

Biking (Solo)

Frank Ocean

Arm stretch a tee like I nailed it
Raf movin' slow like a creep
Shirt in the breeze like I'm sailin'
And I walk in my sleep, I can't help that (I can't)
When's the last time I asked for some help that
I couldn't get from nobody else, yeah?
I couldn't get from nobody out there (I can't)
When's the last time I asked for some help that
I couldn't get from nobody else, yeah?
Nobody
I don't get weak in the knees
Hundreds spread out like a fan
Vert feel like some Gucci sandals
Open the sky, get a handful
Torso marked up like a vandal
How you not fuckin' with cash?
God gave you what you could handle
Gave you what you could handle
I got the grip like the handle
And I'm bikin'
I'm bikin' with me and my Daniel
Hades got the angels
TV's got the angles
I'm brakin'... got...
Bikin', I'm bikin', I'm bikin' slow-mo
Maybe the four wheel excitin' us mo'
I'm cold when the temperatures dip below 70s
How can I be burr around L.A. coast?
The diamonds is plural, the Tiffany brooch
On my lapel, at the table, I'm givin' a toast
The first wedding that I've been in my twenties
Thinkin' maybe someone is not somethin' to own
Maybe the government got nothin' to do with it
Thinkin' maybe the feeling just comes and it goes
Think I want me a lil' one that look like my clone
Me and my baby can't do on our own
I landed a trick, got my impossibles
I'm fuckin' with Addy, I'm watchin' my dose
24 hours like they never close

I'm bikin', I'm bikin', I'm bikin' these blocks, yeah
Since Ben Baller sold all his ice up at Slauson, ooh
I'm bikin' uphill and it's burnin' my quads (obstacles)
I'm bikin' downhill and it sound like a fishin' rod
Savage, is bikin', yeahTransition lightning (ascending)
Ashes and reminisce of ballers
Body to study
A Bentley that used to be flawless
I'm high up, the raindrops keep falling
Scattered, the showers
Don't scaffold the towers
I'm up, mom, I promise
In class with the honors
No cheat like I'm honest
And how did I become so accomplished?
'cause I don't see foes
I just see a cold
I just see a hold
Chinks in your armor
Like Pac in the Hummer
Like Jigga in the summer
Left the house like Obama
Hit the road like a runner
Hit the road like Road Runner
I'm biking, I'm biking, I'm bikingI don't get weak in the knees
Hundreds spread out like a fan
Vert feel like some Gucci sandals
Open the sky, get a handful
Torso marked up like a vandal
How you not fuckin' with cash?
God gave you what you could handle
Gave you what you could handle
I got the grip like the handle
And I'm bikin'
I'm bikin' with me and my Daniel
Hades got the angels
TV's got the angles
I'm brakin'Got, got me fucked up
Got a million dollar bike
Got a million dollar bike
Got, got me fucked up
Got me fucked up, up
Million dollar bike
Got, got me fucked up, up
Million dollar bike

Got, got me fucked up
Got a million dollar bike
Got a million dollar bike
Got, got me fucked up
Got me fucked up, up
Million dollar bike
Got, got me fucked up, up
Million dollar bike

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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