

Cliff Notes

Action Bronson

Pussy rap, dental damn beaver trap
That thrill is gone, I'm here to bring the fever back
To the streets, pumping out the big whips
Torpedo rhymes strong enough to sink ships
Two tone grip, Brother Mouzone shit
Better move on bitch, or else it's on, trick
I'm en fuego, I ain't even in my zone yet
I spit the shit to make you're motherfuckin' dome sweat
Queens-bred, no Packer but a cheesehead
Fat ass, fucking pussy until she's dead
Suede foot, looking like an Indian
Cuisine straight from the Caribbean
Long jackets, made from an amphibian
Bag of money, split with my committee and
Break it down, vision on the dollars
Dip in the impalas, chilling with my scholars

Get it?
I am not illiterate
Not, not!
Not even a little bit!
Straight up, I make the music just for you!
Nothing, nothing like an idiot!
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Call me John Bon Journo, hopping out the Volvo
Ratchet on the leg, dipping from the po-po!
Since a youth I've been labeled as a loco
I sell it but I never laced the nasal with the coco
Urban hippie, muffle with the green thumbs
Seven grams a purple to my neck'll leave my feet numb
Scoop a bitch, Portuguese sweet buns
Serve a dick like an elephant that's three tons
Her pussy whistle like my father out the window
Remind us that it's dinner time I'm lighting up the Indo
And when I go inside I think I might just play Nintendo
Call a Shortie from the heights have her play with my colembio
Uh, just let me catch my little breath an shit you won't accept a kid
Cause your destiny is for deficit
Me, you see I spit like epileptic shit
That's two options; it's either you fear me or you respect the kid

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Mind like Watson, Fluent in the nuance
Van Damme Bronson, Alligator shoe on
Spin kick to the dick I'm eating dim sum
Right up in the tea room
You don't want to rerun!
Moon struck, splatter your platoon up
Hard times, drugs out the balloon
Beauty like a butterfly, flying out cocoon
Urban love and central village right by the lagoon
Uh, that's my grandfather, add a little cream of tartar
Make the grams harder
Now your Shortie hold me tighter than the dance partner
Pull the viper out my pants on her
Honey hit the tune I'll let it dance on her
Like a gypsy, hookers in Poughkeepsie
7 homies with me everybody's smoking fifties
990 add 2 that's my shoes
Reflect light like sun shining in the hot noon!

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