

# Terror Death Camp

Action Bronson

Queens, New York  
Flushing shit  
(We backkkk againnnnn)  
That's right  
Yo

Sour smoke out the nasal  
The Pad Thai noodle topped off with basil  
Sistine Chapel rapper, I'm here to blaze you  
Pop off material, get laid up n sprayed up just like arterial  
Clementine nine, dripping venereal  
Linguine linguistics that left my verbal lesson saucy  
Send a message, leave you sleeping next to headless horsey  
Play the plaintiff, I'mma slide off to prior engagements  
Let you die in the basement/Toast wine from the time of the ancient-  
Turkish warriors, cobblestones in Macedonia  
Albanians in Shkup...never living by the book  
We fill the jails in France, Uzes and Italy  
Never do dirt in our own land  
That shit's forbidden, G  
Hoxha singing from the top of the Xhamia  
Pickled peppers at the picnic table  
Feta cheese, perfect Flia  
Straight outta Dukagjin  
One of the illest places  
No one's smiling  
There's only drunken men with killer faces

I'm known for simmering the mean gravy  
Gleam crazy, my mind's hazy  
New York made me  
The most official, to holster pistol  
Trim the fat, scrape the gristle  
Meyhem Lauren will make your family miss you  
I'll gladly press the trigger button  
If you press an issue  
Whether it's beef or beats  
I try to make a casket fit you  
We'll fuck you up then fuck you up  
And then come back to get you  
And do that two more times  
We call that shit a triple triple  
My flow is typhoon rap, it's deeper than an ocean ripple  
Our hollow tips will hit you  
Leave you with an altered nipple  
Slumped over saying "Lord, please have mercy"  
Or play the G, now we made hot flames burst me  
Queens veteran, dressed like tennis men  
Back block medicine, slap chop venison  
Knock, knock, let us in  
My whole clique's equipped to shoot though  
My army got more fucking arms than a can of pulpo

Brownsville's Jesus, white and blue Adidas  
Got more knowledge than them Poor Righteous Teachers  
Clarence Smith, Stan Smith, 13X's  
Some will overstand but common men never receive the message

Concepts like I'm Frank Butcher  
Neighborhood pusher, 62's through ya sub woofer  
Unca nunca for the pitbulls with red noses  
Wet bogies dipped in shit to stop bodies from decomposing  
Cool, calm and collected  
Keep my composure  
All my business in black and white like negative exposures  
Keep a Polaroid for the posers  
A picture's worth a thousand words  
So lock and load up  
You don't know me from a hole in a commode, bruh  
I am the shit, just ask your bitch  
I bet she know, yup  
It's St. Maffew  
Truffles in that duffle  
Princess in the catsuit

This is dope fiend rap  
Have a nigga leaning sideways  
Frankie Blue Eye shit  
I do it my way  
Legendary, scary, February Valentine murder  
Ike Turner, gun butt with a nice burner  
Bluey spot guzzler  
Long Island Tea sipper  
Mind of a killer  
Trenchcoat Mafia nigga  
Hollow point slinger  
Smile while I'm flipping fingers  
Angels and demons  
Mellowed out, Stylistic singer  
Corner store postup  
Backstreet wanderer  
Butter your toast up  
Tight pussy conqueror  
Smart aleck, talk back, type of nigga  
Fuck you  
Disrespect your mother, your brother  
Father and son, too (everybody!)  
Long live the music cause it's part of my blood  
But how long can I stay breathing  
Only God is my judge  
Through the lights, cameras and action  
Glammer, glitters and gold  
Every legend repping my era  
Carries part of my soul  
(90's, nigga)