

# Marijuana Bronson

Action Bronson

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Yo, The land fertile I provide for the biz  
Play possum with the pigs stuff a dime on the kid  
Just scripted for the brothers holding knives on they bids  
Gift basket full of figs, I'm sipping wine with the fizz  
I got that pure smoke, gorgeous like a sushi plate  
Five sticks of marijuana I hallucinate  
The tan Timothy, jacket to my knee  
Classic I'm a G, I'm the captain of the sea  
See, It be those kids from queens in guess jeans  
Pulling bread schemes smooth as jet streams that let the lead scream  
We still rhyme fly words over percussion  
Nine - five Style max out diamonds in Flushing  
I'm still the man immoral Its hard to navigate through coral  
Your bitch with the tits still give the slamming oral  
Zero Fifty Six used to be the beeper code  
You know the dope'll force a fiend into the sleeper hold  
You mother fucker I got you

Ay yo, Mountains are capped with snow though it's the summer months  
I'm working hard for that money laundered in other fronts  
Forty blunts in the museum  
Jerk chicken patties out the window cop the tyson out the coliseum  
A Street Fighter with the Killer Instinct for Mortal Kombat  
The title holder higher than a giant's shoulder  
Lamb roasting over open fire  
Full moon hallucinations giving in to all my souls desire  
Lyrically, I'm Doctor Lector, You Doctor Seuss  
I let him fall from off the roof and now I got the juice  
I'm on that one way path headed for nowhere  
Frozen nose hairs all I know, better be dro there  
Pass the Thyme, chocking off the truest reefer  
Lawrence Taylor in his prime with the smoother Caesar  
Drinking ginger out the Yankee cup  
The holy grail telling tale blowing cheeba eating tangy duck

Mother Fucker, Queens

These are the vividries of life that I'm expressing to you  
Smoke salmon or coke famine your friend'll do you  
Cause you make a little paper but you acting greedy  
They'll cook ya momma in front of you just like hibachi Peaty  
There's no Tahiti, forty five scrolls in graffiti  
Beamers on BBs, the shit only seen on the TV  
It really happened in the galaxy of Queens  
Giving credit you indebted off the fallacies of fiends  
I walk a road less traveled, push the foreign car  
Often spark steel and known to play the gun guitar  
The drugs sell by themselves you just a common factor  
Real star is in the jar you the supporting actor  
Blood thirsty so I'm howling at the moon  
Puff a pound of boom, marijuana, she met a valid doom  
We gotta get it cause we living for the minute  
Keep the windows tinted, smoke in the whip, keepin it lemon scented