

# Sylvester Lundgren

Action Bronson

Cash off the top, cash off the top  
Play with my money motherfucker get shot  
Weed from the dread that I roll in the fanta  
Cover on my dick so I won't catch the monster  
I don't even know myself, I'm twisted  
This exquisite shit that flip when I rip it  
Crisp kiddicks, right hand quicker than Riddick's  
Safe to say that I'm the shit here  
Red suede shoes, a holiday in Arizona  
Cocaine knives open up the abalone  
Smoke the macaroni, eat the cannelloni  
Put the cameras on me, take the cameras off me  
Motherfucker raise your hand when you speak  
Act wild this .45 is gettin' jammed in your cheek  
Play the hotel room with bitches tossin' my butt  
Layin' back chillin' blowin' a blunt  
Motherfucker you

Play them sound blocks, tinted, not timid, no gimmick  
Game of life is trife but due to good advice I'm 'bout to win it  
Fuck with rap but I still run around the map and still get it  
Let a nigga violate, I make a visor out his fitted  
Shoebox spinach, new Glocks finish, my life is real  
Calm when clocking currency but on the stage we hyper, still  
I spit for New York where we rep a different type of skill  
But often plan to kill while listenin' to Cypress Hill  
My knife is ill, infections get spread through incisions  
Conquer and divide when we ride, peace to division  
Shinin' when I'm rhymin' my slang fuck up your vision  
Missiles leave you layin' missionary if I'm on a mission  
That's all precision, precise moves change of position  
Never snitchin', define a mime during an inquisition  
My team's about to run the world and that's a true prediction  
Another day, another dollar, and a new affliction

You know you picked the wrong niggas to fuck with, you punk bitch  
Tyson uppercuts, Bruce Lee front kicks  
I'm Dexter with the blood splatter  
Have you shakin' in the back seat with JFK, covered in brain matter  
Everything I talk I walk  
Crib lookin' like a blackboard, oh shit, flooded with white chalk  
Heartbeat racin' fast, when I chase yo ass  
With a Jason mask, pussy boy wave the flag  
Life ain't savin' that, family draped in black  
Visit your maker, now you can't make it back  
One-way ticket to the fire and brimstone  
My mental's locked up but my physical been home  
Question our God ask him what do I sin for  
He said I do wrong cause Eve is my kinfolk  
Bloodline of a disobedient  
Mixed with the heart of a butcher, make the coroner ingredients