

Hard Target

Action Bronson

Yeah, yeah (Yeah, yeah)

Uh

Ayo, the weed don't even hit me like it used to
When I was youthful
Man, I don't even know how to pray, dog (Fuck)
This big, long shit get sprayed off, uh
Ruined my life bettin' my money on them gray dogs (Fuck it)
If I die today I'm still gon' live forever (Forever)
I might just pop up when it's long leather jacket weather (Undertaker)
When the caddy drive a little slower (Woo)
When that haze hit my lung (Woo)
And my eyes get a little lower (Woo)
They had the camcorders goin' at the cookout (Uh)
If police approach (Uh-
huh), you can hear the whistles from the lookouts (Yeah)
Shit man, I just put two fuckin books out (Two of 'em, two of 'em)
Bestsellin' author, motherfucker, I'm good now (I'm good now), shit

Meyhem in your Mom kitchen like Ving Rhames
Rockin' big chains, lookin' like Rick James (James)
This ain't no kids game (Uh), hear me? (Hear me?) Uh, yeah

I broke his jaw on West 4th (Yeah), everybody screamed, "World Star" (World Star)
Jumped through the window of my girl's car, then swerved off (Skrtrt)
'Bout to cop this fourth floor loft, just off my thoughts (Uh)
I'm butt naked playin' ball, bitch, hold that
No watch, no chain, just a down to earth gorgeous motherfucker with some fame (Uh, uh)
Star traveler, a Midnight babbler (Uh)
I narrowly escaped to Babylon (Babylon)
In a baby Blue Porsche wagon Panama, shit Panama
(Babylon, Babylon, Babylon, Babylon, Babylon)
I ordered fire roasted turbo from Brittney (Uh)
With the mint leaves, plated simply for my family (True)
Brought all my people with me (All of them)
Display my art up in the Whitney
This chick with me look like Whitney (Just look like)
And, yeah, she only sniff with 50s (Uh)
Shit gettin' risky

Meyhem in your Mom kitchen like Ving Rhames
Rockin' big chains, lookin' like Rick James (James)
This ain't no kids game, this ain't no kids game
This ain't no kids game (Uh), hear me? This ain't no kids game (Uh)
This ain't no kids game (Uh), this ain't no kids game (Uh), Uh

Thousand horses in the Shelby
Havin' lunch in the Catacombs
Doggy, doggy, smell me?
Basic bitch, she got the bag with all them LVs
I like my bags filled up with money straight from Tel Aviv (Bling)
Or diamonds (Bling)
And there's nothin' on consignment (Bling, bling, bling)
I said it's all about the product and not the salesman

New York to Paris, three hours because of tailwind
I'm so wave it's like I sailed in (Sailed)
I tell that tale about the great white whale that's on the trail for his paper
Buy a brand new outfit for a motherfuckin' Hater
I'm high as fuck at the Seder
I play ball, pop, I never was a skater (Skater)
I'm more like Big Van Vader doin' a layup, feel me? Uh (Let's get out of here, man)

Meyhem in your Mom kitchen like Ving Rhames
Rockin' big chains, lookin' like Rick James (James)
This ain't no kids game, this ain't no kids game
This ain't no kids game, this ain't no kids game
Only for Dolphins