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
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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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