

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, fi
ve scud missiles
Let the cocodrillo tongue kiss you
You meet that afterlife with one whistle, you and whoever run w
ith 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 mor
e
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?