

# Bezerk (feat. A\$AP Ferg)

## Big Sean & Hit-Boy

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 I'm out here 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)  
Al?amdulill?h, my finance advisors been through hell  
Oh well, pshh, we on fire (Woo, woo!)  
Brung her back home more times than Maguire, 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 omelets (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!)

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>