

Rare Chandeliers

Action Bronson

All I want to do is buy boots, ride coupe, hide loot
Uh, flick chives in the soup
Stick knives where you poop
Backflips off the ledge, hang-glide off the roof
Land on one leg, see me all up on the front page
Holding a pump gauge, ready to dumb aim
At your nuts, like the mouth of a whore
Somersault Cadillac on the door
I been gorgeous, good friends with the florist
Transportin' work in the Sequoia
Now the chandeliers inside the foyer, feet wrapped in snake
The rug gotta hibernate, jacket tryna find a mate (sex)
Choke a duck later on the plate (roasted)
Snap my fingers for the waiter come and pour the grapes (toast
ed)
What's the word baby? (slow motion)
Only vision out my home window (all ocean)

Suede cape shootin' ball at the park (swish)
Thousand on the free throw, you just a weed blow
I'm a full-grown human, half my leg covered in Ewings
You know a pussy gettin' ruined to the point where it doesn't e
ven work
Taz and Bugs Bunny on the shirt
Hop up in the Jag and skirt
I'll show you how the magic work
Take a bastard lay him down in dirt
Aim at your apple with the archery
Chef with the tweezers place the parsley for me
Person in the travel car seat's a G
I'm gettin' V while you home beatin' meat
Can I sense I'm a stud
Drink the blood of the snake
Burn a fake at the stake
Drinkin' grapes with the steak
Make a cake for your wake
Jamaican dancers on your face rockin' 8's