

Man & The Mirror

Action Bronson

Back once a-motherfucking-gain
Come here mirror, bring yourself to me
I want you to see the beauty you've created

Caddy got the brown hard top just like the Crème Brulée
Crack it, I'm attracted
The bitches they think I'm attractive
That means I'm sexually active
Hang out with actors and chefs
Gray Beamer, swing the left, BBS's
Flip out the roof, land in a split
Handle my shit
Straight from Flushing, Queens
Where them hammers get gripped
A fiend will suck your dick
For a gram of the sniff
I been gorgeous, mid-August
Twin Porsches, three floor loft
Diana Ross, blow my nostrils with the tan cloth
Five in the mornin' drinkin' coffee smokin' Kents
With the teased hair, doggy everywhere we be's there
You can touch, like the coach and the gymnast
Baby I been this
Pouches of tuna, Ounces of Uma
The '89 station wagon, Mercury Sable
Forest Green, forest park, Horace Grant
It's me