

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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