

Double Breasted

Action Bronson

Hey yo, our lungs are filled with the purple from the jungle
Never fumble, got the work right by the grundle
Twin dick sucks for me and my son
That's before he was 3 smoking weed in a blunt
Straight from flushin where the birds are hanging dead in the window
Scent of garbage make me sick getting head in the rental
Got the lamb rack pan, roasted, laced with [?]
Little yogurt dapped and drizzled might be a winner
Come and see me, known the hand that makes the fettucini
Holler make the baklava getting paper bashkala
La Majun sour smoking savage out of sarasota
Macho man, the taco stand is where the hook is kept
30 dollars get you pussycat, right in the kitchen where they cooking at
[?], architecture art deco, twist the pussy like a soft pretzel
I'm such a special guy, I'd rather die then never testify
You soon to see me at the party with a vest and tie.
Shorts, that's my steez when I'm stepping
Strollin down the streets like the westerns

Double weapons, at my size and preparing for the showdown
Spinning like a wild maneuver, Whilin' at them hold down
Hold ground, stand firm, you little sissies got a chance
Now it's time to give them man burn

Yo, he try to fuck with Bronsollini it's a crucial calling
Guaranteed you gonna loose just like the Brooklyn brawler
Mister wonderful in shorts, cortex, gortex
The bottom of the feet in case the floor wet
Flow was sended here crafted on the mother earth
Kinda strange things been funny since my brother's birth
Shaking hands, the system money connect
Blow a ransom on a yacht, have a seed in Quebec
Respect my, exquisite mistique, pretty petite
Little hookers running wild, giving head in the street
But still, slicing nuts, clean off that's with the razor
I'm laughing in the tavern where fresh bruno's and blazers chilling
Salt and pepper, queen shit, salt and pepper, ps.