Chop Chop Chop

Action Bronson

Shh, it's okay, it's okay
It's okay, it's okay, mmm...
Damn, you taste good
Damn you, motherfucker, mmm...Uh, yeah, ah (inhaling and exhaling smoke)
It's me, uhThe wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop
Said the wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
All up and down the block, block, block
The wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop
Said the wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
All up and down the block, block, block
Kelly Slater couldn't ride this wave
Or those dudes from The Endless Summer
We gettin' bent until the sun up
You gettin' wet up if you run up
(Hold on, yeah, uh-huh)
Man, the blunt burn for longer
Than the whole Badu concert
And while I was walking back to the whip
And still had a fat clip
I threw it on the floor and said, "Shit"
The whole ride back I ain't say shit
'Cause sometimes I be devastated
I need the feeling like I'm levitating
In the lotus flower pose
With patience's with power shows
They say that I been sculpted with a Pharaoh's nose
I like to think that I got Darryl's nose
It's like it's 1986 again, in Flushing, Queens for real
Fuck the way you feel
I love the way I feel
It's like it's 1986 again, in Flushing, Queens for real
Fuck the way you feel
Fuck the way you feel, pussy
The wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop

Chop, chop, chop
Said the wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
All up and down the block, block, block
The wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop
Chop, chop, chop
Said the wheels on the Range go chop, chop, chop
All up and down the block, block, blockLo duca e io per quel cammino ascoso
Intrammo a ritornar nel chiaro mondo;
E sanza cura aver d'alcun riposo
Salimmo sÃ¹, el primo e io secondo
Tanto ch'i' vidi de le cose belle
Che porta 'l ciel, per un pertugio tondo
E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/