## **Falconry**

## **Action Bronson**

Yo pass me the ball fool You better fuckin' pick me, ya Straight the fuck up, I roof this shit Fuckin' 360 on this pussy I don't give a fuck I'll kick this motherfucking ball over the fence No shoes on

[Verse 1 - Action Bronson:] I know you see me on the TV, lookin' like a hunk of beef When I smile your baby mama shit her dungarees Somebody get the kid a deal he sound like me But nah, dunny don't get down like me The falcon flies back to the glove when I whistle Don't try to put me in the box like a tissue Cause I push you in the box with a pink suit Fuck around and have some squid ink soup, bitch (Ah man there's so much fuckin' hash in this joint right now son) Uh, you ain't a legend like Yanni I'm so Queens like a Roy Wilkins T-shirt With one arm shredded, and one arm missing Dog, I was born with Allah's vision I learned quick I couldn't follow suit Cause the Devil put the pork inside the dollar soup Now I'm sittin' in first class with a hard dick Listenin' to German guitar riffs, what a life I was made like the beginning of Jurassic Park When they took the fucking blood from the mosquito with a dope needle Then they shot it in a wild lion, 1983 I popped out holdin' an iron with a visor on Yeah, uh huh Yo, the videos are like a Jewish summer camp promo Your ideas lack Adobo

[Verse 2 - Meyhem Lauren:] Yo, silk cinder blocks, cinnamon socks On the low like a whip without shocks I bag bitches in flocks Representative for everything official Ya'll niggas can't live, so it's officially an issue Waterproof penmanship, padded on a rugby Hammer in the hamper 'case a nigga try to thug me I'm a idol, my wave is tidal, forget survival Treat the last record I broke just like a rival Uh, I'm New York before it turned into a bike lane Never had a light fame, split the pipe cane It was written but I wrote it Put religion right on my neck and then I froze it Laurenovitch, yeah

[Big Body Bes:]
3:36 in the morning
Location: a drug infested area, Brooklyn, New York
What am I doing? Standing on an unidentified corner
With a Latin individual, corn rows, foamposites;
All sorts of a felony in his waist
But who sinck-akordy.cz he only loves me when I'm naked