

Fergsomnia

ASAP Ferg

This one here
This is for Harlem
2014 was easy
We going back 2015 hard on you niggas
Suckas

I can't stop, I'm ambitious
Fucking hunnids of bitches
Put a meal on my plate
Hunnid mill on my dishes
They screaming fergsomnia
Fergsomnia, fergsomnia, fergsomnia

I won't stop till I die
I got a natural high
And I won't stop till I die
Cause I got a natural high
Now I won't stop till I die
Because I got a natural high
And I won't stop till I die
Because I got natural high
A got a stack to the sky
Next to the heavens
I see my daddy say hi
He rolling dice with a Reverend
He conversate with Jimi Hendrix
He said you used to be hot
He snuck a blunt through the pearly gates
Nigga look at his eyes
I used to hang with them drug dealers
You see his new ride?
I used to bang with them thug niggas
Salute to the sky
They screaming fergsomnia
Fergsomnia, fergsomnia, I can't sleep (yeah)
Come eat with a trill nigga
My boxers Tommy Hilfiger
You figure that you that nigga
But nigga, you ain't that nigga
My niggas come in with triggas
Bigger than two Roman pillars
And your peel on your nigga
Give you the piece like J Dilla
Getting cake like Matilda
Put you in graves like the thriller
My team will give you the chillers
Tooth fairy, don't touch my pillow
Cause I got fergsomnia
Fergsomnia, fergsomnia, I can't sleep

Now they be asking me "Twista how come your style be so vicious?"
The OG in the building but still our flow so ambitious
With the pro pimpin' from off the block
It don't matter if you spit it from off of the top
I be coming with some shit by busting the Glock
And I only fuck a bitch if I'm off of Ciroc

Everything I know I am, I know you ain't
I be doing all the shit you probably can't
Spend another green, hunnid dollar bills
And the blue is how they keeping them up in the bank
Tell em in my own words I'm the-a
Superb and I be-a
Lettin' her slob me up
Fergsomnia
We could bet a hunnid, can you match it?
Take you by the bitch and wait, call it magic
Now have a look in this and why ya finna tap it
Come into me room, what ya bout trap it
And they be endin' up in the cemetery
Get up with them niggas like I got a military
Kicking it with bitches like I'm Adam Vinatieri
Any opposition to rhyme, I kill and bury
And you know I'm making drop-top figures
Everyone with the block hot niggas
And the cuz, and the A\$AP Ferg
They be calling me Chop Chop Twista
Im just a lyrical vampire
Who be hunting paper seven days of the week
And you know that I'mma never be back into end up be calling me Dracula beca
use a nigga don't sleep
Wooh!