

# Seven Series Triplets (feat.Prodigy and Raekwon)

## Action Bronson

Uh-huh, yeah, yo  
Cash in a brief case, trying to play it smart  
Love is a privilege and you better play your part  
Don't wanna leave it to the lawyers breath  
Snap my fingers, you'll be laying on the foyer steps  
Wishing you were a boy again  
Late night stand on the roof, smoke a Newp'  
Reminiscing when I had the broken tooth, we were loose  
Three different colors on the goose with the boots  
Maryland College basketball suits  
I drive the 525i made in '95  
Shawn Kemp's on the pedal, I'm a kamikaze  
Right arm hang out the window while I steer left  
Near death, slam into a deer's chest  
Lights out for a second, but I'm back  
Hopped up like a karate master  
Still I blast the shottie faster on you bastards, make you backspin  
Come out the closet you've been trapped in, that's it, Queens Yeah, nigga you know I put the work in  
Head shots real precise like a surgeon  
I see your heart beating out your shirt, nervous  
Nigga shaking in his J's, his legs gave in  
Wow, and I ain't even pull the gun off my waist yet  
This nigga done got so scared he took a shit  
Then I swerved in some low key wheels  
And go about my business like it never happened, chill  
For reals, pop a couple pills, cup a drink  
Come to think about it I feels like turning up the rap ignorant loud  
Like this weed that i smoke make a thick yellow cloud  
Perpetual payday, my money don't vacay  
I'm out seeing the world, my life is so crazy  
You could only imagine but you could never fathom my intelligence I get at em Oh shit, it's real like that, right y'all?  
Word up man, pledge allegiance man  
I Patrick Ewing niggas, long shotties I be suing niggas  
You gon' pay, face the camera ruin niggas  
And my money uncollected and I'm stepping  
Might slap the shit out your man and take his weapon  
Hungry and angry and I'm savagery  
But still mow your majesty

Wipe out the cool t-shirt, vacuum it  
And I'm gon' keep you rich so chill  
Or you can live with them faggots and stay away from real deal abbots  
Death is our game plan, new playing bullets come in spray cans  
Write graffiti all on your vest  
Lester, cousin Eve sleeve all greasy he the best of it  
Put it right there you get a check, slang prostitution  
It's prohibition when we move shit  
This is what some niggas suggest  
I suggest war and clout  
The fake niggas they could move out  
Take no chance you never know y'all. For real man, cause we ain't playing no games no more, no more homies  
You sit around this, you sit around the best  
With gold forks and all that, word up  
Y'all niggas that come shine, come through come through come shine, come.  
You know what it is man, it's automatic.

Songwriters

COREY WOODS, ARIYAN ARSLANI, RINO FILIPPI, ALBERT JOHNSON, RORY WILLIAM

QUIGLEY Published by

Lyrics © Peermusic Publishing, Universal Music Publishing Group, MEMORY LANE MUSIC GROUP Song  
Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>