

Bezerk

Big Sean

Yeah, yeah (Hit-Boy)
{Woah}, yeah, yeah
Sean, what up nigga? (Sean, what up nigga?)
Yeah (Yeah) Yeah, yeah
{Lil bitch}

Couple riders with them llamas if you pick a bone wit' me
Put my bitch up on designer, got Balenci' on her feet
My momma say a couple prayers, keep them demons off me
{Cause I know my head blessed, got so many reasons on me
Yeah niggas done tried and niggas done died, too many believers around me
Yeah I know my enemies meeting up, double teaming on me}
Now you know nobody tried that ever got pieces off me
Fucking these hoes 'til they be dying, don't catch a seizure on me
See, Ferg used to move the product in the whole school (Yeah)
{Thumbing through paper from last year but it's not old news} (Right)
My psycho bitch, she got me shopping up at Whole Foods
{Fucking these cougars like a young nigga s'posed to}
I got your bitch up on the mattress while I'm fly no T (Woo!)
I'm sick and tired of all the yapping, little nigga I'm your OG (Woo!)
My diamonds shining like the ball that drop on New Year's Eve (Come on!)
{And she countdown to the D, she be like "5-4-3"}

Now drop down, you a freak (Milly rock)
Bend it over, touch your feet (Yeah!)
Shake that booty, I know it's little but unique {So unique}
Back that thing up on my nigga from the D {Oh, that's me?}

Okay, back out the hearse, they trapped out the church {Woo!}
Niggas say my name, okay they asked for the worst {Come on!}
Me and A\$AP Ferg preaching back to back on the verse {Damn!}
Hit-Boy on the beat so, bitch, you gotta go berserk {That's right!}
Kill 'em all one-by-one, "Final Destination"
Fuck that medication, I'm sipping cold flu Echinacea {Come on!}
You done fucked up, I stayed up, sleep deprivation {Woo!}
They on the search nigga {Uh!} Know your worth nigga {Yeah!}
Tell the DJ bring it back, reimburse niggas {Damn}
Hum-du-allah, my finance advisors been through hell
Oh well, pshh, we on fire {Woo, woo!}
Brung her back home more times than McGuire, higher {Grr}
Trap Lord packed out the risers
{Big getting his bread, your pocket on carb diets
I just start up a riot at all the Hyatts}
And make them hoes leave right before they cook the omelettes {Woo, woo!}

Drop down {Woah} You a freak {Woah}
Bend it over (Yeah) Touch your feet {Touch your feet}
Shake that booty, I know it's little but unique {So unique}
Back that thing up on my nigga from the D {Oh, that's me?}
On God!
{Now, drop down (Down), you a freak (Hoo!)}
{Bend it over, woah (Come on!), touch your feet (Touch your feet)
Shake that booty, I know it's little but unique (So unique)}
{Then throw it back on my nigga from NYC} (Oh, that's me?)

Yeah (Yeah), yeah (Yeah)
Me and A\$AP Ferg preaching back to back on the verse

Hit-Boy on the beat so, bitch, you gotta go berserk {That's right!}