

# 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!

You have the perfect voice to sing calypso

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What did they say?  
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