

Bronx Bombers

MIKE

I'm gully and you fascinated
Keep the Axe in the bag just to mask the fragrance
When I spazz, it's just to get cash saturated
These rappers wack, they only brag just to match their fakeness
Scallywag, I'm jacking daddy and they agitated
I've been dodging patty-wagons from the tracks I'm flaming
Catch a body like I'm Bobby, man I'm aggravated
Black diamonds for the track like I tanned the payment
You ain't the man, man you really ain't commanding nathing
You ain't commanding nothing, there ain't no contemplating
They hold the chronic patient longer than a conversation
Now I'm going in like a nigga obligated
There's no more moderation
These niggas pull up to my shows like it's a congregation
These niggas lying on they backs but that's an honest statement
You keep on lying on your back, just pray you dodge the pavemen
t
I keep on trying for a fact, that's why I'm bound to make it
When you look me in the eyes, that's when you found amazing

Yeah, yeah

Money, all about my cheese and the bread
Put some Gs on your head
If he got a problem, then he flee for the dead
Yo I'm like a zombie, you can't stop me
I keep on going, I just keep on going
And you know I keep it frank just like the fuckin' ocean
Dancing til my whole-