

Can A Drummer Get Some

Travis Barker

Can a drummer get some
Can a drummer get some
Can a drummer get some
Can a drummer get some
Can a, can a drummer get
can a, can a drummer get
Can, can a drummer get
(Can a drummer get some) Boom, guess who stepped in the room
Dressed in black diamonds like a f-cking monsoon
Back from the dead but they never found my killer
So I jumped up out this grave like Michael Jackson in thriller
Iller than most emcee's cause I be killin' 'em
Most emcee's turn into ghost emcee's
Yeah, give a drummer some
If 32 seville when that all black Hummer run
Face off, Nicholas Cage with a gauge
I'm famous for killin' rappers, my style, grenade
Cook shit like Rae, the chef Raekwon
The beats are filet mignon without the A1.
Who walk like a pitbull, You' who bitch please
I ate your favourite rapper's heart out with a 16
Didn't hit the switch on something with fiends
Make money with Ruff Ryders, homie, thats Swizz Cheese! Can a drummer get some
Can a drummer get some
Can a drummer get some
Can a drummer get some
Can a, can a drummer get
can a, can a drummer get
Can, can a drummer get
(Can a drummer get some) Bang, guess who checked in the game
Smoke in the air like LeBron James
Running this shit like he Ron Dayne
Pull out my dick and just pee on flames
She on Wayne, but she ain't what I be on
I'm Leon, I pee on you pee-on's for eon's
I'm in my prime like Deion
I'mma shine like neon
I'm a Lion like Leon
But I'm 'bout to go off, cause that is all I know of I don't have to show y'all, I'd rather show off

Yeah, Travis on the Drums
 Travis on the beat
 Wayne got the smoke and Game got the heat
 Weezy F I'm an F'ing star
 Haha, get it' I'm an FN star
 Ha, and it's the Rock you bastards
 If I'm the rockstar, will rock you bastards
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a, can a drummer get
 can a, can a drummer get
 Can, can a drummer get
 (Can a drummer get some)
 Tupac and Juice riding ' on the loose
 King James round my neck, haters wish it was a noose
 Long Maybach and I wish it was a coupe
 Kush out the jar, car smellin' like duke
 Quarter milli on the seat, yeah I know I'm a goof
 Designer underwear she knows I'm a goose
 Got the wide body I'm a fat muthaf-cker
 In Swahili I'm screaming 'stack muthaf-cker'
 Ya homie won't stop until I decide to
 Until then I'm making rollie's for the homies to ride to
 Smokes on the folds, folks wanna know
 Bitch I'mma boss, best foots on the blow
 Keep the hat pulled over, Big P on the front
 Travis on the drums, big weed on the blunt
 Being Savage where I'm from, Girls manage from the jump
 Don't trap me like a punk, Travis handing me the pumps, so'
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a, can a drummer get
 can a, can a drummer get
 Can, can a drummer get
 (Can a drummer get some)
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a drummer get some
 Can a, can a drummer get
 can a, can a drummer get
 Can, can a drummer get
 (Can a drummer get some)

Songwriters

TAYLOR, JAYCEON / ROBERTS, WILLIAM / BARKER, TRAVIS / DEAN, KASSEEM / CARTER,
DWAYNEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.,
Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents
pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>