

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, Wolfpack)
Puerto Rican Air Force 1's at the wedding
I'm only speaking truth
Uh, I might open up for Bruce
My own horn I don't really mean to toot
Sign big deals with yamakass 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
Bitch I'm butt naked layed 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
And how she always wakin' up alone
And now Bronson gotta call Tyrone
Fuck that, I'm tryna blow smoke towards the moon
Until 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
My bloodline predate Aardvark and large shark
And cookin' flesh off of charred bark

(Wolfpack)
I shot dope before I wrote this
Sniffed coke and did aerobics by the ocean
This is Blue Chips 7 not Usher
Big muskets get squeezed like mustard
And mother fuckers flee off in the Nissan
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
Better use both fucking feet dog

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Bam Bam, Blue Chips 7
My Blue Heaven