

Hey yo
Action Bronson
Solace
Motha fuckin PF Cuttin
You 'bout to hear some shit

Hey yo
Fry the flamingo when we dining, planters on the table
Booby shining the rarest diamonds studs around the navel
Hop out the whip both feet touch at the same time
Greenbacks consolidated with the grey nine
Red dawn cook up the fishes with the heads on
He fanned the Bronsonelli known for never folding bread wrong
Every bill facing the same direction
Shit on my feet, split up the middle
Desert wiley with the suede complexion
Fill the glass, toast the brew, smoke the basil soup
Cop and crash a hazel coup, take a nasal too
Yes indeed I smoke minoras with my people
I'm rolling up the trilogy before I light the fucking sequel
Peppers are grilled with the diploma, the smoker
The apple-wood chip thirty-eight enhancing the aroma
'95 Karl Kani on the vest set
Death threats will get your cut ripped and your chest wet

Exquisite lyric from the vocal so we hold it down
It's word wizardry the queens niggas hold the crown
Fresh out the ground got the hookers with the golden gowns
Profound sound, pound for pound we known the go around

My every move is major, incredible intrepid flow
Rep your soul's a spectacle, but's that's just true to nature
Now who's the crew to lace ya? Timeless, the Truth will amaze ya
Euphemisms be like euthanasia we through with the flavors
I read your blueprint watch you take the foolish steps
You don't deserve my cents if you was UNICEF
The Judas left the Southern sun and God for thirty pieces
All my thesis to the wisest recognize the dirty features
We working on getting work in
You hear the shotty bursting with Lonnie be lurking
Say your prayers like Donnie McClurkin
We fly to the grave site like kamikazes
And maintain the same brain frame as Hammurabi's
So paraprofessionals know I'm a be skeptical
Never handing out respect unless it's exceptional
Yo just be strategic or get broke into pieces
By murderous paragraphs that'll leave you paraplegic

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