

It's Me

Action Bronson

Fucking wax man
What is this doing to us?

Heading towards a magical path
Rhyming over African jazz
Put the drug inside the crack of my ass
Do a squat then it falls out
Set it off, tell my whore, "Wear the mall out
Cop whatever, put it on the mastercard
Come home so I can fuck you really fast and hard"
(Yo who the fuck you with?) Oh, I'm with that bastard John
In the Porsche and the seats are made of mastodon
He had an accident and now he got a plastic arm
Got paid, got his mom a nail salon
Got laid, he can choose 'em from a catalogue
Russian, Taiwanese, whatever
They say I'm looking Siamese in leather
Little red devil on the dresser
Writing red pencil on the letter
Thin slices of the cheddar
Fold it up make my life better
We had the lunch at Osteria Morini
I had the calf's brain
Half glass of Cabernet on the PATH train
New year they still love me for my past fame
Like a soccer player call me by my last name
A young Zinedine Zidane
In Flushing Meadow Park drinking hennessy with mom
You might catch me out in Tennessee with wine
Won't even dine unless the ice sculpture centerpiece a swan

Fly away
Shit, won't even dine
Unless the ice sculpture centerpiece a swan