

# Wolfpack

## Action Bronson

Just tell me how high you are  
I don't know, what are you giving me?  
Just tell- just tell everyone how high you are  
No, I can't talk, I'm not telling anyone  
I'm not telling anyone  
Can you please-  
Are you recording me?  
No I'm not, can you just-  
You are lying  
Can you please tell them?  
I-I can't describe it, I am so high  
That's it, it's like I'm tripping  
Yeah, Yeah  
Yeah, Yeah (Wolfpack) Puerto Rican Air Force One's at the wedding (Uh)  
I'm only speaking truth  
Uh, I might open up for Bruce (I might)  
My own horn I don't really mean to toot  
Sign big deals with yarmulkes on and suede gloves  
It's safe to say your boy done came up  
Too much lobster on the plane, the plane won't stay up (Uh)  
Bitch, I'm butt naked, laid up  
Yo, what the fuck?  
(Wolfpack)  
This dick'll make an R&B chick write a song  
About the rain when it falls and the pain that it causes (Uh, uh)  
And how she always wakin' up alone?  
And now Bronson gotta call Tyrone (Gotta call Tyrone)  
Fuck that, I'm tryna blow smoke towards the moon  
Till my mind start racing like zoom  
I'm hotter than when Bow Wow dropped in the summer  
Girls scream and I hop into the Hummer like  
Uh, I'm a teenage heartthrob  
You smoke little blunts like Kevin Hart's arms (Uh)  
My bloodline predate Aardvark and large shark (Uh)  
And cookin' flesh off of charred bark (Aaah!)  
(Wolfpack, wolfpack) I shot dope before I wrote this  
Sniffed coke and did aerobics by the ocean  
This is Blue Chips 7 not Usher (Uh)  
Big muskets get squeezed like mustard

And motherfuckers flee off in the Nissan (Uhh)  
They say that life is like a see-saw  
I roll solo, why I got these extra seats for?  
Hit eject, watch him free fall (Aaaaaah!)  
Better use both fucking feet, dog! Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Bam Bam, Blue Chips 7  
My Blue Heaven  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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