

# Biking (feat. JAY Z & Tyler, the Creator)

## Frank Ocean

Arm stretch a tee like I nailed it  
Raf movin' slow like a creep  
Shirt in the breeze like I'm sailin'  
And I walk in my sleep, I can't help that (I can't)  
When's the last time I asked for some help that  
I couldn't get from nobody else, yeah?  
I couldn't get from nobody out there (I can't)  
When's the last time I asked for some help that  
I couldn't get from nobody else, yeah?  
Nobody  
I don't get weak in the knees  
Hundreds spread out like a fan  
Vert feel like some Gucci sandals  
Open the sky, get a handful  
Torso marked up like a vandal  
How you not fuckin' with cash?  
God gave you what you could handle  
Gave you what you could handle  
I got the grip like the handle  
And I'm bikin'  
I'm bikin' with me and my Daniel  
Hades got the angels  
TV's got the angles  
I'm brakin'... got...  
Bikin', I'm bikin', I'm bikin' slow-mo  
Maybe the four wheel excitin' us mo'  
I'm cold when the temperatures dip below 70s  
How can I be burr around L.A. coast?  
The diamonds is plural, the Tiffany brooch  
On my lapel, at the table, I'm givin' a toast  
The first wedding that I've been in my twenties  
Thinkin' maybe someone is not somethin' to own  
Maybe the government got nothin' to do with it  
Thinkin' maybe the feeling just comes and it goes  
Think I want me a lil' one that look like my clone  
Me and my baby can't do on our own  
I landed a trick, got my impossibles  
I'm fuckin' with Addy, I'm watchin' my dose  
24 hours like they never close  
I'm bikin', I'm bikin', I'm bikin' these blocks, yeah  
Since Ben Baller sold all his ice up at Slauson, ooh  
I'm bikin' uphill and it's burnin' my quads (obstacles)

I'm bikin' downhill and it sound like a fishin' rod  
Savage, is bikin', yeah Transition lightning (ascending)  
Ashes and reminisce of ballers  
Body to study  
A Bentley that used to be flawless  
I'm high up, the raindrops keep falling  
Scattered, the showers  
Don't scaffold the towers  
I'm up, mom, I promise  
In class with the honors  
No cheat like I'm honest  
And how did I become so accomplished?  
'cause I don't see foes  
I just see a cold  
I just see a hold  
Chinks in your armor  
Like Pac in the Hummer  
Like Jigga in the summer  
Left the house like Obama  
Hit the road like a runner  
Hit the road like Road Runner  
I'm biking, I'm biking, I'm biking I don't get weak in the knees  
Hundreds spread out like a fan  
Vert feel like some Gucci sandals  
Open the sky, get a handful  
Torso marked up like a vandal  
How you not fuckin' with cash?  
God gave you what you could handle  
Gave you what you could handle  
I got the grip like the handle  
And I'm bikin'  
I'm bikin' with me and my Daniel  
Hades got the angels  
TV's got the angles  
I'm brakin' Got, got me fucked up  
Got a million dollar bike  
Got a million dollar bike  
Got, got me fucked up  
Got me fucked up, up  
Million dollar bike  
Got, got me fucked up, up  
Million dollar bike  
Got, got me fucked up  
Got a million dollar bike  
Got a million dollar bike  
Got, got me fucked up  
Got me fucked up, up  
Million dollar bike  
Got, got me fucked up, up

Million dollar bike

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>