Big League Chew

Action Bronson

Yeah
I got the whole pack of Big League Chew by the cheekbone
It's that Monte Carlo flooded with the weed smoke
The rifle to the peephole, free throw
Call me Baby Face, welcome to the creep show
Uh, my clique is so nuts
Big shit to lift you like a triple-toe lutz
In these streets, even a cripple gonna bust
Keep a thing that won't rust
There's no trust
Rather laugh with the sinners than cry with the saints
After I'm high and disgraced, only a lion remains
Flying from a tropical escape
"Did I do a perfect dive?" is such a popular debate
(Well, I'll give it a 9.3)
I'm the hottest shit since B2K
My Russian barber gave me the see-through fade
Uh, drunk-driving on a Thursday
Already told you, with this money, it concerns meYeah
I got an old soul and young legs
I'm like a good horse
Wood splash on the floor, that's for decor
That's from the tour
Above the law
A half a million in the wall
Bought a painting of the Great Dane
Bought the drugs in front a A-Frame
Flashbacks of riding on the A-Train
Getting sucked between the cars by a Guatemalan
She started humming on em, honey wildin', uh
Nowadays, you can see me in a trench coat
On the French boat, till I'm dead broke
I got the shit locked in a deadbolt
Go get your fucking shit, baby, let's go
I might never see rain again
I might never see pain again
I might never see snow again
Picture my mother, say motherfucker keep going in
Uh, The stars all align now

Oh, these cars I'mma buy now
Oh, these bitches I'mma fuck, too
You ain't gotta like me, fuck you

Songwriters
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