Shh, it's okay it's okay It's okay it's okay Damn, you taste good Damn you, motherfucker [Coughing] The wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Said, the wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop All up and down the block, block, block The wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Said, the wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop All up and down the block, block, block Kelly Slater couldn't ride this wave Or those dudes from The Endless Summer We getting bent until the sun up You getting wet up if you run up Hold on (yeah, uh huh) Man, the blunt burn for longer Than the whole Badu concert And while I was walking back to the whip And still had a fat clip I threw it on the floor and said, "shit" The whole ride back I ain't say shit 'Cause sometimes I be devastated I need the feeling like I'm levitating In the lotus flower posed With patience's with power shows They say that I been sculpted with a Pharaoh's nose I like to think that I got Daryl's nose It's like it's 1986 again Flushing queens for'real Fuck the way you feel I love the way I feel It's like it's 1986 again Flushing queens for'real Fuck the way you feel Fuck the way you feel, pussy The wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Said, the wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop All up and down the block, block, block The wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Chop, chop, chop Said, the wheels on the range go chop, chop, chop All up and down the block, block, block