

Back 2 the Future

Action Bronson

Yo all I need is just a snippet of the orchestra
But now we rockin' leathers and my team is dippin' porches
Trained in special forces
I remain the same
Model in the rugby, with the horses in it
I'm lookin' gorgeous on it
A light gallop
The suit is seersucker, like a scallop
Cop the land and over time you see the price pile up
My life style the dreams of money though it feels nostalgic
It's sunny skies and good karma that keeps the cheese surrounding

[You'd be astounded motha' fucka]

I'm known to kick it like I'm Ronaldinho
My rhymes are spicy as a jalapeño
'87 fine Yovino
Cash the drift
One leaf wrap up the reefer
Now the vision seems clear
Just like the cover on the beeper
010, 7:15, month of July
Shorty blowing on my dick
My eyes closed, smoke in the sky
Exhale right through my nose
North bound, headed for gods
First check, a quarter mil
Half that split with the squad, kid

(Bronson talking)

It's like, I don't even know which way to go no more man
Just reflecting on my life now
I gotta get with it
Yo

Deep reflection, smoking drug as the wind blow
Ash the \$50 marijuana out the window
My golden aura shine, rising past the borderline
I crush the grape like a Greek to make the gorgeous wine
Open the Dutch and let tobacco fly through the wind
The saga begins
.38 plugs, vivid like photography lens
Soon to see me dip mahogany Benz
I'm in the quality, monogamy with all if my gems
That means I'm - true to it
The beat, I give the flu to it
Or maybe AIDS if I had it, cause I'm a fuckin' addict
I'm on the terrace drinkin' wine and eatin' fuckin' rabbit
To cleanse the palate, lemon segments tossed up in the salad
Spark the pepper, my mind is like a Harvard lecture
Bronsalini going Persian on the carpet texture
Ancient Roman on the architecture
Straight outta' motha fuckin' queens
My team, we got the heart to wet ya'
A Dutch master like Robben and Sneijder
Strike like a viper
The bottom of shoe tap like a type writer

Pipe slider, I'm a fuckin' ninja warrior
We do the drug and eat ćevapi in Astoria
I ride zebras all through the jungle
Take rock and never fumble
Shoot gun right from the waist
Slide piece to make it mumble
On the come through
Several grams are stuffed inside the grundle
Saw the goal line
Went airborne and did a tumble
And I landed on my feet for two G's
And pressed the sand
Wipe the sweat right off my brow
Next door dig up the lamb
That's been roasting over 7 hours
Bronsalini smoke the deadly sour
I'm fuckin' winning like I'm Kenny Powers