

A\$AP Rocky (ASAP Rocky), Wild For The Night (

Wake up feelin blessed up
Pistol on that dresser
Ain't afraid to show it, I'll expose it if I dress up
Riding in that Testa-rossa nigga catch up
Sippin on that syrup, til I'm messed up, like yes sir
So now I'm getting change, people looking at me strange
Like nigga switching lanes, never changed, still the same
We fuck bitches, get paper
You fuck niggas on papers
We walk around with lasers
You probly own some tazers
Lame niggas disgrace us
They girlfriends want date us
Got different hoes, I'm pimpin hoes
You could tell about my pay stubs
My niggas getting right, smoking weed with dirty sprite
Going wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm gone

Finna wild out for the weekend
Me myself and I, my 3 friends
Niggas feelin froggy the leap in
ASAP niggas finna sneak in
Middle finger to the critics, me and my nigga Skrillex
You know we finna kill it, ASAP, we the trillest
You don't really want that Glock boy
You don't really wanna feel them shots boy
You a B boy, I'm a block boy
I'm a D boy, I'm a hot boy
Six shots got me feelin like Pac boy
Party all night, shit don't stop boy
Drunk as fuck and I'm ready to fight
Wildin for the night, fuck being polite boy

Wild for the night, fuck being polite
I'm going?
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It's the weekend and I'm creepin with my niggas
Drunk and disrespectful, calling women bitches
I don't mean no harm but won't you and your friends's
Meet us in the cut and we can do the business
God my witness that I only wanna kick it
And yo girl just said they with us
So we rollin in them Benzes
Won't you pour it up and stop the babysittin?
She got drunk as fuck and swallowed all my kids's

Back to the Mac, tats on her back
Ass so fat, hit that from the back
When it clap from the back, she clappin it back
She flat on her back and it's back to the trap
Fuck yo pack, ASAP where it's at
Fuck nigga act, get clap lay flat
Fuck yo dreams, even fuck niggas dream
Then you sleep and you won't come back from the nap
Benjamin 3 stack, it's a fact, she lives in my lap
On my Outkast, daddy fat, bitches on my sack
And you know them soakin bitches rollin reefer got me open
Wildin to the mornin with my homies, tell'em where we goin

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