

# Frankie Sinatra

## The Avalanches

I'm Frankie Sinatra, I'm Frank Sinatra  
Frankie me boy don't know  
You have the perfect voice to sing calypso (What did they say?)

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Off this rocker  
He's off his rocker  
Please Mr officer I only had some vodka  
Little marijuana just a few Vicadin  
Only reefer surfin' out here where I'm driving  
Where your registration, OG license  
Because of that interior your bitch wanna ride this

(?) dick got low-jack  
White hoes calling and they asking where the dope at  
(?) Sinatra  
I divide and conquer, rolling Willy Wonka  
Baby momma wanna (?) at the concert  
And they gets no pay like Frank Sinatra (?)  
I do this shit my way like Frank Sinatra bitch  
Do this shit my way

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I'm so high, you're so high  
If I take another sip, then I just might die  
Take another sip then I just might lie  
Tell her what she hear just to get between them thighs  
Underground (?) world  
So f\*\*k what you say, do this shit my way  
Like Frank Sinatra, bitch, do this shit my way

Take some vodka, sip slow rocka ock  
Writ rhymes since the days with Frankie Crocker rock  
From more stocky stock

Known for his illy right hook to make Rocky block  
That's no poppy cock pirate  
We can keep it irie, or we can keep it irate  
Dilate  
We keep it 100  
From the hikes and all the lights  
And Southern Comfort, muff it  
Come with that headbanger boogie for that ass  
Villain give a bully ten noogies for the cash  
Dash, dip slow on a marathon  
Or maybe he go sing Calypso like Farrakhan  
Or Frank Sinatra mon

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You have the perfect voice to sing calypso (what did they say?)  
Frankie my boy, (?) you'll sell two million copies or more