

Pups

ASAP Ferg

Arf, arf, arf

Where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)

Where my dawgs at? (Right here, dawg)

Where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)

Now where my dawgs at?

(Frankie Mothafuckin' P)

I said get at me

I'm talkin' to you niggas with that rap beef

Get at me

Ostrich-skin seats like it's acne

Get at me

Never tacky, jeans made by Acne

Fuck Governor Pataki and Patakis

It's about to get uglier than Balenciagas

Felt bad I never finished college

Now we fuckin' cuties with booties in Dapper Dan silk pajamas

Livin' the dream, open up your eyelids

Me and Flacko on a island with a few bad bitches

How my cousin make a mil' off a du-rag business?

All my dawgs with the shit, you with a few cat litters

All the yellow with the black like the Wu back (Su)

Back when I was rentin' beds, I was still catchin' head

If I was bussin' dishes, I'd be still fuckin' bitches

Boof pack, gift wrapped just like Christmas

Gone for a minute, now I'm back, did you miss me?

Had the whole Harlem World wearin' Under Armours

Under the armors, I'm a pretty mothafuckin' comma

Gorgeous comma, pretty much about to fuck your mama

Kinda runnin' late for this meetin' with Obama

I ain't mean it to rhyme, but call me when your mind right

Meet me with your romper, CC me when the vibe right

More money, more problem, more chopper, more drama

And I got these hoes, feelin' like Mo Bamba

Where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)

Where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)

Where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)

Now where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)

Who gon' do what? My dawgs gon' tool up

Nigga, look out, 'cause look down like one, two, fucked

And we don't give two fucks

Where I'm from, you lunch, you food

Niggas called your bluff

Pockets Warren Buffett, security guard too buff

I like my songs screwed up

I own a gold toothbrush, I get my gold tooth buffed

I'ma stomp a nigga out in Timberland nubuck

Young Buck, too buck, Benz truck, new truck

Big horns, tuba, more good than Cuba

They tried to hit us like Huey with the armpits up

But we swerved through the bullets, get your targets up

Hood Pope up in this bitch, in Trap Lord we trust

Now where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)
Where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)
Where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)
Now where my dawgs at? (We right here, dawg)

I said get at me
I'm talkin' to you niggas with that rap beef
Get at me
Ostrich-skin seats like it's acne
Get at me
Never tacky, jeans made by Acne
Fuck Governor Pataki and Patakis