

Chuck Person

Action Bronson

And when I find out who did it, it won't be quick and quiet like it was with you.

It'll be loud and nasty. My kind of kill.

And when his eyes go dead the hell I send him to will seem like heaven after what I've done to him.

Yo

Time on my hands

Running fast like Jackie Joyner-Kersee

Hit the Jackie Rob

Cop the Hershey

Spark the bark for the ride back to the Galaxy

Back, back, down, forward, kick

That's a fatality

For Liu Kang, turn to a dragon then a raven

Ain't no professor that can fuck with this verbatim

Your style is prenatal

I got the hand that rock the cradle

Fully auto mac under the table

Jewish platters, kreplach soups and sable

If you ain't stable, don't hang around cause I enable

Drug use, dick sucks from a fiend

Rib eye steaks that still on a bone

Me and my team shine

Like hologram fishscale right off the Greek coast

Toast to greats with bubbles

Three states, three cases, no traces

I'm the ace to shovels

So sick, muthafucka cover face with muzzles (Yeah!)

Flushing, Queens, twenty seven years strong

Where you think you're gonna run to when the tears gone

And reality set just like the sun do

Ain't trying to have my babies raised up in the slum, true!

C'mon, you son of a bitch.

Damn, he's slick.

No love for snitch niggas trying to serenade the precinct

Singing about granulated onions that ain't used for seasoning

My mind is off, this life gave me a different type of reasoning

I'm so New York that I could rep it from a different region

Slay heffers, Ottomanelli's got 'em in telly's

We eat good, Turkish cuisine, Ottoman belly's

We sit in whips and our whips sit on Pirelli's

While we're getting dick sucks, my whole team is Akinyele's

Put in their mouth, let 'em give 'em second chances

I'm known for finger banging bitches giving table dances

Open my flip book, see me posted in the sickest stances

Glorious garments, you could get some style by taking glances

Red snapper, taken apart, put back together

Plated on some bok choy, fine fish platters forever (Yo!)

Same routine, another day, a new endeavor

I usually rock a power piece under a Polo leather

I write left, think right, need the box tight

Mind blowing dome cause I always eat the box right

Make believers out of haters, haters out of homies

Bring my fam to the top so I ain't lonely
I'm with the team, cuisine like we celebrating
Contemplate the takeover when we delegating
Get it shaking like a dancer at Perfections
Catch us in a European coupe, it's never rented, kid
Been getting it, circle full of amateurs
See great rappers smoking seeded up cannabis
Fucking embarrassment, we cooler than a Vick's rub
You the type to trick it all night at a strip club
I'm the type to bag a stripper out front
Take her back, line a twenty up and get my shit sucked (Yeah!)
That's what you do when you flyer than Goldblum
Purple label loafers, paying homage to the old school

I'm from Brooklyn, the reason why I walk with a bop
Same reason I don't fuck with the cops
My borough is thorough, if any nigga try to tell me it's not
I'll leave his face bloodied up, all covered in knots
We break bread at the table with made niggas and sip wine
And graduate from little niggas, now we living big time
I'm in a state of mind like Nas in his prime
That real New York talk, home of gritty and grime
Check it, I got the cleanup, Bronsonelli's batting leadoff
Your mother's mouth is the place where I drop my seeds off
Hop in the Lamborghini, middle finger speed off
D's are getting P'd off, they're present, drop the weed off
I'm like a cross between Stoudemire and Carmelo
Half these New York whack rappers are soft as Jell-O
Since a little nigga, always been a fly fellow
Went from dark brown skin into a high yellow