

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