

Chuck Person

Action Bronson

And when I find out who did it,
It won't be quick and quiet like it was with you
It'll be loud and nasty, my kind of kill
And when his eyes go dead the hell
I send him to will seem like heaven after what I've done to himYo, time on my hands
Running fast like Jackie Joyner-Kersey
Hit the Jackie Rob
Cop the Hershey
Spark the bark for the ride back to the Galaxy
Back, back, down, forward, kick
That's a fatality
For Liu Kang, turn to a dragon then a raven
Ain't no professor that can fuck with this verbatim
Your style is prenatal
I got the hand that rock the cradle
Fully auto mac under the table
Jewish platters, kreplach soups and sable
If you ain't stable, don't hang around cause I enable
Drug use, dick sucks from a fiend
Rib eye steaks that still on a bone
Me and my team shine
Like hologram fishscale right off the Greek coast
Toast to greats with bubbles
Three states, three cases, no traces
I'm the ace to shovels
So sick, muthafucka cover face with muzzles (Yeah!)
Flushing, Queens, twenty seven years strong
Where you think you're gonna run to when the tears gone
And reality set just like the sun do
Ain't trying to have my babies raised up in the slum, true!And when I find out who did it,
It won't be quick and quiet like it was with you
It'll be loud and nasty, my kind of kill
And when his eyes go dead the hell
I send him to will seem like heaven after what I've done to himC'mon, you son of a bitch
Damn, he's slickNo love for snitch niggas trying to serenade the precinct
Singing about granulated onions that ain't used for seasoning
My mind is off, this life gave me a different type of reasoning
I'm so New York that I could rep it from a different region
Slay heffers, Ottomanelli's got 'em in telly's

We eat good, Turkish cuisine, Ottoman belly's
We sit in whips and our whips sit on Pirelli's
While we're getting dick sucks, my whole team is Akinyele's
Put in their mouth, let 'em give 'em second chances
I'm known for finger banging bitches giving table dances
Open my flip book, see me posted in the sickest stances
Glorious garments, you could get some style by taking glances
Red snapper, taken apart, put back together
Plated on some bok choy, fine fish platters forever (Yo!)
Same routine, another day, a new endeavor
I usually rock a power piece under a Polo leather I write left, think right, need the box tight
Mind blowing dome cause I always eat the box right
Make believers out of haters, haters out of homies
Bring my fam to the top so I ain't lonely
I'm with the team, cuisine like we celebrating
Contemplate the takeover when we delegating
Get it shaking like a dancer at Perfections
Catch us in a European coupe, it's never rented, kid
Been getting it, circle full of amateurs
See great rappers smoking seeded up cannabis
Fucking embarrassment, we cooler than a Vick's rub
You the type to trick it all night at a strip club
I'm the type to bag a stripper out front
Take her back, line a twenty up and get my shit sucked (Yeah!)
That's what you do when you flyer than Goldblum
Purple label loafers, paying homage to the old school I'm from Brooklyn, the reason why I walk with a bop
Same reason I don't fuck with the cops
My borough is thorough, if any nigga try to tell me it's not
I'll leave his face bloodied up, all covered in knots
We break bread at the table with made niggas and sip wine
And graduate from little niggas, now we living big time
I'm in a state of mind like Nas in his prime
That real New York talk, home of gritty and grime
Check it, I got the cleanup, Bronsonelli's batting lead off
Your mother's mouth is the place where I drop my seeds off
Hop in the Lamborghini, middle finger speed off
D's are getting P'd off, they're present, drop the weed off
I'm like a cross between Stoudemire and Carmelo
Half these New York whack rappers are soft as Jell-O
Since a little nigga, always been a fly fellow
Went from dark brown skin into a high yellow

Songwriters

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