

A\$AP Ferg (ASAP Ferg), Move Ya Hips (ft. Made

Move you hips, okay
When i be leavin', she tell me to stay
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Diamonds all on my gums
Talkin' my shit, i got runs
Hole in my jeans like i am Gringe
Fuckin' tat bitchin the buns
She suck on my dick ti; it's numb
Packets is lookin' like lunch
I am makin' a meal whan i much , woo
Move your hips, ok
When i be leaving she tell me to stay
Got a new loft in Harlem
No , Fergie ain't move to LA
Burberry on my collar
Diamnods , they still in my face
You don't want no problems
Fergie be settin' em ablaze

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All of you bitches is food
If you the opps, you gon' be singin; the blues
Feelin' like Bishop in Juice
Word to my dude, this Jimmy Choo on my shoes
All of my nigas is mack
This is a fact, this ain't no cap app
All of my bitches s bad, ord to my dad
They know we get to the bag
Move my hips , okar
Tell him to go, then i tell him to stay
Baby it;s okay
I have been havin' one hell of a day
Saint Lauren all on my shades
Ten i pul lup in a cherry Merced's , tat
Strawberry shortcake hair

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