!!!)
I was trappin' off at least like three phones
Me and Yams made the plan
Then I paid myself and I gave myself advance
Way before I became myself
I'd like to thank myself because I made myself the man
It's like lately I ain't myself
I'd rather hang myself before I play myself
I tell her, "throw on the dress with the pinstripes"
Know the one that fit the booty all skin tight, that's right
Yeah, you that shit, mhm, mhm, yeah, move that shit
Frontin' like you did it for the fellas
Get all the bitches jealous when you do that shit
But my neck is gold, the rest is froze
Sex and hoes, best of both
Girls and girls, perpetual
Sippin' slow, Texas throwed
Comma, I'm about decimals
Chill and get faded
I'm surprised that we made it
Young niggas know the sky's the limit
All I ever wanna do is chill and get shaded
Chill and get faded
Shit, I'm surprised that we made it
Nowadays stress overrated
All I ever wanna do is chill and get shaded

I wanna see you take it all off
And she just wanna make it harder
And we just end up taking longer
Can't impress with them diamonds though, them diamonds

Talkin' about M's
Talkin' bout M's, nigga, M's
Make 'em talk about, make 'em talk about M's
Nigga, talkin' bout M's
Nigga, talkin' bout M's
Nigga, talkin' bout M's
Make 'em talk about, talkin' bout M's, nigga
Talkin' bout M's

It's like lately all I seem to think about is M's, nigga
Talkin' 'bout M's
See the same thing all up in my bank account
M's, nigga, talkin' 'bout M's

And my YouTube account say the same amount
M's, nigga, talkin' 'bout M's
Finna go in, go ham like Em
Flacko do him, tell them worry 'bout them
But I don't even trip though
Bruh bruh, yeah I'm really with the shits though
My my, I get hypnotized when them hips go by
Those tits, those thighs (right)
You that shit mhm, mhm, yeah, do that shit
Do it like you got a point to prove to any chick
Any dudes that you that bitch