

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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