

9-24-7000 (feat. Rick Ross)

Action Bronson

Shit, sweep you off your feet
Like Ryu in the corner
Shit, man, haha
Smooth, man
I'm a fuckin' smooth mover, uh
Yo, if I didn't say it's me, you would probably think it's Sting
My fish go bling, what, this old thing?
I never switch up, my brother need a biscuit
Then I'm gripped up, hangin' off my shoulder, fuck the bullshit
November rain came the same day
My daughter taught me how to do the Nae Nae to Calle 13
Only compare me to Kevin Spacey
Or RubÃ©n Blades, the blunt fat like two Kamalas
Do a world tour and scoop some dollars
Come home and hit the pool hall
I'm fishbowlin' new Impalas
Two Russian twins suck while I drive fast
It's me, man
I'm the one that takes the wolf head, wears it on my own head
Wisdom from the old heads, you ain't gettin' no head
You ain't gettin' no bread, you ain't gettin' no shows
You ain't gettin' no dough, you ain't gettin' no hoes
Dawg, I hit the best of 'em, motherfuck the rest of 'em
Well, now I'm nestled in the Tesla eatin' pretzels, huh?
I should probably put a wetsuit on
I'll be right back...
Young Renzel, line two
Young A.B., I got this you dig?
Yeah, yo (Maybach music)
I love my rude bitches, end up as new bitches
Skippin' school bitches, cookin' me food bitches
All my niggas down, we lookin' like Fu-Schnickens
Got a few tickets for bitches who truly digged us
College dormitories, fill 'em with smooth lyrics
Air Max 95s, grey sweats, true menace
Known as a Jonas, complex on the phoner
Simple individual, confident in the Lotus
Foreign ambitions, they go with my last wishes
As I open my eyes, surprised by seven figures

Baking soda required, decided drug dealin'
Residents is divided amongst the feds and children
Let him keep totin' drugs if he willin' to plead guilty
The star state witness, they'll hit you up for that selfie
Dro can only help me, Backwood and I'm healthy
I'm the label owner, I'm the only one can shelf me
Biggest (Maybach music) boss

Why are we letting things on the outside of our physical penetrate our soul, penetrate our nuanced wiring system, our cerebral cortex, okay? What really is a thought? Can you control when a thought arrives outside of the brain? Can you or can't you? Is free will a real thing or is it the philosophy of free will? Seekin' scripture,
haha

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

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