

Yo, this is Action Bronsonelli in the place to be

Peace to the ultimate warrior posted up in Astoria
Bronsolini is the name and when I rhyme its euphoria
To the death of me, motherfuckers seeking that serum
I got the recipe, soft shell crabs right out the Chesapeake
The devil's basil laying lovely in the plastic jar
Open it up from the aroma almost crashed that car
New York livin', linen shorts we too horse driven
And when we sitting down to dine at least there's two course sw
imming
Probably calamari, my young shooter I call him Gallinari
Still serve the Knicks, nibbles of parmigiani
Hand-craft the cheeses, aged inside the cave to thaw
Off to my tailor alterations for my days in court
Come to the park with my jump shot, got five bets
I'm on price, deadly in the clutch with the precision of a shar
k bite
After that we split the paper up and spark the pepper flakes
Flying to the heights, Dominican buffet for pepper steaks
You know its Queensbridge you hear the flavour of my music
My brother Lonny manoeuvre huggin' knotties in the Buick, fluid
Close-knit, no shit just like a herringbone
And laid over the sweater of many brothers of [?]
My aura glistening, my shit's official in
And for my platter's three stars, the book of Michelin
Study Ju-Jitsu in, closets of crystalline
I'm known to rock the green ballys straight out of switzerland,
Peace
My facial hair better than Tom Selleck, smoke the bomb tree
Under the palm tree, accent mimicking Connery
Pardon me lady, slow roasted animal smothered in gravy
Flow like the navy, you play me, then you snoring with daisy

Bronsolinio, the motherfucking number one rap singer
The number one rap singer in the universe
Cause I'm the master of the universe, call me He-Man
Mister songwriter, Bronsolini, Bronsolinio
Bronsonolski, Action Bronstein, George Bronstein
Action Castanza
Yo it's Action Bronson