

Popcorn

Saturday Night Fever

Let's go
I'm the man but I don't need an anchor
You wanna get fly meet me at the hanger
 You wanna pop, pop champagne
 Boy met the world but I got Topanga
 I beat it up like danga, danga, danga
 So slick on the track, Paul Anka
 What you sour for, you got a canker?
 Don't hate I don't need that anger
 Put in the air like partridges
 Get blown like Nintendo cartridges
 And we smoke the whole thing, no portioning
 'Cause we came up from orphans to fortunate
 Now we're back in your face like cortisone
 Buck's blunt the size of a cordless phone
 The beat keep's knocking but no one's home
We blow up the stage then tour the showMmm, I bet you like that, huh
 Feet up on your chair, you like that, uh
 Weed in the air, you like that, uh
 Don't stare; we don't like that, nah
 Hmm, I bet you like that, huh
 Feet up on your chair, you like that, uh
 Weed in the air, you like that, uh
 Don't stare; we don't like that, nahNo, ha ha, it's just crazy
 It's like, it's like rum and coke for my ears
 Bellemnont style, just smooth
 Hi Facebook, ha ha
 Take that

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