

Compliments To The Chef

Action Bronson

Compliments to the chef, the baby lamb was perfect
Now I smoke the drugs that got me feelin' like I'm surfin'
Dusk on the North Shore, hash on my person
Roll it to a snake then I wrap it like a turban
We in the jungle with the shaman
Tryna find these answers to these problems I've been ponderin'
Now these motherfuckers hollerin' with their lips puckered like collagen
Sell me the world, and my kids, put them in colleges
But daddy get it by himself on the reg
Stuffed zucchini flowers, mix ricotta with the egg
Chopped parsley, salt flakes, Himalayan maize
Meditation time helps me penetrate the mind
December 2nd, '83 I was created
My vision's wider, the human being's jaded
It's just reality, dealt with on a daily basis
Big Body put the burner in these bitches' faces

Oh, they're selling dreams out here
In every corner store
Pawn 'em on the streets out here
They're selling me the world
But if it all goes up, it could all come down the same
So when I go where I go I remember where I came...
Remember where I came from

Yo, yo can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink it
Two in the pink, two in the stink
Leather-coloured goulash, talks with Lou Dobbs, create some new jobs
In '87, saw my father in a blue Saab
Right seat sittin', left hand shiftin'
You know that every team needs a Paxton and a Pippen
Bronson rhymin' like he on an acid tab trippin'
You changin' with the moon with a Maxi Pad drippin'
High-five love - 5'5, plump
Sell the pussy 'til the shit look like a Ty Cobb glove
Bring me back the money then I dip to Arizona
Put my balls in your mouth, bubble tea, tapioca
Smoke shark, speakin' in a Nordic slang
Baby blue eyes, important like an August rain
Clear water from the creek keep me nourished
Keep my head up, never discouraged, pussy bitch

Yeah... remember where I came from...

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