

# Popcorn

## Oldies

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  
Bellemont style, just smooth  
Hi Facebook, ha ha  
Take that

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