

Mongolia

Action Bronson

(He knows my name but my name is not my name
And you?
To them you're only 'The Greek'
And of course I'm not even Greek)

Yeah
Baklava, yeah
Hologram, yeah

Yo, it's Mister Forty Forty
Dressed like I'm trash from naughty
A young brother that'll stretch ya shorty (Damn)
David Caruso couldn't connect the story (What's up?)
Or solve the puzzle
His favorite murder weapon was a shovel
It's the jefe
Spanish women all over my body like a machete, homes
All I do is write these essay poems
Let's get dusted at the Mets game, homes
Like 16 Handles, catch me swirling in the left lane home
I don't even got my left leg on
Tryna dance tonight
This ain't your language that I sing
Wrapped up my hands in ice
Me and my brother go together just like lamb and rice

I eat African shrooms while rappin' on tombs
Back in June when I clapped at your goon
My car color blue waffle
It's new and it's too awful
The limo driver Rudolph ill, will off your new golf shoes
Workin' on my birdie putt
You heard me, slut
Hurry up, curvy butt
I need a bitch to go down on me
I mean really go to town on me
I mean really do a number on me (Suck that dick, bitch)
Supplying elite, a few fiends died at my feet
God dealt a bad hand off a half gram
Feast the fam and give you a half Xan'
And throw you in the Grand Canyon

Yeah, uh, uh
Meyhem doin' good, that's a rumor that I heard
Wearin' diamonds, eatin' bluefin tuna
They wanna test me like I'm Bradley Beal
None of you motherfuckers real
My nigga, pass the steel
Mass appeal, mass production
Mass destruction, crime, corruption
Wine consumption
On a private island, wildin'
The sun threw shade 'cause it's jealous of my medallion
Pitchin' and then compilin'
Late nights like Jimmy Fallon
Louis silk coupled with Nikes, picture me stylin'
My life story is a open shirt outfit

We gettin' money, kid, you niggas ain't about shit