

White Silk

Action Bronson

I smoke drugs as if it's cigarettes, Popping like a giga pet
See my silhouette, right behind me bitches pirouette
That's a dance move, it's origin is French
I'm chilling in the park with several warrants on the bench
Suspended license, Over four years, that's three cars after
Cause I'm like a mush, everything is a disaster
Put 'em in the bathroom, cause that'll be the answer
Let 'em know I'm sick and every flow is like a cancer
Catch a rooster, cut his fucking nuts off
Serve 'em for a hundred dollars, sesame and plum sauce
Try to dip the bill, the Mexicans'll let the guns off
Or cut you with a pleasure similar to getting nuts off
Your whore told me that your putz soft
Plus she caught you in the basement with a tranny getting sucked off
Wheres your morals? Your genitals are floral
Like it in the back just like a fucking epidural
Me, I'm like a caveman, raised from out the mountains
Oriental bathhouses, laying on the couches
Cop a rub-and-tug until I'm spraying like a fountain
Take a hundred out my pocket, lay it on the counter
Peace, arrivederci, bouncing towards the exit
Asian lady crying because I left her fucking legs split
Dookie blunt of regs 'til I'm pookie in the face
Queens, the kids a star like a Mookie on the bass
The flows water, like rafting on the Congo
Take a hit of drugs and I'm passing like I'm Rondo
Motherfuckers sweeter than what normal kids is now though
Get it straight sick, so I simmer up the cuervo
De pollo, look in my eyes you know I'm royal
Hustle up some money like Sidney and Billy Hoyle
Puerto Rican shorty, features like she's Rosie
Titties like a motherfucking pocket full of posey

Uh
Elevator, just take me to the top please
Rocking all white silk, whipping drop V's
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Bronson speaking:

Yeah, I wanna be rocking all white silk, on the beach
In the moonlight, with my Nubian queen
Yeah I said it, I love you

Obama copped me the sandwich, I dipped the cops like I'm Sanders
For minor work, get your momma murked, napkin covered designer shirts
Cause we eating like some animals to say the least
Bronsolin' bust a nut right in your favorite niece
Smoke in my lungs when I'm driving on the FDR
Steering with my knees, and I'm rolling, almost wrecked the car
Squatting twelve plates, all I do is set the bar
Call your father, your a doula coulda stacked the bar
Making dough, baking bread just like the French
Hustle until we're living right, sleeping on the benches
Swinging for the fences, helicopter chauffeur
Cyclops catch you with the lasers and the lenses

Arnold Palmer on the graphic in the beverage
Everything I do myself, I'm using that for leverage
About to rape the game 'til this motherfucker hemorrhage
Moat around the crib and garages full of Benzes

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Bronson speaking:

Yo shouts to the Lord man
Get seared up like fucking salmon
Uh
Bronsolino, Statik Selektah
Queens to Boston
Puss