Turkish

Action Bronson

Woop, woop
Doctor Turbo
Woop

I pull up, jump out, choke you out, hit the death roll
Then slide off like Bo Jackson in Tecmo Bowl
El Cocodrillo collecting all souls
You can catch me in Tibet
But if you try me I'ma put that ass to bed
From this top floor view I could see the whole strip
Jump out the window like I got wings on
Your physical features will turn into chopped cheese, dog
And I flee off and drive Z4's
With skis where the wheels supposed to be
End your evening with a real ferocious knee
Have you holding something frozen on your cheek
Swinging double hundred pound clubs from Persia like the shiekh
I love the taste of raw meat
I rock the long white robe Allah fashion
Off the roof with the scope
Karma [?] classes
Ask your moms, your boy's been gone
When he was rocking Sean John
I steer the Caddy Like I got one arm
Smoke drugs like I got four lungs
Knock the horse out you rode in on
Hit him twice 'cause he had a chin on
Caught the ball then I Hit the spin on him
I need the money on the table by this morning

Uh-huh, you heard me
I need the money on the table by this morning
These motherfuckers, man
Motherfucker, motherfucker, motherfucker
Just have the money on the table by this morning

Man, we will shoot the bigger steel
And you can guaran-damn motherfuckin'-tee we don't need the J Balvin meal
I'm at the table where that ball spins around the wheel
All kinds of nozzles and gauges, fuck

I never ask a chick for her number, I only give her mine
Fuck it if they hit me, they hit me 'cause either way I'm fine
I park the new 850 next to the old one
And gently place the two-tone Rollie next to the gold one
We got options over here, baby boy
Chop the yay and employ
Catch a flight to sip the wine we enjoy
I try to tell you that we different, I mean different different
Achieving accurately everything you niggas didn't
At this point we gettin' money longer than I have
And every fabric placed on my flesh could win a pageant
I'm talkin' beauty, I'm talkin' Gucci, I'm talkin' Louis
If you try to say I ain't fly then son, you never knew me
Historically rockin' resurrected oddities
Niggas owe us reparations, fuck apologies
Doing pullups wrapped in my jewels is like a weight vest

Anchor swingin' off a ape chest
Lauren [?]

Yeah, uh-huh
Just have the money on the table by this morning
Hear me? Uh-huh
Just have the money on the table by this morning

You know that daddy's home
Yeah, I rose from out the grave like the altered beast fresh out the catacombs
I got the 99 overall in Madden bruh
I have your bitch tossin' salad
Uh-uh

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