Travis Barker "Can A Drummer Get Some Remix"

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[Swizz Beatz]

Can a drummer get some

Can a, can a drummer get

can a, can a drummer get

Can, can a drummer get

(Can a drummer get some)

[Game]

Boom, guess who stepped in the room

Draped in black diamonds like a f-cking 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? who bitch please

I ate your favourite rapper's heart out with a 16

Didn't hit the switch on something with fiends

Make money with Ruff Ryders, homie, thats Swizz

Cheese!

[Swizz Beatz]

Can a drummer get some

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[Lil Wayne]

Uh, tune is chillin, ready and willing

N-gga I'm eating, happy thanks giving Walking on the ceiling with my running shoes on Life is too short, my money too long Come into my zone, I'mma do you wrong Life is an adventure, Indiana Jones She a bad bitch, I give a dog a bone My name is Weezy baby not Sylvester Stallone And thats word to my drummer Word to my drummer Talk shit, but my shit backed up, need a plumber Colder than a bitch wearing furs in the summers Digg deep in that pussy, search and discover I'm a beast, pockets on obese Police, I Hate You So Much Right Now, Kelis It's a Young Money show, go head take a seat Red bandana big beat muthaf-cka

[Swizz Beatz]

Can a drummer get some
Can a, can a drummer get
can a, can a drummer get
Can, can a drummer get
(Can a drummer get some)

They know me, yep, yep they know me

[Swizz Beatz]

Back in the days I was the little homie
Now I'm doing good and theyt act like they don't know
me
Why the hell they always act phoney
Yeah, I grew up from the roaches and the rats
They in my bed, I couldn't stand that
Bread every night did I ever get away from that
And all they worry bout is where my ice at
Damn, dog, where ya life at
Ya heard that I fell and you kind liked that
You thinking that I owe you, but it's not like that
Damn, you want the World but oyu gotta work for that
Chilling like a Rockstar listening to ether
Bumping through your speakers, know I gotta heat this
Rockin' don't stop, you know I'm rocking don't stop
Travis Barker make this whole place rock

[Hook]

[Rick Ross]

Tupac and Juice riding mers? 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 a goose Got the wide body I'm a fat muthaf-cker In Swahili I'm screaming "stack muthaf-cker" 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'mma boss, best foots 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...

[Swizz Beatz - x2]
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Can a, can a drummer get
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(Can a drummer get some)

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