

Ninety One

Action Bronson

They say Bronson disappeared like the AIDS from Magic Johnson's dick

Truth be told, I been rehearsing for a role but daddy back
The Cadillac, could fit like eighty Shaqs, eleven baby MACs, five scud missiles

Let the cocodrillo tongue kiss you

You meet that afterlife with one whistle, you and whoever run with you

Someone'll have to come and get you but they can't

Cause you'll turn to ketchup while I'm chilling, eating special
Pickled in vinegar, your bitch look like Forest Whitaker

In the movie where he played the general

Every ocean is my fucking swimming pool

If this wave's breaking on the shore, I'm swinging through
Land Rover

Never been polluted with the flu

Press the pedal of the Porsche with no shoe

Diamond-studded horse shoe

Your pussy sweeter than corn soup

Every day I wake up to the tender sound of war flutes

Catch me on tour, boo

I got love

Avatar

Ninth in and they call me wild thing (Wild thing)

Gotta understand, baby, the boy Bronson on some X-file ting

They show my face on the screen at the garden

Everybody scream - that shit's retarded, I'm just an artist

Now the speedboat like 37 feet long, everybody got loafers on

My shawty saying that I should sleep more (No!)

Tell that chick to take a detour, I need to hit the streets more

I need to see more, jumping in that [?]

That's zero G-force, motherfucker

Your money smaller than a seahorse

You never even had a conversation with the street boss

Ah shit, fuck happen?