

# Time for Some

Action Bronson

Time for some action  
Yeah, but you don't hear me though  
Come on, here we go  
We put it down everywhere we go  
So motherfucker come on cause its

Here's a toast to the fact that I'm a man and I can stand alone  
And all my suits are made by hand in Rome Ricotta stuff that Cannellon'/I'm i  
n the garden smoking roses  
Deliver like Malone, I'm talkin' Moses/Part the ocean  
Spark the potion/Diamonds in the rough  
We shine 'em up/Make a necklace, dive up in the muff  
Then wash my dick, straight to breakfast. Hop up in the truck  
Got more flavor than some Dr. Pepper  
Hottest stepping struts  
And the streets paved with concrete  
I'm known to smoke the same shit that makes the lawn green  
Gaze at the moon right off the shore, dream  
But me no worry got a strong team  
Just like my Knick's '94 team, we winnin' though  
Go 80 layers on the Baklava, that's hand made by my nana  
Peace to Antigona  
The whole Shkup, Bill Clinton Boulevard  
Since a youth Bronsolini known to put it on

Already mentioned with the people I respect up in the rap shit  
Couple of months you probably see me with an actress  
Getting my ass licked, while she driving never crashed it  
Smoking on that shit, fantastic  
A little breezy off the coast as the sun set  
Gallop on beach on the horse cause we young vets  
Limited edition, signature inscription  
Certificate of authenticity, I'm on a mission  
Queens representative, dismember your genitals  
Now you got a pussy, fuckin with the general  
Bas Rutten, I'm ass bootin', I'm past shootin'  
Display fast movements, know that cash rules  
Drug clothes and I ain't talking 'bout a bento box  
Penetrate your mind, spice it with the mental lox  
Fundamental Soundgarden verbal Black Hole  
Son at the flicks getting sucked in the back row

Lungs filled, smokey like the pork shoulder  
Lash out, one second in the fourth quarter  
Triple penetrate, pussy meat I renovate  
Fuck 'em like a dog and leave 'em twisted like my mental state  
Off the deep end, snorkel in a river  
I take it back to Walkman's and tape decks  
In great neck, having great sex  
I didn't even have a hair on my face yet  
My feet were always classic though  
Pinky up, classy flow  
If you know me, you know never to pass me blow  
Straight shitting on these songs so the grass can grow  
'Til we sitting in the garden, smoking  
Listening to Marvin go  
I treat the shit just like a title fight, you sparring

Sooner dip Ferrari, sexin models straight from Holland  
Lamb encrusted fennel pollen  
When I rhyme it's like the metal hollow  
These other motherfuckers smell of flowers  
Sissy