

Paisano's Wylin'

Andy Mineo

Swerve

Banzini

Uhh, FugetaboutitPaisanos wylin

Paisanos wylin

Paisanos wylin

Paisanos wylin

Uhh

Red wine on errthing

Red wine on errthing

Red wine on errthing

Last call, it won't cost you anything

I stay wylin

I stay wylin

I stay wylin

Paisanos wylin

Banzini

Say I won't rock Fubu, sucka

I don't do what you do, sucka

Waka Flocka Waka Waka

Westside like I'm 2Pac-a

(Westsiiiiide!)

Hdddddd like I'm Chewbacca

(Star Wars, boy!)

Hdddddd like I'm ChewbaccaYo, I might just throw a Buddha round my necklace

They think paisano's wylin, that boy reckless

Cuz erryboy rockin Jesus pieces

I'm just doin what y'all doin, wearing stuff I don't believe in

Yuuup

You don't need skill for new rap

Check the first verse

You know I proved that

Takin them selfies, girl why would you do that?

You know it's whack, and I do not approve that

I said rewind I don't mean where the booze at

I'm talkin an offer you just can't refuse that

On a swag boat, I'm the captain

You can walk the plank for the yapping

Boooooooi!

Hey yo, rappers carry my mother's groceries, dog

Out of respeeect!Thirty chains around my neck
Mr. T and velour sweat
I got em like what's next?
I'm gonna be like an acappella
Social Club be them good fellas
Only good cause He met us
I'm a big mess, and couldn't be better
Annnnnh, whatever, whatever I'm wylin!
Wylin, wylin, wylin
It's the 116 and the Misfits, and we wylin
Hey, yo, put my mom on the guest list
I'm so awkward it's impressive
Girl's like who the heck's this
You're kinda weird, but I respect it
I'm just young, Italian, and reckless, and we wylin!Listen, under normal circumstances
When someone's running their piehole
Just give 'em a good smack to the face
But I don't handle things the way I used to
I am a Christian boy now, you understand? CapicÃ©?
Listen, you keep on running your piehole
And I'm gonna take you over to my grandmother's house
For a nice Sunday dinner
She'll have the (insert Italian food[?])
We'll have a real good time
When you can't eat anymore
We'll have her open up the fridge
And take out the canolis
And the pustard shots
And keep feeding you
And feeding you and feeding you
Eh?
Then I'm gonna drive you home
Throw you in the bathroom, lock the door
And burn every piece of toilet paper you own
You schmutzGod bless you and your family

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