

# Silverado

## Action Bronson

[Intro]

That's right (sniff sniff)

Bam Bam in the mother fucking building

Queens, New York

Straight up

Drop that shit

It's me

I built this shit

Yeah[Verse 1]

Let me begin baby, my name is BronsoliÃ±o

All I see is C-notes, silk shirts at the casino

It's time to take those leather pants off, this ain't no dance off

I know your hands soft, you're on the menu like the lamb broth

This is a grown man's sport

And, dog, I leave a motherfucker laid out on the handball court

I never brag and boast, I'm fire out the dragon's nose

My words pronounced just like a camel toe

And every whip in the garage laced

Keep that thing in the guitar case, bait the cops into a car chase

Crash the mother fucking Jeep into the venue

You better pray to God it's straight to Heaven where they send you

Ah, why the fuck would I have a bodyguard

If I look just like the mother fucking bodyguard

Baby hair curls on my forehead, leave your whore dead

Hop out that four times, four door and draw lead

I'm underground and I need more bread

And I need more head from some bitches straight from Morehead

State your business cause I'm busy tanning naked

My joint is shaking while I'm wearing bracelets

Uh, your words are tasteless, your taste is basic

My taste in Asics will lead your fucking spaceship into Matrix

This place I made is quite spacious

And dog I'm not the one to fucking play with

Hear me?

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

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