

Twin Peugeot

Action Bronson

Am I rapping or what?
I can't hear the headphones yeah
Turn me up in the headphones
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Ok, alright

Jump tumble
Front flips off the roof like a stunt double
My shorty doing kegels for her cunt muscle
Keep her shaped up
The M3 all green fly like a strange duck
My dad was right when he said I was a deranged fuck
Now every meal is calamari and boudin blanc
Saddam Hussein guns
Held by nuns who do drugs while beige hard bottoms slide on the new rug
Pinky up
The joint thicker than Pinky's butt
Just as stinky
Nick Van Exel with the handle, Helsinki
Eggs Rothko
The handmade suit cloth I got the sports coat
Twenty three and a half feet on the sports boat
Brown vest made of suede on my torso
Close my eyes, inhale deep, sail free
Blind fury, hoppin' out the braille jeep
Serve me snails to eat
No ham and cheese
I'm tanning
The 540i, color salmon
Smoked can, and
Push the seat back
Put your feet up
Roll my weed up

Why's it feel like my life is moving fast, yo?
Get your own, don't worry about my cash flow
I need a chick to hide the hammer in her asshole
I need that first class dough

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It's me Big Body
Who the fuck else?
You gotta pardon my absence man
I just came back off of vacay man
Just spent the whole fucking weekend up in Orchard Beach
Living the fucking life
I was out there Wildin
Had your moms on the motherfucking boogie board
Doing all types of stunts
But now I'm back though
Ain't shit changed
Just came back, check my motherfucking emails
Got more motherfucking deals on the table
Don't even know what the fuck to do now

Shit
Oh my God
You can still see me though
Out there on Fulton street at 3 in the morning
Bench pressin' a fiend
Ain't shit changed still loitering

Ok, Ok
I'm relyin' on Viacom to keep my lights and fire on
Made a deal with Lucifer, said, "give me the universe" (Every Single Planet)
It hurts kind of like losing your first love
I saw the bright lights and started doing the worst drugs
Now, I'm backtracking and hash rappin' with Action
Throwing hand grenades at paddywagons in passing
Old fashioned soul grabber snorting all the coke up
The type of shit to turn a World War into a Polka
Load up, the double RL icon
Steppin' out the limo, tuxedos made of python
Listening to Lionel Richie, fuckin with the lights on
Rice on the table, have us going all night long (Again, and again, and again
)
Rooftops, sippin on some red wine
Start to realize I've been trippin, shit it's just fine
So, I read a passage out the Bible as I take a bath
Dry off, Hit the Colosseum on Jamaica Ave
Bout to say fuck it and form a union
March up to city hall and protest pollution. (Yes!)