

# Gateway To Wizardry

Action Bronson

Yeah, good hoodie, shorty got the good pussy  
Sniff coke off a crisp hundred  
Stay blunted, silk pants, sip France  
Chicks dance, I stand in the pimp stance  
West coast, laid back feel the breeze  
Burnin' trees in diplomas, earn degrees  
In the winter, mockneck circle ski  
Wanna party, pop that purpley  
Oh shit bam bam in the building  
Scrape the women, hide the children  
Give a bitch rimshot like a Zildjian  
Me and Mildred eating like a pilgrim  
Huh, yo Tommy Lasorda  
Dodge bullets, dive into the water  
True lies, diamonds at the porter  
Shoot like Terry Porter, pimpin' with your Asian daughter  
I'm always ready for a minor bid  
Not for long cause I need me some vagina, kid  
Tryna catch strange soup in the silk  
Well-built with the coupe in the kilt  
I need some mouth from a woman  
I couldn't get it, so I took it, though I shouldn't  
Sick shit like Ferrara with the footage  
Stick shift in Ferrari, oh my goodness  
Hood bitch, sweatpants, good tits  
Fat butt, 97 Acura  
Big bitch, make me want to tackle her  
Fuck around Urlacher her  
Enough of that, I'mma shoot dice, abusin' the wall  
'Til I cruise on the shore, barbecues on the four  
Mad drugs on the table and I'm doing 'em all  
And I'm never gon' fall

Last time we locked eyes, slapped hands with the kid  
Now you rambling kid, you should have handled that shit  
When you see me motherfucker better handle your biz  
Better handle your biz

Put the flame to his sneakers, I'm a pyro  
Barrel revolutions got us spinning like a gyro  
The suitcase is filled with filo  
Here's a side-note  
Fuck around, leave you on the side road  
Five stars on the dinner plate  
Pardon 'em, see me studded like Cardamom  
Play your part cause you don't really want no part of 'em  
Take the key out the ignition, shouldn't have started 'em  
Joints twisted like a sprained foot  
Red beard, big blue eyes, a strange look  
It's like I'm chopping down trees  
Jump out the chopper on skis, maltese  
I'm stunned by the mountains and the sunrise  
Stash work in the mattress where your son lies  
Enter the casket under dirt and the guns cry  
I'm going out blazing, squeezing at the one time

You ain't a boss, you just playin' boss

Pop him in his head, pray on his corpse  
Knee on his neck and his sternum  
Askin' for forgiveness, when I'm done I'mma burn him  
You dancin' with the demons  
I know you see the European leanin'  
And the chain and watch gleamin'  
And you thinkin' this a dreamin'  
Welcome to the nightmare  
Blunts, the Delorean  
This shit'll travel light-years  
But you gon' end up right here  
My rap style is impeccable  
Standing still in the mirror but seein' my reflection move  
Phantom no vehicle, ghost no vehicle  
A Ouija board, it ain't weed what the fuck I need it for  
And what the fuck you got me heated for  
Real cool nigga, show you what the heat is for  
Ghost and Bronson, shoot like Bronson  
Cook you like Swanson, now look at your conscience