

# Larry Csonka

Action Bronson

Bronsolino

Fuck that sitting-down rap type shit, man  
I stand up, cause I'm a motherfucking man  
And I'm motherfucking hot

Peep it

I'm on the third floor, your class was in the basement  
You know what that means: you got a hint of retardation  
Well, me too, I'm fully-blown just like the flow, though  
Spit the silky shit that's ankle-length like a kimono  
Uh, sharp instruments to rock like a fossil  
Shotty for the haters, that's trimmed off at the nostrils  
Well, me and Docker eating dinner at the brothel  
Never sniff that blanco, that's word to OJ's Bronco  
Cop a Dutch and break it open, overfill it  
I'm rollin' in the car, it may be shaky, never spill it, though  
Cause when I rhyme, I feel possessed by El Espirito  
Encounters of a Third Kind, X-Rays on the visual  
Ginger ale and hot sauce: two things I live by  
I'm such a chill guy, but fuck around and, yes, you will die  
Green DeVille, right, green drugs, but hold the serum  
Rub the things together, then you clear 'em, flatline  
The prosciutto, olives from Tunisia  
Drums are hittin' hard because they chopped up like a cleaver  
And yes I'm smokin' all the reefer  
The night creeper  
I love the pussy really tight, that's with a light Caesar  
Can it be that I'm the Golden Child, the Chosen One  
The piggies saying freeze, but every time they did I chose to run  
Takin' that attachment on the nozzle like a soldier's gun  
Hide behind the boulder, silver bullet through you shoulder, son  
Crack the pepper over thin crust that's handmade  
I'm stayin' strapped just like the Air Raid  
Yo, take a taste of my nuts  
Know they sweet just like the candy  
Thick and the same color as Band-Aid, understand me?  
I built this building, they came and then I dropped it  
Two hour flights to Heathrow up in the Concorde  
Fermented grapes up in my glass that bear the same name  
I'm working hard because that's what I need to maintain  
Killer Queens is on the rise, so understand me  
Ain't never stoppin' 'til there's Grammy in a room for my family  
Also known as a den  
Post and toast with Lauren  
Posing for pictures, kicking scriptures that form up a phlegm

Uh, let me take a little break fam

I'm fucking straight out of surgery, man

I need a little break

When I come back in, I'm a come back in hard, though

I promise you that

(Look at my motherfucking shoulders, son)

Yo

I'm diving in like Louganis

I'm aiming right for that anus

Trying to give her a payment to rent the pussy like Avis

Peace to Shaevitz & Shaevitz  
My rhymes are seasoned for flavor  
Fuck with shorties that's in shape, they got the V like they Vega  
Ah ha, Animal Style, flippin' like a flipjack  
You heard the cat rap, like animal's fear from a rat, got  
Ankle length, that's suede, the jacket  
Smoke, smoke, smoke, smoke  
Do the Chatatimmy Shimmy like a crackhead  
No one compare to me, lampin' with my tangerine  
I'm fiend out, so I'm bangin' on the tambourine  
Yo, bring the drugs and call me when you on the corner  
And I'm a send the doja down in case they run up on ya  
Your style is celibate, I'm elegant, trust  
My style is liver and I'm ivory like a elephant tusk  
Swirl the wine inside the glass that got the delicate musk  
Shoe be pointy at the toe, closin' down the show  
Poison be the flow, got the boysenberry blow  
Finnish on the women  
That mean the bitch from Finland  
Her tits are bonkers  
Chilling in the chakras  
Rollers in her hair, I'm running through it, Larry Csonka

Bronsolino  
You don't even know who fucking Larry Csonka is, man  
Get the fuck off my weed leaf  
Pussy