

Biking

Frank Ocean

Uh, turn, what goes around comes around
Ayy, turn, turn the music up, uh, yeah
Goes around comes around
What goes, alright, like like
Life goes in cycles
Everything that comes around goes around
'Fore it goes down, get you some ice

Life goes in cycles, what comes around goes around
So 'fore it goes down, nigga, get you some icicles
Audemars before all of y'all
Wristwatch got a Russian face like an oligarch, uh
12 o'clock, boy, silly nice, huh
Willie in traffic, I'm Philly nice, uh
E.T. on the handles, uh
Handlebars like a Xanax
Shamgod with the and one moves
Throw that shit 'round your neck
Right quick, broke boys get fixed
Right quick, nights invested with these bike flips
Uh, that's a full cab and the back flip
Uh, sidebar

Arm stretch the tee like I nailed it
Wrapped it in slow like a creed
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
Prefer like some Gucci sandals
Hopin' this guy got an anvil
Torso marked up like a vandal
How you not fuckin' with cash?
God gave you what you can handle
Gave you what you can handle
I got the grip like the handle
And I'm bikin'
I'm bikin' with me and my Daniel
AD's got the angels
TV's got the angles
I'm brakin'... God

Bikin', I'm bikin', I'm bikin' slow-mo
Maybe the four will excitin' us more
I'm cold where the temperatures dip below 17
How can I be burr around, are they close?
The diamonds is plural, the Tiffany broach
On my lapelle, 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
Maybe the feeling just comes in and goes
Think I want me a lil' one that look like my clone
Me and my baby can do on our own
I landed a trick on my impossible
I'm fuckin' with Addy, I'm watchin' my dose
24 hours a day, 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
I'm bikin' downhill and it sound like a fishin' rod
Savage, I'm bikin'

From coldwater to the shaw
Alcoholic, way I handle the bars
This a PK PK Ripper
Nah you can't fuck with the boy
That's my problem
Yeah, I got 'em
My tire smoke when I stop
Okay, nobody fuckin' with me
My accolades hang from my neck
Pedal, I drown in the heat
My sapphire's drowned in my sweat
White mags, but I jet, Jackson, I'm savin' the streets
I'm Roger Rabbit in the air, I don't care
Big Willie Style, yeah, nigga
One wheel, one wheel, one wheel, nigga
One wheel, I fishtail downhill, yeah
I rose my rate, brand new brakes
Why I name it Slater? Ask my date

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Count dollars up
Gotta finish down her back
Gotta finish down her back
Count dollars up
Dollars up, up
Finish down her back
Count dollars up, up
Finish down her back
Count dollars up
Gotta finish down her back
Gotta finish down her back
Count dollars up
Dollars up, up
Finish down her back
Count dollars up, up
Finish down her back

I got rockets on the back of my BMX bike
And my heart does wheelies when the light hits your pale skin