

Leather Symphony (feat. A\$AP Twelvyy)

Flatbush Zombies

She just want me like a wedding ring
I keep her dripping like some fucking paint
Money realer, smoking hella green
So much ass like Teyana Taylor
Run a trap trying to make a milli
She make it clap trying to make a milli
Don't lose yourself, remember who yourself
Don't lose yourself, remember who the best
Take a dab, she got hella ass
I just smoke and I don't never pass
All these niggas tryna be the man
I get green nigga, Peter Pan
While they hating nigga I be living
While they hating nigga I be pimpin'
Bad bitch looking so exquisite
Took a risk now the trip gon' get it
Third eye feel like it's on fire
These niggas singing like they on the choir
Swishing blunts with Snoop Dogg
Dogg pound woof woof
No sound psh psh psh
Wipe me down cause I'm gorgeous
Rick Flair with the horseman
What you bout man, quit talking
Bout that work, I'm like Fergie
My moms didn't make it til 30
If I don't make it, don't worry
Zombie gang, we ain't bury
Nigga always been a helping man
Don't bite the hand that makes you understand
I might go loony catch you on the 'gram
Flipping shipping got a hundred grams
Bands, grams
Call it truce and do my dance
Why they copy, they just fans
On my momma I'm the man
Bands, grams
Count it, count it, got my hands full
All this working got my hands full
Why they hating like some damn fools
Bands, grams
Call it truce and do my dance
Why they copy, they just fans
On my momma I'm the man
Bands, grams
Count it, count it, got my hands full
All this working got my hands full

Why they hating like some damn fools I'm a minute late, I'm a renegade
Twelvyy got a gauge
Let me penetrate
Pussy power KKK
Loaded it live, rock in my sock
Patrolling the block with a Glock
Stick to the code, bloody my O's
Study my notes on the floor Stuck on this odyssey
Alone I be prophecy
Shooting my prophecy
Only I can see everything I can be
Fuck it I get it, I get it
I chronicle Riddick they couldn't forget it
Planning is hella specific
the start, the beginning, a Glorious Death or the ending I can't believe I existed
I'm bout to lead with a vision
I brought the heat to the kitchen
Y'all bout to sleep with the fishes
I run with the Pistons and beatin' them kittens
John B the medicine
Solo my nemesis
All on the premises
Brother got sentences
I'm moving sinister
Corner the physicist, Twelvyy ridiculous Bands, grams
Call it truce and do my dance
Why they copy, they just fans
On my momma I'm the man Bands, grams
Count it, count it, got my hands full
All this working got my hands full
Why they hating like some damn fools Mecca like Malcolm, a Biggie Medina
Exit the cleanest
Roll in the Beamer
On Amsterdam
Feel like I'm Yams, can't see me John Cena
Everything money and violence went to flatbush for a nina
Lava polemics, trade up with the chicks
Made no casino, got dope in the ringo
We high like the Beatles
Hype up on pop. lava the landing
All over the planet
And Crookin we bandits and Harlem do damage Bands, grams
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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