

# White Silk

Action Bronson

I smoke drugs as if it's cigarettes, Popping like a giga pet  
See my silhouette, right behind me bitches pirouette  
That's a dance move, it's origin is French  
I'm chilling in the park with several warrants on the bench  
Suspended license, Over four years, that's three cars after  
Cause I'm like a mush, everything is a disaster  
Put 'em in the bathroom, cause that'll be the answer  
Let 'em know I'm sick and every flow is like a cancer  
Catch a rooster, cut his fucking nuts off  
Serve 'em for a hundred dollars, sesame and plum sauce  
Try to dip the bill, the Mexicans'll let the guns off  
Or cut you with a pleasure similar to getting nuts off  
Your whore told me that your putz soft  
Plus she caught you in the basement with a tranny getting sucked off  
Wheres your morals? Your genitals are floral  
Like it in the back just like a fucking epidural  
Me, I'm like a caveman, raised from out the mountains  
Oriental bathhouses, laying on the couches  
Cop a rub-and-tug until I'm spraying like a fountain  
Take a hundred out my pocket, lay it on the counter  
Peace, arrivederci, bouncing towards the exit  
Asian lady crying because I left her fucking legs split  
Dookie blunt of regs 'til I'm pookie in the face  
Queens, the kids a star like a Mookie on the bass  
The flows water, like rafting on the Congo  
Take a hit of drugs and I'm passing like I'm Rondo  
Motherfuckers sweeter than what normal kids is now though  
Get it straight sick, so I simmer up the cuervo  
De pollo, look in my eyes you know I'm royal  
Hustle up some money like Sidney and Billy Hoyle  
Puerto Rican shorty, features like she's Rosie  
Titties like a motherfucking pocket full of posey

Uh  
Elevator, just take me to the top please  
Rocking all white silk, whipping drop V's  
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Bronson speaking:

Yeah, I wanna be rocking all white silk, on the beach  
In the moonlight, with my Nubian queen  
Yeah I said it, I love you

Obama copped me the sandwich, I dipped the cops like I'm Sanders  
For minor work, get your momma murked, napkin covered designer shirts  
Cause we eating like some animals to say the least  
Bronsolin' bust a nut right in your favorite niece  
Smoke in my lungs when I'm driving on the FDR  
Steering with my knees, and I'm rolling, almost wrecked the car  
Squatting twelve plates, all I do is set the bar  
Call your father, your a doula coulda stacked the bar  
Making dough, baking bread just like the French  
Hustle until we're living right, sleeping on the benches  
Swinging for the fences, helicopter chauffeur  
Cyclops catch you with the lasers and the lenses

Arnold Palmer on the graphic in the beverage  
Everything I do myself, I'm using that for leverage  
About to rape the game 'til this motherfucker hemorrhage  
Moat around the crib and garages full of Benzes

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Bronson speaking:

Yo shouts to the Lord man  
Get seared up like fucking salmon  
Uh  
Bronsolino, Statik Selektah  
Queens to Boston  
Puss