Larry Csonka

Action Bronson

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro:]
Bronsolino
Fuck that sitting-down rap type shit, man
I stand up, cause I'm a motherfucking man
And I'm motherfucking hot[Verse 1:]
Peep it
I'm on the third floor, your class was in the basement
You know what that means: you got a hint of retardation
Well, me too, I'm fully-blown just like the flow, though
Spit the silky shit that's ankle-length like a kimono
Uh, sharp instruments to rock like a fossil
Shotty for the haters, that's trimmed off at the nostrils
Well, me and Docker eating dinner at the brothel
Never sniff that blanco, that's word to OJ's Bronco
Cop a Dutch and break it open, overfill it
I'm rollin' in the car, it may be shaky, never spill it, though
Cause when I rhyme, I feel possessed by El Espirito
Encounters of a Third Kind, X-Rays on the visual
Ginger ale and hot sauce: two things I live by
I'm such a chill guy, but fuck around and, yes, you will die
Green DeVille, right, green drugs, but hold the serum
Rub the things together, then you clear 'em, flatline
The prosciutto, olives from Tunisia
Drums are hittin' hard because they chopped up like a cleaver
And yes I'm smokin' all the reefer
The night creeper
I love the pussy really tight, that's with a light Caesar
Can it be that I'm the Golden Child, the Chosen One
The piggies saying freeze, but every time they did I chose to run
Takin' that attachment on the nozzle like a soldier's gun
Hide behind the boulder, silver bullet through you shoulder, son
Crack the pepper over thin crust that's handmade

I'm stayin' strapped just like the Air Raid
Yo, take a taste of my nuts
Know they sweet just like the candy
Thick and the same color as Band-Aid, understand me?
I built this building, they came and then I dropped it
Two hour flights to Heathrow up in the Concorde
Fermented grapes up in my glass that bear the same name
I'm working hard because that's what I need to maintain
Killer Queens is on the rise, so understand me
Ain't never stoppin' 'til there's Grammy in a room for my family
Also known as a den
Post and toast with Lauren
Posing for pictures, kicking scriptures that form up a phlegm[Interlude:]
Uh, let me take a little break fam
I'm fucking straight out of surgery, man
I need a little break
When I come back in, I'm a come back in hard, though
I promise you that
(Look at my motherfucking shoulders, son)[Verse 2:]
Yo
I'm diving in like Louganis
I'm aiming right for that anus
Trying to give her a payment to rent the pussy like Avis
Peace to Shaevitz & Shaevitz
My rhymes are seasoned for flavor
Fuck with shorties that's in shape, they got the V like they Vega
Ah ha, Animal Style, flippin' like a flipjack
You heard the cat rap, like animal's fear from a rat, got
Ankle length, that's suede, the jacket
Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke
Do the Chatatimmy Shimmy like a crackhead
No one compare to me, lampin' with my tangerine
I'm fiend out, so I'm bangin' on the tambourine
Yo, bring the drugs and call me when you on the corner
And I'm a send the doja down in case they run up on ya
Your style is celibate, I'm elegant, trust
My style is liver and I'm ivory like a elephant tusk
Swirl the wine inside the glass that got the delicate musk
Shoe be pointy at the toe, closin' down the show
Poison be the flow, got the boysenberry blow
Finnish on the women
That mean the bitch from Finland
Her tits are bonkers
Chilling in the chakras
Rollers in her hair, I'm running through it, Larry Csonka[Outro:]

Bronsolino
You don't even know who fucking Larry Csonka is, man
Get the fuck off my weed leaf
Pussy

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