

P.O.L.O.

ASAP Ferg

Ooh, that man fresh
Ooh, that man fresh
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I got the, I got the, I got the, I got the, I got the
Breakfast at Tiffany's, baguette spaghetti
Too much cut on the diamond, I wear a bandage and look like Nelly, shit!
Too much cut on the hand, goddamn, I'm starting to feel like Freddy Krueger
With a bad dark-skin bitch, I feel like Tommy in Belly, shit, huh

Throwing all them Bill Cosbys, go 'head, shake that jelly
Go 'head, shake that jello
I been getting money, see the house on Zillow
Ferg, where ya been, big fellow?
I'm back on the block like J to the L.O., hello

Pull up in a Porsche all yellow and blue, I call the whip Carmelo
I eat the honey like Winnie the Pooh, then fuck that bitch in the ghetto
She eat more shrooms than Whole Foods, I ain't talking portobello
Only a boss wear a horse—my tank and shorts say P.O.L.O

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Polo down to my kicks, polo drowning my bitch
Oops—on the block, keep the polo in the pic
Got a whole Snow Beach on my wrist, I ain't talking 'bout no drip
Got a Canadian bitch in the Ritz who wanna swallow the dock

I polo the bed, I polo the head, I polo the kids
Shoutouts to the lowlifes who wear polo in bids
Stripper chick named Polite, even her pole got a switch, shit!
Call me Polonius Monk, I'm blowing a hole through this bitch

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Who dat boy fresh?
Who dat boy fresh?
Ya, ya, ya
I said, who dat boy fresh?
Who dat boy fresh?