

Can a Drummer Get Some

Travis Barker

Can a drummer get some?
Can a drummer get some?
Can a drummer get some?
Can a drummer get some? Can a, can a drummer get?
Can a, can a drummer get?
Can a, can a drummer get?
(Can a drummer get some?) Boom, guess who stepped in the room
Dressed in black diamond's like fucking monsoon
Back from the dead but they never found my killer
So I jumped up out this grave like Michael Jackson in thriller Iller than most emcee's 'cause I be
killin' 'em
Most emcee's turn into ghost emcee's
Yeah, give a drummer some
If 32 seville when that all black Hummer run
Face off, Nicholas Cage with a gauge
I'm famous for killin' rappers, my style, grenade
Cook shit like Rae, the chef Raekwon
The beats are filet mignon without the A1 Who walk like a Pitbull, you? bitch please
I ate your favorite rapper's heart out with a 16
Didn't hit the switch on something with fiends
Make money with Ruff Ryders, homie, that's Swizz Cheese Can a drummer get some?
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(Can a drummer get some?)
Bang, guess who checked in the game
Smoke in the air like LeBron James
Running this shit like he Ron Dayne
Pull out my dick and just pee on flames She on Wayne but she ain't what I be on
I'm Leon, I pee on you pee-on's for eon's
I'm in my prime like Deion
I'ma shine like neon, I'm a lion like Leon But I'm 'bout to go off 'cause that is all I know of
I don't have to show y'all, I'd rather show off
Yeah, Travis on the Drums, Travis on the beat
Wayne got the smoke and Game got the heat Weezy F, I'm an F'ing star
Ha, ha, get it? I'm an FN star
Ha, and it's the rock, you bastards
If I'm the rockstar, will rock you bastards Can a drummer get some?
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Can a drummer get some? Can a, can a drummer get?
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 Maybach Music Tupac and Juice riding mayors on the loose
 King James 'round my neck, haters wish it was a noose
 Long Maybach and I wish it was a coupe
 Kush out the jar, car smellin' like duke Quarter milli on the seat, yeah I know I'm a goof
 Designer underwear, she knows I'm the Guc'
 Got the wide body, I'm a fat muthafucker
 In Swahili I'm screaming, "Stack muthafucker" Ya homie won't stop until I decide to
 Until then I'm making rollie's for the homies to ride to
 Smokes on the folds, folks wanna know
 Bitch I'm the boss, best foot's on the blow Keep the hat pulled over, Big P on the front
 Travis on the drums, big weed on the blunt
 Being Savage where I'm from, girls manage from the jump
 Don't trap me like a punk, Travis handing me the pumps, so? Can a drummer get some?
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