

# Suede

## Action Bronson

Exhale the fucking essence  
Absorb me

Peace to Lonnie Londell  
Everything is mar-vel  
Kid, on this side we shine like the sun  
Though the night brisk on the night shift  
Peep the tight lips  
Cause muthafucking loyalty is priceless  
Fly bitch blow me harder than a vuvuzelo  
My mood is mellow  
Catch me hopping out the Cougar, yellow  
Brew the Bustelo, Bronsonlino  
Smooth as Othello in convertible Z3's bruising the pedal  
Chief of command, it's hard for you to try to see me  
Your team ain't ready to win a war like Mussolini  
Harsh as a Russian winter  
Still we dining at Lupa right there on Bleecker and Thompson  
Eating a custom dinner  
Wine served, about a third of the glass filled  
Premium rap skills, lounging in the Catskills  
Let me end this with a kiss from my bitch  
One love, Bronsonlino, signing off  
Who better than this, kid?

Luxury sports apparel is what I rock to cover feet  
I feel like everyday is Thanksgiving  
That's how we usually eat  
Rep the street, my flow is heat  
Queens made me complete  
When we outside deep  
It's like a Double L retreat  
You know my status, everything's mar-vel  
Hard shell shots will tear you up  
Now you scar well  
Bizarre hell, I'll take you there  
Never fear nothing, not me  
Shellfish specialist, I'll eat it if it's from the sea  
Action Bronson is in the building  
So it smells like half a key  
He's usually smoking marijuana in a jacket past his knee  
Yeah, we live this, still crispest  
Back to business, fuck bitches  
Most of ya'll were living blind until I hit the light switches  
Peace to my dress code and my way of life  
Super trife, slay your wife  
Ask about the way Lauren can lay the pipe  
Never duplicated, wordplay is custom made  
Niggas know my steez  
Catch me in Queens covered in suede (word up!)

The fine fabric delegates  
And Peter Pan Posse  
This the finale, Youtube is where the fans watch me  
High definition, Lo religion  
Loving Scottie Pippen's  
Switched it from Jordan Dream Team

It hurt the slutty women  
Love to collab, I used to dabble in a couple of things  
Facelift the Team, Outdoors, where the Mens will be  
Cop Killer Queens, the Upper East, we need a gallery  
We unscripted, real drama, never no fallacies  
I might party like a rock star for a couple of days  
A couple strays tag along taking bumps of K  
I keep a Buddha, little liquor, make me triple stack  
Ideal wifey, small titties and a lot of ass  
They call me Shaz, before it was my government  
Unholy covenant, could never get enough of it

So pay attention when this rich bong's broken in half  
And don't get left behind to choke on my gas  
Ginger ale, juggle, Gen Pop, pockets intact  
Prime king in the booth  
I got it like that  
But wait, audible react  
Don't get caught in the trap  
Real recognize real  
And see it's part of the act  
I break hearts, surround sound  
With the sermon I spit  
And leave behind a trail of permanent drips  
In a room full of douchebags burning their lips  
And bugging out about the right amount of water to mix  
The freebase specialist, I dug him a ditch  
Struggling with that addiction's a son of a bitch, fucko  
I'll give you something to fix, get sober  
You'll understand when you're older  
The rap Al Bundy got the handicapped boner  
Hot breath and the ice cold shoulder  
So, give me room so my set can breathe  
I'm from the Up East, plus I got connects in Queens  
So how you want it?  
Bent, skeed or straight blunted  
My rap good like Deer Park in your stomach

Incredible Hulk, flash the villainous smile  
He trying to stay young, he's never going out of style  
Fresh to death like the corpse out the morgue  
The new slang stay stiff, pause  
No shirt when he record  
Stay zoned, known to kick rap through payphones  
Mighty Healthy set the tones  
Spread the wealth through fly poems  
Well known rap flesh  
Keep it tight like close homies  
And never known to flip like a Solid Gold Cody  
Known to keep it scummy like a Sunday at Jones Beach  
Known to keep it bummy like a Sunday at Centre Street  
Known for having fun, blacking out, that's the motto  
@toechamp, twitter game you should follow  
US Weekly with the centerfold  
A thousand tapes pressed up  
A thousand tapes sold  
Kids screaming out, "when the mixtape coming?"  
Streets is fiend out, yo, they really need something  
Understood, no matter what  
Shine like the sun  
Remember one thing  
rap and number one