

## Barry Horowitz

### Action Bronson

Yeah, the chocolate T.A  
Bronsalinio yeah

To the back with the hat, lean back in the 'llac  
Crack the window, hear the soldier styles and that in back  
Ain't no "Cat in the Hat, " just a cat that can rap  
This is Bronson - representing Flushing, Queens on the map  
Yeah - heavyweight primate with a Harvard mind  
Blunts filled with the citrus mixed with orange lime  
Pussy drip when the thought of Action come to mind  
Born to ride, winter spring summer shine  
Bonafide, eyes wide, run and hide  
You don't want the revolution to be televised  
Terrorfied from the Arab mountain death camps  
With the iron burning hot, give you chest stamps  
Phone calls with the cloth over the mouthpiece  
With or without leaf, burn about an ounce chief  
To the neck like a razor for the stubble  
Raised inside the struggle, blazin in the huddle yeah  
Dig a hole, throw the lamb in it  
Left the slippers in the sand motherfuckers couldn't stand in i  
t

("Someone took the words to my song")

It's Barry Horowitz rap, I pat myself on the back  
Don't fake the funk on a nasty dunk, Shaq I attack  
Close the window to your soul, weed inside my lungs burn  
These old suckers gettin placed into a young urn  
Specialized like the little bus  
Use my chubby little finger first to stimulate the clitoris  
King Kong ain't got shit on us  
I'm out here gettin it for real while you motherfuckers filibust'  
Weed in my finger flicker, I'm on a solo mission  
Started at pole position, eyes on the long division  
As it burn my thumb, I roll another one  
Quite persistant, that's why they call me my mother's son  
Shoot the cold gift, leave your ho stiff  
Make your ho sniff Hootie and the Blowfish  
Obey the coke king  
Cause every motherfucker in rockin loaded, I'm on that old shit  
!

("Someone took the words to my song") (2x)

"Barry Horowitz, always likes to pat himself on the back"