

## Bird On A Wire

Action Bronson

Smoke sum'n, bitch!  
Blow a kiss to my dick,  
Wash my body with the sponge  
Feed me flavored rices, put the chronic in my lungs  
Tailor me a leather suit, on some Jodeci shit  
Bi-costal man we supposed to be rich

Leave the party with your daughter (little Deborah)  
In the morning do karate in the water  
Hear sounds of samurais, rockin' shorts in the winter,  
Don't fuck with splinters, roll with sinners  
A bunch of winners, catered lunch and dinner  
While my drug jar look so empty  
Drop a hook, and then I'll probably cop an M-3  
Long nights (machete), that's an e-event  
Somebody try to get me then to heaven they'll be sent  
Oh, off the strength, caviar and porche taste!  
All the beans are getting boston-baked  
On thin ice I skate across the lake  
With the CCM tags, my feet are like Cassius,  
Smoke premium cabbage

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Yo with eighty thousand shopping mall  
But we ain't browsing, popping hood  
At tresco towers, prowlin prowler, gucci towels in bathroom vil  
es, nils, ailes, aston-martins,  
Sparking one in valet parking,  
Loan sharking, hoping that my days don't get darkened,  
Cheeta skin, outside the park the propaganda propellers.  
Ostrich feathers, security guards with 9 berettas  
Pulling up Wolkswagen Jettas  
Cause a storm in sunny weather,  
Sunny weather, it's sunny weather,  
Hoping that my days get - hoping, hoping - days get, days get -  
better!