

La Luna

Action Bronson

Yo, yo, I need a car
I have to go to the garden
I'm gonna be late
I need one right now
Can we please call La Luna?
AlrightHello, you've reached La Luna Luxury Car Unlimited Services
If you need a ride to the airport call 1-800-80-80 airport
Please holdYo, what beat is that, huh?
Oh, that is funky, what is that?
Yo, what beat is that?
It's from the phone
Could rhyme on this
Oh, hell yeah, hahaha, yeah
Came out the pussy wearing Timbs
Oh, my lord, it's him
Time to put the toys back in the bin
'Cause I'm sick of this shit
Motherfucker sweeter than a licorice stick (okay)
And it's rubbing me the wrong way to say the least
I'ma save my peace
And I'ma breeze in the caprice with the gold seats
Bumpin' Boosie on a slow creep
On Collins Ave looking stoned, man, you know me
Asian shooter with the blonde hair
Street Fighter character
Fuck around and suplex 'em through the salad bar
My life is greenlit, no script
And we all know that money be the motive for this whole shit
Bitch, I'm focused like none other than number one Don Dada
Drop-top, jokes on the youngster, now look at him
Looking slim in the red '89 Testarossa with the wing
Mind blown
A customer representative will be with you shortly
Did you know we can get to you in just seven minutes?
Seven minutes
Call 1-800-80-80Your shit lack quality
I'm sittin' right behind my chick makin' pottery
My first joint was like an odyssey, ah
The second joint straight raw like the shaman's feet

Climbed the stairs to the sun
Sacrificed myself for protection of my only son
Keep the bloodline strong while I watch close
To another thousand years, here's a toast
Champagne drippin' down the beard hair
Supermodel sucking while I steer the long pink Fleetwood
Roll a big fat blunt so you know I'm gonna sleep good
NowUh
Rock-a-bye baby, yeah
Rock-a-bye baby, aha

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