

Action Silverado

Action Bronson

That's right (sniff sniff)
Bam Bam in the mother fucking building
Queens New York
Straight up
Drop that shit
It's me
I built this shit
Yeah

Let me begin baby, my name is Bronsoliño
All I see is C-notes, silk shirts at the casino
It's time to take those leather pants off, this ain't no dance
off
I know your hands soft, you're on the menu like the lamb broth
This is a grown man's sport
And, dog, I leave a motherfucker laid out on the handball court
I never brag and boast, I'm fire out the dragon's nose
My words pronounced just like a camel toe
And every whip in the garage laced
Keep that thing in the guitar case, bait the cops into a car ch
ase
Crash the mother fucking Jeep into the venue
You better pray to God it's straight to Heaven where they send
you
Ah, why the fuck would I have a bodyguard
If I look just like the mother fucking bodyguard
Baby hair curls on my forehead, leave your whore dead
Hop out that four times, four door and draw lead
I'm underground and I need more bread
And I need more head from some bitches straight from Morehead
State your business cause I'm busy tanning naked
My joint is shaking while I'm wearing bracelets
Uh, your words are tasteless, your taste is basic
My taste in Asics will lead your fucking spaceship into Matrix
This place I made is quite spacious
And dog I'm not the one to fucking play with
Hear me?