

9.24.13

Action Bronson

[Action Bronson]

Uh

Waxy

Smoking that... Barbara Walters wax

Same fucking outfit twenty days in a row I don't give a shit You only came around 'cause you thought I had

some money for you

You got it fucked up

That's for the kids

If there's anything left I'll cop a crib

And If there's anything left after that I'll cop a six

How you think I got the [?] dinner plates?

First course was from the finger licks

Last course cinnamon ginger cake

She gave me head during the Laker game

I got her tatted, trying to erase her name

No, I caught her cheating, her pussy didn't feel the same

She was probably with one of the Broncos

Or LeBron so I blew her car up

Soon as she try to start it up, nah

I can't talk about that though...

Your chance is thin like the moustache of Puerto Ricans

Shooting guns with my daughter on the weekend

Smoke the budder same color like The Weekend

Stashed under the sole of the sneaker *laughs

Fuck

Fuck man

Stashed under the sole of the sneaker

Smoke the budder same color as The Weekend

Uh Told the driver Lenny swing me by the garden I gotta talk to Pat

Hit him with stacks

Showed him the gat like 'you gonna miss the finger alright'

Fuck I Told the driver Lenny swing me by the garden I gotta talk to Pat

Showed him some stacks

Then showed him the gat like 'you gonna miss the finger alright'

Yes Mr. Baklava

Then I cartwheeled into a aqua car

*trails into laughter

Shit!

Its too crazy right?

YoIts just fucking nuts
We just talking crazy at this pointI told the driver Lenny swing me by the garden I gotta talk to Pat
Showed him some stacks
Then showed him the gat like 'you gonna miss the finger alright'
Yes, Mr. Baklava
Then I cartwheeled into and aqua car
Now I'm, sliding
Maya [?] made it no more
Crying
The facial reminiscent of a
Lion
Fuck around I'll send you back to
Zion
And I ain't even trying
Swing the wood wheel and lumberjacks
I remember back
When they wouldn't spend a stack on my rap
Now they want to wipe my ass in the crack after I shat
And I just had corn beef hash
Ew...[Big Body Bes]
Yeah
It's me
Motherfucking Big Body
I'm back for the fucking sequel, man
You know I had come and to spice this shit the fuck up
Mr. Fuckin [?] himself
I'm over here fucking wiling
A lot of shit done motherfucking changed now
Motherfuckers done came up
Whole lot of different motherfucking moves are being made
You know what time it motherfucking is
So my lifestyle done changed a little bit
All types of shit
The motherfucking crib is renovated, man
All types of fly shit
I got the new fucking marble floor, man
That shit is imported
We just flew that shit in from Connecticut
Motherfuckers is out here spinning stupid shit
But you know me, man
Same motherfucking body
I'm out here wiling like I never changed man
This the same motherfucker you know me, man
'98, doing stick-ups with the screw-driver
It's me man

The last car on the fucking 8-train man
I fucking live this shit
Done came up
Pockets was always swole
Sometimes a little low but I get them back up, man
Fill them up like the fucking gas tank
God, man
Pssst
Shout-outs to my fucking brother, man, Action Bronson, man
We out here, man
We motherfucking out here, man
Not enough to say, man
But a motherfucking few more things that's what to say
Shit is fucking crazy, man
I'm out here smoking good, man
Fucking pocket, fucking stupid, fucking blunt pack with that up-town piff
Shouts to all my motherfucking Dominicans out there in the Heights
All of that, 172, 174
Wiling
You already know, man
Nah, I don't even want a motherfucking ounce, B
Give me motherfucking 40 dimes
That's how I want it
In a brown fucking bag
Yeah, [?] Poppy, that's how we doing it, big fucking style, man
And I want that Chimi sauce dripping all over my fucking arm
That's how I do it, man
Wipe it with the fucking hundred dollar bill
I'm out here wiling man
My name Big Fucking Body
Shouts to motherfucking Albania
Shouts to East New York
Shouts to Lindenwood
Shouts to motherfucking Flushing
Shouts to the motherfucking Bronx, man
All fucking day I'm out here wiling, man
Eagles up

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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