

Body Language

Action Bronson

Yeah

Hey yo

It's the aggressor with the nickle plated pressure
Hit you hard like London Fletcher, leave you sleeping on the stretcher
Action Osama ain't the one to play games with
Ain't shit changed dick, I'm still the same with the same click, prick
Cross your legs when you sit down in the chair
My nuts are there, rape your mother live in despair
We'll take the candy out your daughters mouth
Order up a porterhouse, smoke a quarter ounce
Cores at the Norvin House, corner standing below three
Frozen cheeks, frozen feet
Niggas holding heat cause its a cold street
Heavy bearded blowing blunts the face, roll another blunt to chase
Roasted perfection perfectly done to taste
Old and new it's Nike zooted like a lunar flight
Been blowing Buddha right, I never eat the tuna, sike
Both fists are gloved up, you dumb fuck
Get left in dump trucks, when I commence the duck hunt
Two o'clock you hear the cannon pop, right outside the Spanish spot
Converted the drug den we call the cannon spot
Grab the money out the safe, shoot him in the waist
Just a little taste, before I finish off his face
Sports drop lightly breaded like a pork chop
Drug and gems, money stashed it in the floor spot
Barry Bronson shooting juice before the Mitchell Report
Never snitching in court, we blitzing the fort
All my niggas pitching for sport
Putting up Clemen numbers, four bitches shit in the bag
And now there's seven Hummers

Hey yo a fantasy crazy the form it is

Of a supreme being that has strange ways of gathering cream
Grade-A stopped of cop blocked hard rocks and
Get knocked by undercover narcs in the park after dark
Oil dripping, tire spinning free will showing that crime sells
Doing big deals with krills, eating high-priced meals
We still dipping police, flipping hashish
Causing moms great grief, when you hit them streets
Cause we have precise understanding of dismantling
Words you planning, you start to scrambling
Put your life to gambling, the black heart nigga
Who start shit no babe? departed
I know more than one word besides arson
I got intensity with my history
Blaze, haze more than the sun rays
Glow more the MICer with the Jerry-curl glaze
My passion is right there with fashion
I feel a fever
That's why I'm reaching like a baby that was teething
Saying it's time for me to start the eating
Science is teaching
You preaching prophecies of an untold road
That finally unfold that behold the truth of the real foes
ID's were known
My pat is on they toes

Shot fired, police scatter like crows
Full-body blow
React like a high women terrain like it's Halo
Blunts burn slow, I put pieces together like it's Lego
Before you say go, six niggas hit the floor like "Yeyo!"
Dry up and crumble like it's Play-Doh
Because I say so
Rest in peace 357
My baby, I love her