

Zambezi

Action Bronson

Uh, uh, uh, uh

My 8x12s considered porno
Grip the semi-auto
I don't have any morals
All my jewelries thoughtful
640 four door sports coupe
Burberry waterproof, Boss moves
Workers fertilized along with horse poo
Lawyers like Cochran
Run in your thot rocking a cock ring
Break the box spring
Dye the fox pink
Cameos with cameo
The ladies throw panties
This feel like New Edition
Candy Girl minus the wet Gheri curl
The black Led Zeppelin
My Nazi sled go from zero to sixty in less than six seconds
This shit was destined
Flicking ashes out the Hummer
Kicking asses, taking numbers
Stickin' ratchets, breaking rubbers
This is crack we play the oven
Kidnap niggas' baby mothers
Maybe others, wave the Mac
Spray your black Mercedes bumper
Pump the shotty, cock the body slumped, dump one
Snatched his link
This shit was slum like Brian Pumpers

Shit, my heart is frigid, I'm an art exhibit
Crashed the boat, that's just a part of living
My soul descendants from the heavens
And I'm pretty sure I've been here before 'cause I can feel it
When the wolves screams my eyes turn black and I can't feel shit
Spin the wheel, Skip, quick like a spinning heel kick
There's only so much that I can deal with
Turning the veal strips
You'll have to learn braille, shit
I don't know about no jail shit
I'm talking to the pilot about the tail wind
Look at this brand I built hand and wheel
I should've played the point guard at Vanderbilt
Standing still, just hand me the pill
Drive a white van in Amityville
When I hopped out they like it can't be real
Well ancient astronaut theory speak clearly about my origin
And I ain't talkin' 'bout Oregon
I'm 'bout to go on tour again
So buy your tickets and fly your bitch in
Fry the chicken
Play me five feet, a wise decision