

The Come Up

Action Bronson

2009 Action Bronson

Hey yo, you know we creeping on the come up
Outdoorsman shit, here we go

I've seen a fiend scrape the residue and sniff it off a razor
After party for politicians with loafers and a blazer
Skipping AAA I'm coasting straight up to the majors
Linen in every seat drinking wine and eating capers, square
Holding the ground prep the animal for sacrifice
Rub the body with plenty garlic and a classic spice
Holy Trinity, peppers onions celery
Every time I rap I'm on the verge to catch a felony
Standing in circles with my brothers puffin' product
Disturbers to the public call the coppers blew the spot up
Pulled us over a couple of 50's in the ankle socks
Most of it powder so it looks just like his ankle lock
I got the rap shit in the ankle lock
I got her screaming for submission trying to be up in the bank a lot
Currency's the only logic, brother bag the work
Come up funny, I leave you open like a faggot's shirt

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Action Bronson 2009 shit
Hey yo, you know we creeping on the come up

You know the saga, knee length coat made of llama
Purple in the Parma, two ki's the Grana Padano
That's for the cuisine, stracciatell Siciliana
Boom fakers be gettin' vapor dog you get with Anna
The wild fumes, beauty that the ground blooms
Ass fucking the diva leave her with the brown moon
It's now June, tops get lowered off of whips
Flower flip, we grow the mushrooms out the cattle shit
Peddle shiftin' with my eyes closed I'm feeling great
Fire kissing the roasted salmon on the cedar plank
Peep the plan get the money out the bordello
Five-seven the fattest ass, shorty played the cello
Charge a thousand for fifteen, the white collars
Got the manuva serving knowledge for the pipe scholars
Peace to Queens, she the queen of the life
Eating Pio Pio chicken, smothered beans in the rice
And we out

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