

Time for Some

Action Bronson

Time for some action
Yeah, but you don't hear me though
Come on, here we go
We put it down everywhere we go
So motherfucker come on cause its

Here's a toast to the fact that I'm a man and I can stand alone
And all my suits are made by hand in Rome Ricotta stuff that Cannellon'/I'm i
n the garden smoking roses
Deliver like Malone, I'm talkin' Moses/Part the ocean
Spark the potion/Diamonds in the rough
We shine 'em up/Make a necklace, dive up in the muff
Then wash my dick, straight to breakfast. Hop up in the truck
Got more flavor than some Dr. Pepper
Hottest stepping struts
And the streets paved with concrete
I'm known to smoke the same shit that makes the lawn green
Gaze at the moon right off the shore, dream
But me no worry got a strong team
Just like my Knick's '94 team, we winnin' though
Go 80 layers on the Baklava, that's hand made by my nana
Peace to Antigona
The whole Shkup, Bill Clinton Boulevard
Since a youth Bronsolini known to put it on

Already mentioned with the people I respect up in the rap shit
Couple of months you probably see me with an actress
Getting my ass licked, while she driving never crashed it
Smoking on that shit, fantastic
A little breezy off the coast as the sun set
Gallop on beach on the horse cause we young vets
Limited edition, signature inscription
Certificate of authenticity, I'm on a mission
Queens representative, dismember your genitals
Now you got a pussy, fuckin with the general
Bas Rutten, I'm ass bootin', I'm past shootin'
Display fast movements, know that cash rules
Drug clothes and I ain't talking 'bout a bento box
Penetrate your mind, spice it with the mental lox
Fundamental Soundgarden verbal Black Hole
Son at the flicks getting sucked in the back row

Lungs filled, smokey like the pork shoulder
Lash out, one second in the fourth quarter
Triple penetrate, pussy meat I renovate
Fuck 'em like a dog and leave 'em twisted like my mental state
Off the deep end, snorkel in a river
I take it back to Walkman's and tape decks
In great neck, having great sex
I didn't even have a hair on my face yet
My feet were always classic though
Pinky up, classy flow
If you know me, you know never to pass me blow
Straight shitting on these songs so the grass can grow
'Til we sitting in the garden, smoking
Listening to Marvin go
I treat the shit just like a title fight, you sparring

Sooner dip Ferrari, sexin models straight from Holland
Lamb encrusted fennel pollen
When I rhyme it's like the metal hollow
These other motherfuckers smell of flowers
Sissy