

# Easy Rider

## Action Bronson

Praise the lord, I was born to drive boat  
Feeling like Slash in front of the chapel  
I'm leaned back with the Les Paul  
Shit I smoke is like cholesterol  
Spilled dressin' on the vest at the festival,  
The best of all, had a midget Puerto Rican at my beck and call  
Best believe that there was neck involved  
Fucked around and almost wrecked the Saab  
Uh, we took acid for ten days straight up in the mountains  
Started running with the stallions  
Playing frisbee in the West Indies, did the tango with my kidneys  
Eyes open, now I know just who my kids need  
Rockin' very loose pants, yeah  
Rockin' very loose pants, yeah  
Bury a million in the sand, by the clock tower  
Before I die, take a hot shower  
Ride the Harley into the sunset, Ride the Harley into the sunset  
Ride the Harley into the sunset, Ride the Harley into the sunset  
By chance I seen her in the lobby of the Ritz  
With her man, the one that swings a hockey stick  
I was wearing all white, and my hair was looking precious  
Shit, I might cop a chest and a dresser  
A little machine to make espresso  
I heard your bitch still wears Ecko  
Hide the drugs behind the box of De Cecco  
Live from the Expo, it's me  
I wear the wolf in the winter, steer the coupe from the center  
Who gives a fuck, I'm a sinner  
I had dreams of fuckin' Keri Hilson in my Duncans  
Woke up naked at the Hilton with a bitch that look like Seal's cousin  
Bite the eel by the dozen (Got to take it for the team)  
Bite the eel by the dozen  
Pump the bass in the trunk, shit rattled like a baby hand  
Except this toy cost 80 grand  
And I'm crazy tan, from all the places that I've been  
Just from writing words with a pen  
Tell the pilot "Land the plane" on Roosevelt and Main  
Put a jacuzzi on the seven train  
And lay John Coltrane play with that cocaine face  
I know your crabs from that Old Bay taste  
The brass band was seven pieces, my bitch's name is Peaches  
We got twin Mac elevens with the features

Shit you barely got sneaker money  
So much dick in their mouths, that's why these motherfuckers speaking funny  
You need to speak clearer dear, cause I can't hear ya (I can't hear ya)  
You need to speak clearer dear, cause I can't hear ya  
The Magic Johnson of the game  
These lames don't want to play with me  
Smile on your face, but I really know you hatin' me  
I know you mad, cause I'm sick, and it's plain to see, it's me  
Ride the Harley into the sunset  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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