

Cocoa Butter

Action Bronson

Albanian style: rock leathers in the sand
I'll shoot my cousin for nothing: dominant man
Go visit fam with no problems - on some normal shit
Straight from Skopje, Macedonia, the floral lit
Licorice liquor, one cube, a touch of water
Watch it mix, turn white like the Duchess' daughter
I'm in the corner puffing Ganja with the musky odor
Destination back of your throat - cup of soda
Uh. This is Bam Bam Bigelow, Queens to Asbury Park connect: Figaro
My uniform Carhartt sweats and Gore-
tex athletic horses on my chest and on my short sets
The Leslie Nielsen of the weed and the words
This is Action Bronsolinni, 33 and the 3rd, kid
Naked gun, the serial is scratched off
Armed like Rocket in his prime, blast off

On and on, push it through, we won
Never stop till the day we there
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Never stop till the day we there

Push your seat back. The Rickey Henderson of rap
Jets hat, underneath a little blubber lie the 6 pack
Summer time I cop the musket with the kick back
Then sit back, stand up, eyes low, hit that
This happens continuously throughout the night
Now my eyes are like diamonds, that's looking blue-ish in the light
Like a prism, shooting out hope, honor, and optimism
Never stop it till we're coastal on the aqua mission
Reach my hand in the water and grab a tuna
Silhouette you see reflection of light, right off the Mezzaluna
That's a half moon, wavy like my man's fade
The European carry-all. Color: tan, suede
Handmade, hand blades, carve up your features, I'm a creature
Section 39 - I'm in the bleachers
Fiends get washed up like turtles on the beaches
It's mating season make the verbal for your speakers

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Ill prosciutto. legend, Phil Rizzuto
Marijuana like the pussy, I keep it crudo
That's raw, now I declare war
You in the women's league
I show you how a man score
Look at my beard and my body like a grizzly
I'm shoulder pressing 3 plates
Obama - EBT. I'm a G. Supermarket sweepstakes
Still drinking vintage out the bottle with the cheese plate
The Derek Harper with the low Caesar, flow fever
More than likely digging in your ho's beaver
Drug smoke to my neck just like a turkey
Dough dirty, make your brother do a curtsy. no mercy, Van Buren cop Hershey
Square Tyson and I'm in the mountains eating rare bison

Clam chowder, you ain't fucking with this man-power
Straight from Queens, where we're known to make your plans sour

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