

## Cocoa Butter

Action Bronson

Albanian style: rock leathers in the sand  
I'll shoot my cousin for nothing: dominant man  
Go visit fam with no problems - on some normal shit  
Straight from Skopje, Macedonia, the floral lit  
Licorice liquor, one cube, a touch of water  
Watch it mix, turn white like the Duchess' daughter  
I'm in the corner puffing Ganja with the musky odor  
Destination back of your throat - cup of soda  
Uh. This is Bam Bam Bigelow, Queens to Asbury Park connect: Figaro  
My uniform Carhartt sweats and Gore-  
tex athletic horses on my chest and on my short sets  
The Leslie Nielsen of the weed and the words  
This is Action Bronsolinni, 33 and the 3rd, kid  
Naked gun, the serial is scratched off  
Armed like Rocket in his prime, blast off

On and on, push it through, we won  
Never stop till the day we there  
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Never stop till the day we there

Push your seat back. The Rickey Henderson of rap  
Jets hat, underneath a little blubber lie the 6 pack  
Summer time I cop the musket with the kick back  
Then sit back, stand up, eyes low, hit that  
This happens continuously throughout the night  
Now my eyes are like diamonds, that's looking blue-ish in the light  
Like a prism, shooting out hope, honor, and optimism  
Never stop it till we're coastal on the aqua mission  
Reach my hand in the water and grab a tuna  
Silhouette you see reflection of light, right off the Mezzaluna  
That's a half moon, wavy like my man's fade  
The European carry-all. Color: tan, suede  
Handmade, hand blades, carve up your features, I'm a creature  
Section 39 - I'm in the bleachers  
Fiends get washed up like turtles on the beaches  
It's mating season make the verbal for your speakers

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Ill prosciutto. legend, Phil Rizzuto  
Marijuana like the pussy, I keep it crudo  
That's raw, now I declare war  
You in the women's league  
I show you how a man score  
Look at my beard and my body like a grizzly  
I'm shoulder pressing 3 plates  
Obama - EBT. I'm a G. Supermarket sweepstakes  
Still drinking vintage out the bottle with the cheese plate  
The Derek Harper with the low Caesar, flow fever  
More than likely digging in your ho's beaver  
Drug smoke to my neck just like a turkey  
Dough dirty, make your brother do a curtsy. no mercy, Van Buren cop Hershey  
Square Tyson and I'm in the mountains eating rare bison

Clam chowder, you ain't fucking with this man-power  
Straight from Queens, where we're known to make your plans sour

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