

A Hundred Million Roses

ASAP Ferg

When I die bring a hundred million roses, pretty bad bitches making love to my posters

And my Cartiers, two lucky teeth
Threw ice in it so I feel the breeze
2 thug bitches finger poppin' Gs
(Who love the hood) they will never leave
4 model bitches stay poppin' E
On that Booger Sugar rollin' up the trees
Spit hella game and her skinny frame
Versace frame and her dirty bean
She fucked my friends then fucked my friends
This story go it'll never end
And if I die before I wake I pray that A\$AP will be great
My momma good and my girl be late
So there'll be another me and the world be straight
Damn that nigga did his thing, he took over and changed the game
His silk shirts, Versace frames
His fly ass bitches, his tight ass jeans
His dirty Benz, his Cuban links
His big ass smile, his eyes was chinked
His brown ass skin, he was lookin' gold
He really loved, God bless his soul

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Roses, bring a hundred million roses
Rose, Roses
Bring a hundred million roses

[Kid calling out:] "Fergy"

Tell that bitch I'm Fergy Ferg
Remind her I'm rich but never flipped a bird
Yes a nigga street just like a curb
Young Barrie high, fuckin' with the herb
Rest in peace, to Selena
I listen to ya sing when I'm rollin' the weed up
Mix the Cristal with Tequila
Might fuck ya bitch but I don't wanna keep her
I beats that bitch, flash back to Tina
I feel like Ike when I'm on the mic
(Check check, when I'm on the mic, 2 blonde dykes for the motherfuckin night)
And my guys are butchers, Vera Wang, Vera Wang
Slang bitches for the brain
And 40oz bounce thug bitches with the fangs
Who fill the block up with Cocaine

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