

# Falconry (Feat. Meyhem Lauren, Big Body Res)

## Action Bronson

Yo pass me the ball fool  
You better fuckin' pick me, ya  
Straight the fuck up, I roof this shit  
Fuckin' 360 on this pussy  
I don't give a fuck  
I'll kick this motherfucking ball over the fence  
No shoes on I know you see me on the TV, lookin' like a hunk of beef  
When I smell your baby mama's shit dungarees  
Somebody get the kid a deal he sound like me  
But nah, dunny don't get down like me  
The falcon flies back to the glove when I whistle  
Don't try to put me in the box like a tissue  
'Cause I push you in the box with a pink suit  
Fuck around and have some squid ink soup, bitch  
(Ah man there's so much fuckin' hash in this joint right now son)  
Uh, you ain't a legend like Gianni  
I'm so Queens like a Roy Wilker's T-shirt  
With one arm shredded, and one arm missing  
Dog, I was born with Allah's vision  
I learned quick I couldn't follow suit  
'Cause the Devil put the pork inside the dollar soup  
Now I'm sittin' in first class with a hard dick  
Listenin' to German guitar riffs, what a life  
I was made like the beginning of Jurassic Park  
When they took the fucking bluff on the mosquito with a dope needle  
Then they shot it in a wild lion, 1983  
I popped out holdin' a iron with a visor on  
Yeah, uh huh, ha ha ha  
Yo, the videos are like a Jewish summer camp promo  
Your ideas lack of dope, woah Yo, silk cinder blocks, cinnamon socks  
On the low like a whip without shocks  
I bag bitches in flocks  
Representative for everything official  
Ya'll niggas can't live, so it's officially an issue  
Water proof penmanship, padded on a rugby  
Hammerin' the hamper 'case a nigga try to thug me  
I'm a idol, my wave is tidal, forget survival  
Treat the last record I broke just like a rival  
Uh, I'm New York before it turned into a bike lane

Never had a light frame, spit the pipe cane  
It was written but I wrote it  
Put religion right on my neck and then I froze it  
Laurenovitch, yeah3:36 in the morning  
Location, a drug infested area, Brooklyn, New York  
What am I doing? Standing on an unidentified corner  
With a Latin individual, corn rows, foamposits  
All sorts of a felony in his waste  
But who are you? She only love me when I'm naked

Songwriters

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