

# Rock 'n Roll

## Daft Punk

Hey little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi, you know me  
Have you flying in the air like you living on a bird, ow  
We on the corner serving that rock n roll, rock n roll, rock n roll  
Posted on the corner with that rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll  
Willie Nelson nigga, we run flusty  
Crocodile hat, cowboy rap, hammer game trusty  
Diamonds on from Ghana, Boca retire in a yacht  
With the middle name Lex, pop my llama  
Movies get made in HD, me against your eighty-three  
I'm a scout, face it so scrape me  
It's nothing you can do with my real niggas  
Not the ones I rest my head with, my son a real cool piranha, yeah  
Two wheel scooters, the new Rugers  
Floating through the Beverly Center  
Counting ten up with my shooter  
All of these is high powered, Bob Dylan style, my nigga  
Posted up, yeah, front and then master child  
Titanium hustler, switch color, most of them rich brothers'll  
Hold they own, fuck it and switch nuggets  
Luggage's, the real shit, who kill shit  
Niggas is nothing, blow a blunt, we peel shit, what?  
Hey little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi, you know me  
Have you flying in the air like you living on a bird, ow  
We on the corner serving that rock n roll, rock n roll, rock n roll  
Posted on the corner with that rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll  
Hey, little mama, have you ever took a hit of Mick Jagger?  
Yeah, I bet it will blast ya  
Now take a hit of this rock n roll, rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll  
It's some powerful shit  
Everything platinum, even my baggage  
You want a platinum rock? Then go see Larry  
He got the yellow hat, yellow Max's here, looking like me  
With a yellow back, pretty long hair  
Suck a dick like a wind stepping  
With Bobby Brown on speed dial, his ex gal stayed on a check  
I got that Mickey, baby, little mama  
I got the bomb, call me Tom Brady  
Move like a running back, 21 Tomlinson  
Know how to push it back, you should pay homaging

Shit is too potent, make you feel like vomiting  
Your black, white birds can give me five like Donovan  
Pop the champagne for the illest hustler in the game  
I got the Pink Floyd eyes on all day  
And I ain't even mention my deals yet  
'Cause I don't wanna have you freaked out over this real shit  
Hey little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi, you know me  
Have you flying in the air like you living on a bird, ow  
We on the corner serving that rock n roll, rock n roll, rock n roll  
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Hey, little mama, have you ever took a hit of Mick Jagger?  
Yeah, I bet it will blast ya  
Now take a hit of this rock n roll, rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll  
It's some powerful shit  
Joe, hoe stand up, we in the building  
Let the birds fly, rock star to my heart  
Anything else, uncivilized  
Go  
Rock star like you Red Hot Chilli Peppers  
I can't front this red drop got me feeling extra  
I drop the top so I can show the stones  
I got the sour so I'm Rolling Stones  
I'm popping shit on my mobile phone  
I never slip 'cause I keep the fully loaded chrome  
And half my niggas even stay a fan  
That's why we pour liquor for the Grateful Dead  
(We miss you)  
And where I'm from it's either Guns or Roses  
And fuck with me, you need a bunch of roses  
And lord knows I keep the Led Zeppelin  
A nigga front and then we back wrestling  
And you can tell when bitches feeling me  
We got that white girl, nigga, Sheila E.  
Diplomats, we the eagle  
We finna be greater than The Beatles, go  
Hey little mama, I got some of that Bon Jovi, you know me  
Have you flying in the air like you living on a bird, ow  
We on the corner serving that rock n roll, rock n roll, rock n roll  
Posted on the corner with that rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll  
Hey, little mama, have you ever took a hit of Mick Jagger?  
Yeah, I bet it will blast ya  
Now take a hit of this rock n roll, rock n roll, r-r-rock n roll  
It's some powerful shit  
And Brother Chin-Chang, I'm sorry, he he

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