

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Trillmatic (feat. A\$AP Nast & Method Man)

Par A\$AP Mob

Album : Trillmatic

I need some time alone

Cold, my rhymes will turn your mind to stone

That's the work of Satan, niggas be hating but I'm a pot of gold

This ain't just me rapping, it's real and something you gots to know

Catch a mark nigga hating, get him a casket, that bastard's 'bout to go, whoa

Nasty baby I'm crazy the 90's raised me

I'm just as smart, probably smart as half the cats who play me

Brazy, dropping miss daisy hand on my strap

In my zone mind on my money like where that shit at?

I'm all alone that's my only hope

And be damned if I'mma chase that with some phony homes

On the real, it be the ones that say we got this, that you ain't alone

As long as I'm here to pull out that Glock 9 and cocked it

He mad you got rich but on the low you should've watched him

Cats conniving, head first into the livest object

That was your man now you 'bout to die quick over some fly shit

You feel reminded of your fast life ventures and winters

Blinded to the flashlight enters

I got a funky, funky style with a funky swag

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I bought the funky, funky Nikes, got the hat to match

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And when I kill 'em with the flow ain't no coming back

And when I kill 'em with the flow ain't no coming back

I got a poor man's panache, I be stretching the cash
I'm a little passive aggressive, you get a stretcher when I'm mad
For the line, manic depressive, rappers stressin' me bad
Got too many less than impressive rappers left in my path
Better yet, we gonna leave 'em left in the past
Someone slides, this time I ride, you get left in the back
Who am I? I'm a titan so be expecting a clash
Start to waving arms at you, you'd think I'm catching a cab
No questions 'cause the answers
Look at Meth, breaking bad like he cooking meth in the lab
Still a lethal weapon but try and bless him with math
Rappers never learn their lesson so I ain't lettin' 'em pass
I ain't lettin' 'em brag, I ain't lettin' 'em swag
Fuck swag, just being blunt, while I'm plucking my ash
Y'all ain't up in my class in the building
It's A\$AP Meth, quick to kill 'em, that's an ASAP death

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Straight out the back, dog, I'm Shaq strong, I'm breaking backboards

Draped in Tommy, my bitch beside me, young god body

I play the back of clubs, click a file, young as a

Fools get rowdy, ain't nothing dumb, my guns from Saudi

High off the Maui, don't trip your weed, rollin' a fonzi

You know the fronto, send to your guapo, I'm head honcho

I sport the poncho, connect Vassandro, the illest y'all know

Killing 'em pronto, my funky fresh is filthy, designer

But check my rhymes, though, my verse is like atomic bombs, yo

Haters like side hoes, I peel off in the illest Tahoe

Watch out for potholes, H leanin', that's why he drive slow

Nast Diablo, the 90's era shit in effect

Clowns be watching, best protect yah necks

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