

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.

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