

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.