

# Alligator

Action Bronson

Baby my ride so clean, I ride so dirty  
I'm about to buy an alligator for my birthday  
My girl asking me, "Where you been?", don't worry  
She said, "Baby I crashed the Benz," don't worry.  
I ride so clean, my ride so dirty  
I'm about to buy a fucking Lion for my birthday  
My girl asking me, "where you been?" don't worry  
She said, "baby I crashed the Benz don't worry."

Dropkicks out the drop-top 6  
Don't make your fucking kid become a hostage, I got this  
Stay in the water like the lochness  
Shirtless rocking a locket  
Drugs in my pocket  
It's all for a profit  
Aim it and pop it, drive in a range in my boxers  
Lay in the tropics, my girl pussy red like a lobster  
Orgies at Hofstra  
My bank account is like a polish doctor  
My heart is cold, I sing a soldiers opera  
My drug's as strong as Arnold  
They found her dead in the gold Impala  
Hanging backwards out the chopper  
The room smell like nam chopper  
Most my crew a bunch of art robbers  
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Yeah, I rhyme sick like i play with shit  
I've driven every flavored whip there is to get  
Feel like i dip that cigarette in wet stuff  
I should be on that Sped Ed bus, layin' on the bed with a red head slut  
These mother fuckers praying that I don't make it  
I'm on the balcony stoned and naked playing sega  
Prince of Albania  
No money, nothing to say to ya  
I push the limo to the stadium  
Game 7, Knicks- Heat  
Me and Spike had to switch seats  
Cause he kept spilling henny all on my bitch feet  
Expensive bracelets where my forearms and my fists meet  
Down in Mexico eating chick meat  
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No emotions, lotions on the bed sheets.  
I saw her walking cause I'm stalking on the dead streets  
Trying to purchase with a shoulders and a head niece  
She had a tight pink dress, her pussy was a weapon  
Said she was a daughter of a Reverend  
Well thank god I don't believe in heaven  
Butt cheeks sculpted like a horses hind  
Shit man, I think that I just crossed the line  
Annual abortion time  
Yeah, she got the tat straight from West 4th  
Hereditary cancer almost took her breast off  
And over 6 months she said she had a chest cough  
Well I'm not a doctor, but I know that's not a good sign  
Matter of time 'til she placed and laced in a wood pine  
For years she was the hood slime  
Now no longer having a good time  
Under earth, she burst into a sudden birth  
Oh shit, the facial of my cousin Murph  
Strange occurrences, alignment with the sun and earth, yeah  
As baby turtles break the sand just to figure out the meaning  
Instinctively they heading towards the water cause they need it  
Forever psycho stay the same, they feel it like a fiends wrist  
Mustard straight from Russia that they brought in on a steam ship  
My mustache like a Colonel  
Take a haters facial and I treat it like a urinal  
A bit disturbed, confessions in a journal  
I'm sickened by my thoughts so it's tossed in the inferno.