

Weaves

ASAP Ferg

You see that floor right there? Put your weave on it
You see that floor right there? Put your weave on it
That floor don't look right unless your weave on it
That floor don't look right unless your weave on it

Oh you look good, won't you back that ass up
You a fine motherfucker, won't you back that ass up
They call me big batty, won't you back that ass up
Girl, who is you playing with? Back that ass up

I was in Greensboro with about five women
Laying in bed, 'bout to fuck five women
Marty bitch choked cause she seen me in the linen
Put the Yoko Ono bitch like my name John Lennon
Tones got mad cause he wasn't really winning
Then he took his ass to sleep, that was only the beginning
He was tired, see, I swear
He was tired, see
I told them bitches "let's play a game"
Weave on the floor, ass up was the aim
Take clothes off, I'm about to do my thing
She make it disappear like her name David Blaine, I ain't lying
All the bitches got bucking naked
She threw that ass on me quick, wait a fucking second
Been playing with the guns so I'm bussing like a pellet
I'm fucking five bitches so a nigga acting reckless

Beyoncé want you to put a ring on it
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Do it for my niggas, niggas always seem to notice
Niggas in the cut all of these bitches getting focused
She gon' pop that pussy for a G
The spotlight is on a 10, 20 inch D
I've recorded for my niggas just in case they wanna see
She whispered in my ear, she said that she a freak
Put my hand on her lips, told a bitch "don't speak"
Keep it coming like a red nose, shake it for a treat
Said oh my god, damn it, she remind me of a masterpiece
Cause her body 'bout it, yeah, we crowd around it
And don't stop, she what, what, drop it like it's hot
That ho over the top, definition of a thot
She a threat, a threat, [?]
Like she tryna give me head
[?] shake it till your ass shots pop

After you back it up, then drop

I'm feeling like this one 'bout to pop
Feeling how Ferg was feeling when Work was 'bout to drop
Nigga, you know that feeling, that work you 'bout to cop
You paranoid cause they making you circle round the block
I jumped over you lames, I'm now hot
If I really wanted you dead already, you'd been shot
I ain't playing with you dames, I'm giving these fiends rocks
Spit it, I'm wicked with it, I cooked that up in the pot
Switching, twisting the floors, they wondering "will it stop?"
Started off at the bottom and ended up at the top
Started off with a dollar and ended up making gwop
All I had was a dream, been spitting since 17
Now I'm on all these [?]
And no, I ain't got time to diss you lame
Niggas, they ain't fucking with my pistol game
They want molly and coke, I bought Crystal Caines

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