

Central Bookings

Action Bronson

The way things is looking Im'ma see central booking
Eh yo Queens get the money
Ain't trying to see central booking, Oh shit
Dough boy in New York City
New York is still the same
Out there on the Queens Ave

Playing the mirrors like a diva cause I'm paranoid
And plus I'm smoking drugs, you're just a token thug
Fuck around your words will lay you in a woven rug
I'm Middle Eastern, Iron Sheik with the cobra clutch
We see the lights so I force them into chasing me
Early morning money like the people in the bakery
Fancy drapery, rep the family faithfully
Criminal minded, do it tastefully
Shorty catching cases, couple priors open
Serve fiends same shit Richard Pryor smokin'
My speech be concrete lying, defeat a web
And even if you were a basket couldn't see the bread
We want the Caesar salad table-side
The waiter toss it get the flavor right
The shorty with me got the piercing in the naval
Seven bitches with me and I'm 'bout to give 'em anal
Yes I love my freedom cause I'm able

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Coming from Queens we get fly on different calibers
Heinous with the stainless, plus we Shameless like the Gallaghers
Black, e-b-i-t so we ain't looking at no calendars
Gliding like Islanders
Pistols equipped with silencers
Load 'em, point 'em at challengers, be triple beam balancers
I'm feeling claustrophobic with success surrounding us
And fuck a groupie cause we been have bitches hounding us
Way before this thing called rap came into play
I change my rugbys and the pussy I fuck like every day
Sex, money and yay, sip the Henessey for energy
We giants, dropping science, if you're smart pick up the chemistry
Repping for New York heavily, getting my money steadily
Meyhem Lauren and Bronsolinyo that's the recipe
Dun, it's destined we won, my legacy spun
A lot of people in the right direction, despite aggression
Divine prevention bag ounces by eye with perfection

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They tried to bag me for the blunt, I had the bundle by the grundle
I'm running on the humble, acrobatic tumble
Oh shit, the floor exercise a perfect ten
Marisol, we make her swallow drugs then she birthing twins
Then fly no propeller, street bread my a capella
Vintage raps from out the cellar, Madagascar vanilla
Where color kicks match your buy work
And then we From Queens I was just in my teens, holdin' the ratchet
I slice the garlic with the razor, somewhere out in Asia
When it come to paper, family, everything is major
The North American elk behind the oven door
We're trying to find a common ground, is it love or war?
Remain extravagant we known to floss objects inanimate
Shining but never arrogant, from 40 Park to Feroget
Rocking the finest If it's not Ralph than it's some double G shit
Forever glow