Frankie Sinatra (Extended Mix)

The Avalanches

Ah, Frankie Sinatra, ah, Frank Sinatra
Frankie me boy you don't know
You have the perfect voice to sing calypso (what did they say?)Ah, Frankie Sinatra, ah, Frank Sinatra
Frankie me boy you don't know
You have the perfect voice to sing calypso (what did they say?)Ah, Frankie Sinatra, ah, Frank Sinatra
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You have the perfect voice to sing calypso (what did they say?)
Frankie me boy you don't know
You have the perfect voice to sing calypsoOff this rocker
He's off his rocker
Please Mr. Officer I only had some vodka
Little marijuana, just a few Vicodin
Only reefer surfin' out here while I'm driving
Where your registration, OG license
'Cause of that interior your bitch wanna ride this
Great grand volka dick got low-jack
White hoes calling and they asking where the dope atWhat? Whatever
Modern-day Samuel, I roll with that Sinatra
Off a pastor's prayer and we're off like my daka
Listen to the soundtrack, written on maracas
M I A and the joker sent from the Sri LankaI divide and conquer, rolling Willy Wonka
Baby momma wanna suck the Don off at the concert
And they gets no pay like Frank Sinatra, bitch
I do this shit my way
Like Frank Sinatra, bitch
Do this shit my wayAh, Frankie Sinatra, ah, Frank Sinatra
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You have the perfect voice to sing calypso (what did they say?)Ah, Frankie Sinatra, ah, Frank Sinatra
Frankie me boy you don't know
You have the perfect voice to sing calypso (what did they say?)
Frankie me boy you don't know
You have the perfect voice to sing calypsoI'm so high, you're so high
If I take another sip, then I just might die
Take another sip then I just might lie
Tell her what she wanna hear just to get between them thighs
Underground they got us on top of the world
Took the bitch for oysters, now my tongue on her pearl

So fuck what you say, do this shit my way
Like Frank Sinatra, bitch, do this shit my wayTake some vodka, sip slow rocka-ah
I rip rhymes since the day of Frankie Crocker-ah
Photo stocking stock
Known for his killing right hook to make rocky braThat's no poppy cock pirate
Who can keep blindly, or can keep bliery
Tie lee, or keep it one hunnid
From the hikes and all the lights solemn come from one fitCome with that headbanger boogie for that ass
Would have gave that whoolie give ten nookies for the cash
Dash, dip slow on that marijuan'
Or maybe he go sing Calypso like Farrakhan
Or Frank Sinatra, mon

Songwriters
Anthony Di Blasi, Oscar Hammerstein II, Danny Brown, Daniel Dumile, Wilmoth Houdini, Richard Rodgers, Robbie ChaterPublished by
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