

# Buddy Guy

## Action Bronson

Uhh, yeah

Yeah, yeah

Bronsolinio, yeah

Aiyyo Stoned on the stoop, got the box pumpin' Billy Joel  
I'm Mickey Mantle while you motherfuckers semi-pro  
Neck to colon how a slice from the machete go  
Shoot your gun and throw confetti cause I'm ready ho!  
Look in my eyes, you can tell that I'm a stand-up  
Call me the teacher, wanna talk just put your hands up  
We eat the lamb, duck, goose, beef or chicken  
Two seater shiftin' with the smooth Cedar Strippin'  
My facial hair is light red just like a ball of fire  
Golden sound, blow the town, 'lo attire  
Brown haze leather swampy like the Everglades  
I'll switch a style so that I'm ready when the era change  
First pressed virgin oil from the Greek Border  
Spit the shit that have me laid up with the sheik's daughter  
Three quarter on the Bally jacket to the knee  
Lights flashin' when I'm rappin', tappin' tree  
That smoke lingers son it shine through the curtain  
Cracked pepper motherfucker I'm a grinder for certain  
So never in your life come with scared business here  
Fuck around never found bitch, disappear Time after time I'm a winner  
Seasoned in the barrel, harvest in the winter  
Far from a beginner, keep an extra cartridge in the denim  
Twisted off of Manischewitz, Harlem in a rental  
The hash candidate, kindly gorgeous  
360 is the ways and the caesar's huggin' knotty flosses  
Never stop until we hoppin out of grimey Porsches  
One night shorty needin' over 9 abortions  
I'm the whole shit, one you wanna roll with  
When in canoe waving the ganja like a glow stick  
Number one, numero uno with the flow shit  
Your style is tired and limp just like an old dick  
Bitch Roman sculptures, all of my students hold a diploma  
Straight to the back, garage door, behold the Lotus  
Finest tuna right out the sea straight off the boat this  
Hurricane rap spit tap low, rock a toga  
Bronsonelli chef de cuisine I flex the two seam

Inject the vein with marijuana I'm a true fiend  
Up-to-the-minute, all the weapons we invented  
That's hidden inside the rented, the window tinted ten the percentage  
Sacrificin' the lamb for the nutrition  
"Criminology 101" hard cover, newest edition  
Nuclear fission is heavy weighty top the division  
Lots of provisions colossal status stoppin' collisions  
Too beaucoup, fresher than a lake trout  
Barbecue the venison, pair it with a great stout  
Peace I'm out kid, a motherfucker pace out  
Every time I take that motherfuckin' weapon from my waist out

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>