

# 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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