

Brotha Man

ASAP Rocky

(Yeah yeah)
Brotha man
Brotha, brotha
Gotta fight for somethin'
Stand for somethin'
Brotha, understand (no)
Gotta make the place
Take the truth (take the)
Get through
Right
Just keep the truth
Fight the blues, fight the blues
Brotha man, young man
Let me tell you somethin'
Young man, brotha man, brotha man
You gotta fight for somethin'
Stand for somethin'
That's what the poem told me
It was greater poet that you know
I'd rather talk about how my neck is frozen and I
I'd rather talk about the banging hoes and then
Stay up in the bitches while she dozing

When I went to my bros
Told him help me please
Now we hop out the PJs
Hosted by the P
My old bitch yellin' come back
Come back, come back, babe
Come back
Come back (come back)
Come back (come back), babe

Harlem nights, quick speed, godspeed
Speed it like Grease Lightnin', leather on my six-speed bike
Bicycle tires, icicle diamonds, popsicle stripes
Popsicles for the Klondikes, pop pop wheelies on the dirty bikes
15 sellin' china white
Cops stoppin' if you opposite o' white
Pop pop like you opposite o' right
Take heat lil nigga
Lowkey take lead on a nigga
Smooth durag 'round the boulevard
Back in the days on the train
Ride the bus before I ride another nigga wave
Beautiful, the water's flat like acid pre-Onika (ye-ah)
You the smaller version, you the baby sneaker
Flacko I wonder how it feel to live or be like you
Album number three, and keep it G like Q
Heard you niggas get fly, like G like 2
Nah more like 4, like 3, not 2
Shittin' on these niggas, like P like U
Drip Raheem and Q
Got Hi-C, like juice
Mama hubby got life, he got three strikes too
Real niggas bleed, like me, like you
That's why I got a beam with a green light too

I don't even make a scene, I just swing right through
I'm just bangin' on my Qs and my Ps, like soup
Walk in my shoes, follow me like suit

Brotha man, young man, let me tell you somethin'
Young man, brotha-brotha, gotta fight for somethin'
Stand for somethin', brotha understand, God don't make the plays
Take the truth, get through, ride your wave, just keep the truth

When I went to my bros
Told him help me please
Now we hop out the PJs
Hosted by the P
My old bitch yellin' come back
Come back, come back, babe
Come back (come back)
Come back (come back)
Come back (come back), babe

You're a cornstar
All you fuck is corn, parched
You fall apart
Frenchie faux pas
'Cause you
Ain't gotta know pa
(Are you?)
The dealer got catches like an outfielder
(Are you?-are you?-are you?)
God's view from towers
Lookin' down, like I'm Donald Trump