

9-24-11

Action Bronson

Smoking fucking thanksgiving turkey bags man

Surgical procedures

Ben Johnson

You already know Sign my name with the feather, tap dance under the full moon

Smoke and drinking liquor for the fam' that left us too soon

Just keep it truckin', searching all the nooks and crannies

No English muffin, streets are filled with crooks and trannies

Bam bam got a shooter like Lagassee

Emerald green paper that I split up with my posse

One hand driving, 3 gram smoking

2 fiend sucking, tea bag soaking

Strength of a retard the drugs are even stronger

Shorty loved the longitude, dealer bring a quarter through

Over fishing make the snapper less affordable

I hate when stupid bitches ask me questions that's rhetorical

Like "do you want to have sex?", well bitch, it's obvious

Her name was Jeta from the former Yugoslavia

She grew a bush like a baby plant

Still I ate it, just think of it as bucatin' and razor clams

Smuggle cheeses in a baby bag

And then I serve at a private tasting

I got no time for wasting

Just dick is placed in the slit no type of conversation

And prime rib from LaFrieda carved at the bla bla bla bla

Fuck, fucked my last word up cause I don't give a shit man

I meant to say prime rib carved at the fucking carving station but yo Yo my mind is locked up, my conscious

rocked up

In an alley with a fiend getting his cock sucked

Plus she wearing a wedding dress a special day

She said she finally met a... Fuck

Yo, my mind is locked up, my conscious rocked up

In an alley with a fiend getting his cock sucked

And she wearing a wedding dress, a special day

She said she finally met a man to take her breath away

Well naturally I'm jealous, because I'm lonely

At times my only friends in life are drugs and the cannoli

My dad was right I shoulda listened when he told me

A walking contradiction wounds inflicted on me solely

Pain within running deeper than the ocean floor

Bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh yo
Pain within running deeper than the ocean floor
Ocean avenue, the family straight from Kosovo
That was years ago mum look how your son has bloomed
I hum a tune and then I'm hotter than the sun in June
And I'm just living my life but feel I'm drifting
Demons on the doorstep, lungs that feel constricted
Or maybe I should see a shrink and get prescribed
Or take the hand of God but shit I think I'll keep my distance
I think I'm frightened and I didn't even know it
But yo, that was a thought and I'm subconsciously a poet
It's perfect timing and I hope that I don't blow it
I pop the bottle of the moët, yo here's to me
Late nights I'm trying to stay up out of the orange skips
Great white sharks, the .38 with tarnished tip
27 years I never met an honest bitch
Slice their faces like Kitana and shit
Through my nasal blow the smoke
Basil on the boat
Hookers on the half shell, hundred dollar pants
Wind breaker jacket flapping like a falcon from a westward wind
Play the kitchen like a Mexican, next of kin
Patrick Swayze, we out!

Songwriters

ARIYAN ARSLANI Published by

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