

## 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