

The Rockers (feat. Wiz Khalifa)

Action Bronson

Bam Bam

La musica de Harry Fraud Uh white leather to the knee, we in the tropics
Left hand is switching speeds I'm in the cockpit
Straight from Flushing man, we known for using chopsticks
Problems getting dealt with, never pop shit
Hit you with the dropkick, Marty Jannetty
Know I hit you with the dropkick, Marty Jannetty
Know I hit you with the dropkick, Marty Jannetty
Know I hit you with that dropkick, Marty Jannetty Rock this Shawn Kemp, kamikaze
Burning cheese, Saganaki (on fire)
Greek shit, whole team sick
Hold bitches from Cleveland on my dick because I rap
Fuck it, make it clap
Throw the money in the air then pick it up
I'll take that back, bitch
Homie hold me down
Homie throw me phony pounds
The scent of dollars like some crispy garlic golden brown
Addicted but ain't nothing prescribed
Baby clams from Montauk, mix it up with the linguistics
Bitch I'm high White leather to the knee, we in the tropics
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Know I hit you with the dropkick, Marty Jannetty
Know I hit you with that dropkick, Marty Jannetty Uh, know I hit you with that hot shit
Straight up off the block, roll up pot shit
Niggas just don't wanna go to school
Act like they are, but they not sick
Money all up in my pocket, putting diamonds in errything
See me out I look rich as fuck, clothes smelling like Mary Jane
Ride coastal been on every plane
Say these guys close, but these guys loco
When they see me they non-vocal
High as fuck I need bifocals
Kush got me moving slo-mo
Steak and eggs in my dojo

It's some Gs in there
Need some weed? I'm there
All these cars I own, ain't no keys in there
Tapping young niggas out, rolling weed out an ounce
Now I got a bigger crib
Reppin' what I livin' about
My hair long, my weed strong, so they staring
My weed strong, my money long, I ain't caring
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