Barry Horowitz

Action Bronson

"His opponent from St. Petersburg, Florida"
"Two hundred thirty-one pounds, Barry Horowitz! "[Action Bronson:]
Yeah, the chocolate T.A
Bronsalinio [?]. yeahTo the back with the hat, lean back in the 'llac
Crack the window, hear the soldier styles and that in back
Ain't no "Cat in the Hat, " just a cat that can rap
This is Bronson - representing Flushing, Queens on the map
Yeah - heavyweight primate with a Harvard mind
Blunts filled with the citrus mixed with orange lime
Pussy drip when the thought of Action come to mind
Born to ride, winter spring summer shine
Bonafide, eyes wide, run and hide
You don't want the revolution to be televised
Terrorfied from the Arab mountain death camps
With the iron burning hot, give you chest stamps
Phone calls with the cloth over the mouthpiece
With or without leaf, burn about an ounce chief
To the neck like a razor for the stubble
Raised inside the struggle, blazin in the huddle yeah
Dig a hole, throw the lamb in it
Left the slippers in the sand motherfuckers couldn't stand in it("Someone took the words to my song") [ding ding ding]It's Barry Horowitz rap, I pat myself on the back
Don't fake the funk on a nasty dunk, Shaq I attack
Close the window to your soul, weed inside my lungs burn
These old suckers gettin placed into a young urn
Specialized like the little bus
Use my chubby little finger first to stimulate the clitoris
King Kong ain't got shit on us
I'm out here gettin it for real while you motherfuckers filibust'
Weed in my finger flicker, I'm on a solo mission
Started at pole position, eyes on the long division
As it burn my thumb, I roll another one
Quite persistant, that's why they call me my mother's son
Shoot the cold gift, leave your ho stiff
Make your ho sniff Hootie and the Blowfish
Obey the coke king
Cause every motherfucker in rockin loaded, I'm on that old shit!("Someone took the words to my song") [x2][Jim Ross:] "Barry Horowitz, always likes to pat himself on the back"

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