

# 9.24.13 (feat. Big Body Bes)

## 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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