

Not Enough Words

Action Bronson

Statik Selektah

Playing through the broken ankles, man
Never sit down, cause I'mma stand up

Book a ticket to the tropics cause I'm through with all the shit
That I'm living every day, in the mirror saying why me?
Hide my eyes cause I'm sickened with the image
Of using marijuana, sipping vintage for the time being
My skills set is very serious, in fact
Spit a wild rap, carve a steak right off the cow's back
Throw it on the grill, I'm cooking in the stew
Same shit that's on the grill gave me leather for the boot
If they make me take the stand then I'm lying through my teeth though
Ask to swear to God but in that I don't believe though
My man Stevie Mo playing safety for Toledo
Hustle 'til my fingers staying cheesy like a cheeto
Shorty on the bed pleasuring my pee pee
Smart crew TCN, lyrical graffiti
Drug roll precise, like a hooker with the dice
Butcher with the knife, you get taken for your life
So much to say it's so little time and shitty
Killer Queens the borough, New York be the city
Coming crazy out your mouth will get your split up like a Philly
Running through the maze like I'm Willie, you gotta feel me

I'm moving forward cause nothing's gonna be the same
Eyes blurry from the smoke, I can't see the lane
Swerving heavy, bottle in my lap
I'm looking for a problem so I'm modeling the gat
Somebody save me, cause I don't wanna go to jail
I'd rather be up in the mansion for the polo sale
But I'm here, stuck inside my thoughts
I'm tryna have a bag of money stuffed inside my shorts

My life is like a movie, Blizzard with the shottie
Hookah house on Roosie chilling in the lobby
Yes I'm living gnarly, the 40 ounce of Barley
Open up cigars and fill 'em with a bunch of Marley
Double cut porterhouse straight from Luger's
Ruger for intruders hand to hand made by the duelers
Ginger ale in Knicks glasses, your style is piss mothafucka
Time to flip the mattress, kick it swift as Cassius
My mind is stronger than Mariusz Pudzianows
Obvious to see I'm a star straight off the couch
You rapping with a blouse, you get slapped up side the mouth
By the Zangief look-a-like, Bronson always cooking right
Spray the vinegar to tighten up a yummy
Smoking got me squinting like the sky is high and sunny
Attachment on the nozzle make the iron fire funny
Never stop until my body diving in a pile of money

I'm already smoking like a gunshot
You know the fuzzy light green, call it Dunlop, flow nun's twat
Many hours, one man standing, one spot
From the morning to the mothafuckin' sun drop
Cause I'm one with the Earth, eyes red
Mothafucka I've been blunted since birth, age 9

Mom dukes kept the gun in the purse, next to the hair spray
Fuck tomorrow, money coming in the fast way