The Avalanches, Frankie Sinatra

Oh Frankie Sinatra, oh 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 Vicodin
Only reefer surfin' out here where I'm driving
Where your registration, OG license
Because of that interior your bitch wanna ride this
Plate red bold cat, dick got LoJack
White hoes calling and they asking where the dope at
What? Whatever
Modern day Sammy hit I wrote with that Sinatra
All for pasta, spray in her mouth like Binaca
Listening to salsa, rhythm of maracas
M.I.A. on the job sipping in Sri Lanka
I divide and conquer, rolling Willy Wonka
Baby momma wanna suck the dong up at the concert
And they gets no pay like Frank Sinatra bitch
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 wanna hear just to get between them thighs
Underground nigga but on top of the world
Shucked the bitch for oyster, now my tongue on the pearl
So fuck what you say, do this shit my way
Like Frank Sinatra, bitch, do this shit my way

Tanks of 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 heights of Northern Lights
To Southern Comfort, one fifth
Come with that headbanger boogie for that ass
Villain give a bully ten noogies for the cash
Or dash, dip slow on a marathon

Or maybe he gon' sing Calypso like Farrakhan
Oh Frank Sinatra, man!

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