Respect the Mustache

Action Bronson

Meanwhile, behind the facade There lurks the secret of a strange Albanian genius

I'm like a young Bill Kazmaier, swollen from the juice Primobolan in my hemoglobin, chiefin' on the spruce Rocking all white silk, shorts just stop at the knee Stay saucy like a pasta, with the broccoli, who's stopping me? You gotta be out of your mind, I'm an anomaly Salt and pepper beard, distinguished look just like I'm Connery Escape the rocks, see me rollin' through the furnace If I make it to the top, it's cause this motherfucker earned it Well since I'm high, straight polenta from the pot On some bad lieutenant shit, show me how you suck a cock Hoppin' out the 96 Cadillac d'Elegance Pocket full of Mozza, see me fucking with some lesbians

Man fuck that Bronson, don't even say something to these faggots, you alread y know what time it is, we fuck around and fuck their fathers, up

I love chocolate just like Colagaro, from Flushing out to Kosovo My family pedigree picnics with Berettas Filas on the slippers, windbreaker pants and sweaters Very clever, ancient blood line gettin' cheddar Cobblestone the streets, shifting manual in Benzes Neighbor with the hoxha, him and all his shit offends We gather up the lamb, he sacrifice it properly Stuff and twist with cabbage leaves, smoke exotically Control the whip with one hand, listen to Hendrix Loaded 45 chrome, tucked by the appendix Every sentence like the Machu Picchu descendants When I rhyme, I'm always on time, perfect attendance I'm living splendid, blowing sticky in a rented The olive oil virgin, first press, it's never blended, kid I'm straight raw like Carpaccio I'm just a heartthrob straight off the screen, just like DiCaprio

Fuck your feedback, respect the moustache You're like a 40 dolla holla from Guadalajara Respect the moustache Motherfuckers ain't promised tomorrow

Control the floor just like I'm Morimoto, hold my nuts in my hand That's when I pose for photo, doggy I'm often dolo Cause I'm an only child, plus I love the silence Just me and my thoughts, one hand grip the hooptie wheel Soon you'll see me in the Coupe Deville Eating stupid veal, steady aimin', shoot to kill Walk with a cane, but no I'm not a pimp P-P-Pinkie in the air, martini glasses full of shrimp, pussy

Yeah, straight fuckin' fly shit, shout out to my men Statik Selektah, Action Bronson, and shout out to your moms man, that made me the fuckin' man I am today. And a real fuckin' shout out to P.O. Garcia man, stop ringing my bell 9:00 at night man, you know I'm not in my crib, Big Body Bes, man