

Cocaine

The Lonely Island

AHHHH
Snort snort snort the cocaine (x3)
Snort-y snort snort the cocaine
Ohhhhhh
Drop the biggest bump I ever hit
Damnnnn
Yo fucking chop another kid
I wanna do it til my face falls off
Til my tongue's so numb that the taste fall off
I do blow
And boy I do it viciously
Lie to my face and that mother fucker's history
Cocaine cocaine
China bright, snow white
Rolled to a rave
And steal a mother fucker's glow light
Keep my dough right
Man these white lines bite
Make me bleed out my mother fucking eyes tonight
So highhhhh
Nose like a power vac
Girls rub me down just to get into my powder sack
On the power track
So I drink to my health
Lift the rail off the mirror and I wink to myself
No needle in my vein
I got to maintain
A bitch like me is doing cocaine
Snort snort snort the cocaine (x3)
Snort-y snort snort the cocaine
Snort snort snort the cocaine (x3)
Snort-y snort snort the cocaine
I like to do the cokey-coke
You'll never see me smokey-smoke
Never buy, already broke-broke
Pass me a dollar and I'll roll it up
For me though
Were gonna sell and cut tonight
Uhhh huhhh

I'm gonna yell and fuck tonight
Uhhh huhhh
I'm gonna press my luck tonight
Uhh huhh
Motha fuckas better duck tonight
Uhh huhh
Doing lines off my face with a bendy straw
Pick up my whole car in half with a bendy saw
There ain't enough room for me in this town
And once my dick gets hard it'll never go down
A to the N to the DER to the SON
When it comes to getting gacked we stay number one
While others split a grab, we be sniffing a ton
And we never fucking stop until the bag is done
I walk in the party with my dick in my hand
And straight to the bathroom with my dick in my hand
You wanna step up I got the brick in my hand
Then leave your ass face down with my dick in my hand
Denis A. I hit the yay all day
Went to your party must stay all day
Hit you in the brain

Leave your face ug-lay
Andersons give a fuck what ya'll say.
Philip Anderson looking for action
Dear God on the floor
Call the chain reaction
Step up
You better learn how to act son
No go
You better hit the track bud
Arnold A., but the girls call me Arny
Do more blows than the Columbian army
Made my name in the hyrdogame
Now I play all day on my hydroplane.
Tell me if your nose froze
Girls with no clothes
Then your face pushed in
For that shit that you stole
We cut your shit with ay jack so products bump
And it sits a hundred grand out the back of my trunk
When no radio play you can't fuck with Philip A.
Andersons mother fucker till my dying day
While you were horse faced, running
Tryin to get the crowd hyped

We was in the back
Sippin yack
Startin fist fights
Ohh
I hit the light when I spin on your girl
Turn around and do a line
And I spit on your girl
Haaaa
That's the sound of my laughter
My grove takes my life
To a live firecracker
Never sleep
All my dreams end in disaster
Life in the fast lane just got faster
What's your name?
Arny A., call me Mr. What
Last to pass out
And the first to fuck
And whatchya do?
Sell snow
Man, all the blow
The mother fucking pipe,
Pipe arose me though
What's your name?
Denny A., soft soother with the luga
Hit more keys than the ones on your computer
Whatchya do?
Anything, anywhere, anytime and place
You try to shake my hand I'll punch you in the face
What's your name?
Philip A., known as bobby flay
Cuz I cook that coke up everyday
And whatchya do?
Drink, fuck, snort, shoot and fight
Ya fuck with Phil ya gonna fuck all night
What's ya name?
Anderson, the family's here
The one that you love, and hate and fear
And whatchya do?
Known to party every night and day
Try to make us leave but we're still gonna stay