

Heel Toe

Action Bronson

(La Musica De Harry Fraud)

Yeah, Irv (huh?)

Put a thousand on the grey dog (Which one, over there?)

I like that one (Alright)

Yo, the long trench wearer, money in my hand, I dare ya
To come and take this, find you in a basement naked
Plus it's rainin'

She took a sniff, now she dancin' like she Usher Raymond

See me swerving in the Lincoln with the Daytons

Seat colors Sanaa Lathan, kinda resembles fried bacon

I shoot at your crew, put the spoon inside the Tiramisu

As I sat there looking cute in a suit

Shit I made it cool

To be yourself again without nobody helpin' em

What is that velvet?

Yes it is baby, I'm a specialist

All these fuckin' demons that infest the kid

This be that shit that your grandfather's invested in

Dad's back, your new shit I had that

My new bitch is half black, Bimmer made the hatchback

I'm havin' flashbacks of razors in the ass crack

Hundred thousand dollars all in ones inside the trash bag

A bunch of fiends, I'm havin' lunch in Queens

A lot of hundreds in my Dungarees

I'm at the garden sittin' Indian style, that means I'm on the floor

My skin is shinin' like it's Armor All

Freak bitches like a carnival

Bitch I stay on the boat just like a barnacle

I don't talk to no sons so bring your father through

And I was born in December, paint the Impala blue

Bitch it's gettin' cold, huh

She sniff blow, did the heel toe

Off the wheel of the de Ville, then I peel slow

For real though, I'm trying to get Shaquille dough

Huh, I'm just trying to get Shaquille dough

Hang out the window of my sports car I'm listenin' to Prince

Bitch from Berlin is blowin' me behind the tints

Doves cried, then I let my nut fly in a sluts eye

Eyes still in the mirror lookin' for one time

When we were younger used to play in parks

Now my hunger got me drivin' European sharks

Lay in lofts, paint the hall a light Chilean moss

Shit I stay on the porch, lightin' a torch up like headlights on the Porsche

Tan coupin', work tanner than Cam Newton

Hand crafted Lands snoozin'

Susan, boufin' balloons in, shorty from Oahaxa

Husband back in México, cross this out his lock

Check came in it was \$3500 just on the stomach

Imagine what we spent on weapons

And I have our bitch draped up in leopard

Joints filled up with pepper

I'm straight from Queens mother fucker, what you reppin'

She sniff blow, did the heel toe
Off the wheel of the de Ville, then I peel slow
For real though, I'm trying to get Shaquille dough
Huh, I'm just trying to get Shaquille dough

My bitch gallop like a tan deer
Stealin' outfits? from the Tangiers
I been a man here so many damn years
You see that plane, it lands here
You see that drop, that's to drive me away, I'm wearin' cashmere
Pink champagne spillin' down the glass again
I swear just one more score baby we cashin' in
Me and money got a good rapport
I shot the cuban whore, papi met his maker in the humidior
Dove off the boat with the briefcase, no police chase
Then I went and had a cheesesteak from Ishkabibbles
Hit the sizzle, control the whip with one arm like Richard Kimble
Bitch I've been the symbol
Bitch I've been the symbol
Bitch I've been the symbol
Bitch I've been the symbol
Bitch I've been the symbol

She sniff blow, did the heel toe
Off the wheel of the de Ville, then I peel slow
For real though, I'm trying to get Shaquille dough
Huh, I'm just trying to get Shaquille dough