

# Paisano's Wylin

Andy Mineo

Serve  
Banzini  
Uhh  
Fugetaboutit

Paisano's wylin  
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Uhh  
Red wine on errrthing  
Red wine on errrthing  
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Last call, it won't cost you anything  
I stay wylin  
I stay wylin  
I stay wylin  
Paisano's wylin

Banzini  
Say I won't rock Fubu, sucka  
I don't do what you do, sucka  
Waka Flocka Waka Waka  
Westside like I'm 2Pac-a  
(Westsiiiiide!)  
Hrrrrrrrr like I'm Chewbacca  
(Star Wars, boy!)  
Hrrrrrrrr like I'm Chewbacca

Yo, I might just throw a Buddha round my necklace  
They think paisano's wylin, that boy reckless  
Cuz erryboy rockin Jesus pieces  
I'm just doin what y'all doin, wearing stuff I don't believe in  
Yuuup  
You don't need skill for new rap  
Check the first verse  
You know I proved that  
Takin them selfies, girl why would you do that?  
You know it's wack, and I do not approve that  
I said red wine I don't mean where the booze at  
I'm talkin an offer you just can't refuse that  
On a swag boat, I'm the captain  
You can walk the plank for the yapping  
Booooooi!

Hey yo, rappers carry my mother's groceries, dawg  
Out of respeeect!

Thirty chains around my neck  
Mr. T and velour sweat  
I got em like what's next?  
I'm gonna be like an acappella  
Social Club be them good fellas  
Only good cause He met us  
I'm a big mess, and couldn't be better  
Annnnnh, whatever, whatever I'm wylin!  
Wylin, wylin, wylin

It's the 116 and the Misfits, and we wylin  
Wylin, wylin, wylin  
Hey, yo, put my mom on the guest list  
I'm so awkward it's impressive  
Girl's like who the heck's this  
You're kinda weird, but I respect it  
I'm just young, Italian, and reckless, and we wylin!

Listen, under normal circumstances  
When someone's running their piehole  
Just give 'em a good smack to the face  
But I don't handle things the way I used to  
I am a Christian boy now, you understand? Capicé?  
Listen, you keep on running your piehole  
And I'm gonna take you over to my grandmother's house  
For a nice Sunday dinner  
She'll have the kirchoff flakes  
The fresh mozzarella, the marinara  
We'll have a real good time  
When you can't eat anymore  
We'll have 'er open up the fridge  
And take out the canolis  
And the pustard shots  
And keep feeding you  
And feeding you and feeding you  
Eh?  
Then I'm gonna drive you home  
Throw you in the bathroom, lock the door  
And burn every piece of toilet paper you own  
You schmutz  
God bless you and your family