Beautiful Music

Action Bronson

I'm not your normal kind of rap singer
In the building where the subtle scent of crack linger
Fiends smoking off the foil
I only smoke shit from out the soil
Virgin oil, the name Bronson, no Arroyo
Barbecues get thrown with EBT Cards
Land and sea, the air, 3 stars
Till gold plates get made right on arrival
The Amarone got me spinning like a gyro
Take the high road, poppy seeds from Cairo
Aaron Rodgers style: I'm here to take the title
Rock a Maz Dog cause every word is viral
To leave you like a wet noodle, paralyze your spinal(Smoke this motherfucking weed real quick, hold on I'mma get back to you in a minute)"Darling, let me lay besi'
Darling, let me lay besi'
Darling let me lay beside you
Kiss my burning lips about you"Dennis Byrd shit, china doll
Leave your fur split, dig your pockets
Then she'll kill your earth
Even if she's seven days away from giving birth
Ruthless, she'll catch you for your leather and your purse
Lamb roasting over wood-fire, extend the olive branch
Since the 90s I've been rocking hundred-dollar pants
Fifty-dollar drugs linger in my sock
Put the lighter to the plastic, that's the sealant for the top'Cause we coming from the heights, you know I copped the Puto
Tried to put it in the pussy, slid it in the culo
Damn, that's the wrong route
Now I gotta knee her in the stomach so it falls out
Take a deep breath
Ancient knowledge like the crocs up in the Nile
Alabaster tiles in the kitchen cause I'm wyling
Tryna cop a chain that say you styling
Only chain of interest in the water made of Valens
Yeah"Darling, let me lay besi'
Darling, let me lay besi'
Darling let me lay beside you
Kiss my burning lips about you"Wild world that we living in
I smoke drug got the subtle hint a cinnamon

My mind twisted from the Absinthe
You can thank Flushing for my accent
So much more than rapping
You fucking with the captain
Action Jeter
Salmon on the cedar
You ain't do the job, and then they calling a reliever
Me, Dennis Eckersley
Rhyme flavor like my grandma's book of recipes
I'm 'bout that equity
Large stocks, a palm Glock, bomb box
Long beards, knee draped in sports drop
Loafer pressing on the pedal
Extra heavy doggie cause my leg is made of metal
Often tangle with the devil
Shapeshifter, shaking with strange hands
Bronsolini fresher than Maine clams
Making money every day, it's been the motherfucking game plan
Remain tan during the winter laid in beige sand

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