

Get Off My P.P.

Action Bronson

My father's Action Bronson
Get off of his PP, mannn~!

Yeah... yeah!! Bronsolinio
Outdoorsman shit, hit 'em!

Lace up your Timbs, Queens, fresh off the blacktop
Off glory recital, fiends on the backlot
Backalley Bronson always cookin up a mad plot
The shit that have us laid in bed just with a glass top
Hash pot stickin out the dash spot
I leave a vision of fakin and let his ass rot
One-seven-four and autobahn is where the cash drop
Then take the payment and distribute to the have-nots
I'm on the scene, 26 and I'm a mad child
Low machete, hoppin out the pants style
Whether fightin or graffiti got them hand styles
I wipe the floor up with your face like it's ShamWow
Hands down, one motherfucker
260 combined, here to bring the ruckus
The bassline plus the words raise the crime rate
Bronsolini show 'em how to hold the 9 straight

Yo, get off the next man's PP
Yo be original kid, get off the PP
Get off the shaft of my dick, get off my PP
Yo be original kid, get off the PP

Yo - the drugs are rolled up, the money fold up
I love my bitches big bodied like an old truck
With they waist sliced inches like the cold cuts
Been at the bottom of the sea but then I rose up
Feet first, my voice is known to curl the honey toes
Serve a pound of that and leave 'em with a bloody nose
Smoke the hash, take it from 'em like it's money, homes
Hop in the Caddy, leave your body by a muddy road
A "Dirty Rotten Scoundrel" like Steve Martin
Drugs so good Fiend Weekly just three-starred 'em
I'm on a roll, blow trees through East Harlem
Just put me in a cage in a basement, I'm retarded
German ship, twist, learn to blitz
I love it when the pussy tighter than a tourniquet
Cop the ticket saw the cookin and converted it
Dutch leave third of it, roll it up, urder it

Yeah, get off the next man's PP
Yo be original kid, get off the PP
Get off the shaft of my dick, get off my PP
Get off my blood hardened knob.. PP