

Paisano's Wylin

Andy Mineo

Swerve
Banzini
Uhh
Fugetaboutit

Paisano's wylin
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Uhh
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
Annnnh, 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