

A\$AP Rocky, Wild for the Night (Ft. Birdy Nam Nam)

[Verse 1]

Wake up feeling blessed up, pistol on that dresser
Ain't afraid to show it, I'll expose it if I dress up
Riding in that Testa...rossa, nigga catch up
Sipping on that syrup, till I'm messed up, like yes sir
So now I'm getting change, people looking at me strange
Like nigga switching lanes, never changed, still the same
We fuck bitches, get paper, you fuck niggas on papers
We walk around with lasers, you prolly own some tasers
Lame niggas disgrace us, they girlfriends want date us
Got different hoes, I'm pimpin' hoes, you could tell by my paystubs
My niggas gettin' right, smokin' weed with dirty Sprite
I'm going wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'

[Verse 2]

Finna wild out for the weekend, me, myself, and I – my three friends
Nigga feeling froggy, then leap in, A\$AP niggas finna sneak in
Middle finger to the critics, me and my nigga Skrillex
You know we finna kill it, A\$AP we the trillest
You don't really want that Glock boy
You don't really wanna feel them shots boy
You a b-boy, I'm a block boy, I'm a D boy, I'm a hot boy
Six shots got me feelin' like 'Pac, boy, party all night, shit don't stop, boy
Drunk as fuck, and I'm ready to fight
Wilding for the night, fuck being polite, boy

[Chorus]

Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'
Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'
I'm going wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'
Wild for the night, fuck being polite, I'm goin'

[Verse 3]

It's the weekend and I'm creeping with my niggas
Drunk and disrespectful, callin' women bitches
I don't mean no harm but won't you and your friends-es
Meet us in the cut and we can do the business
God my witness that I only wanna kick it
And your girl just said they with us
So we rolling in them Benzes
Won't you pour it up and stop the babysitting
She got drunk as fuck and swallowed all my kids-es

[Verse 4]

Back to the Mac, tats on her back
Ass so fat, hit that from the back
When it clap from the back, she clappin' it back
She flat on her back and it's back to the trap
Fuck your pack, A\$AP where it's at
Fuck nigga act, get clap lay flat
Fuck your dreams, leave a punk nigga dreamin'
Then you sleep, and you won't come back from the nap
Benjamin Three-Stack, it's a fact, she lives in my lap
On my Ou-Outkast, daddy fat, bitches on my sack
And you know them smokin' bitches rolling reefer got me open
Wildin' to the morning with my homies, tell 'em where we goin'

[Chorus]

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