

# A\$AP Rocky, Wild for the Night (Ft. Birdy Nam Nam)

## [Verse 1]

Wake up feeling 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  
Sipping on that syrup, till 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 prolly own some tasers  
Lame niggas disgrace us, they girlfriends want date us  
Got different hoes, I'm pimpin' hoes, you could tell by my paystubs  
My niggas gettin' right, smokin' weed with dirty Sprite  
I'm going wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'

## [Verse 2]

Finna wild out for the weekend, me, myself, and I – my three friends  
Nigga feeling froggy, then leap in, A\$AP niggas finna sneak in  
Middle finger to the critics, me and my nigga Skrillex  
You know we finna kill it, A\$AP 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  
Wilding for the night, fuck being polite, boy

## [Chorus]

Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'  
Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'  
I'm going wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'  
Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'

## [Verse 3]

It's the weekend and I'm creeping with my niggas  
Drunk and disrespectful, callin' women bitches  
I don't mean no harm but won't you and your friends-es  
Meet us in the cut and we can do the business  
God my witness that I only wanna kick it  
And your girl just said they with us  
So we rolling in them Benzes  
Won't you pour it up and stop the babysitting  
She got drunk as fuck and swallowed all my kids-es

## [Verse 4]

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 your pack, A\$AP where it's at  
Fuck nigga act, get clap lay flat  
Fuck your dreams, leave a punk nigga dreamin'  
Then you sleep, and you won't come back from the nap  
Benjamin Three-Stack, it's a fact, she lives in my lap  
On my Ou-Outkast, daddy fat, bitches on my sack  
And you know them smokin' bitches rolling reefer got me open  
Wildin' to the morning with my homies, tell 'em where we goin'

## [Chorus]

Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'  
Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'  
I'm going wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'  
Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'