

Paisano's Wylin' (feat. Marty of Social Club)

Andy Mineo

Swerve
Banzini
Uhh, FugetaboutitPaisanos wylin
Paisanos wylin
Paisanos wylin
Paisanos wylin
Uhh
Red wine on errthing
Red wine on errthing
Red wine on errthing
Last call, it won't cost you anything
I stay wylin
I stay wylin
I stay wylin
Paisanos 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!)
Hddddddd like I'm Chewbacca
(Star Wars, boy!)
Hddddddd like I'm ChewbaccaYo, 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 whack, and I do not approve that
I said rewind 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
Booooooooooi!
Hey yo, rappers carry my mother's groceries, dog
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
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 (insert Italian food[?])
We'll have a real good time
When you can't eat anymore
We'll have her 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 schmutzGod bless you and your family

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