

## Cliff Notes

Action Bronson

Pussy rap, dental damn beaver trap  
That thrill is gone, I'm here to bring the fever back  
To the streets, pumping out the big whips  
Torpedo rhymes strong enough to sink ships  
Two tone grip, Brother Mouzone shit  
Better move on bitch, or else it's on, trick  
I'm en fuego, I ain't even in my zone yet  
I spit the shit to make you're motherfuckin' dome sweat  
Queens-bred, no Packer but a cheesehead  
Fat ass, fucking pussy until she's dead  
Suede foot, looking like an Indian  
Cuisine straight from the Caribbean  
Long jackets, made from an amphibian  
Bag of money, split with my committee and  
Break it down, vision on the dollars  
Dip in the impalas, chilling with my scholars

Get it?  
I am not illiterate  
Not, not!  
Not even a little bit!  
Straight up, I make the music just for you!  
Nothing, nothing like an idiot!  
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Call me John Bon Journo, hopping out the Volvo  
Ratchet on the leg, dipping from the po-po!  
Since a youth I've been labeled as a loco  
I sell it but I never laced the nasal with the coco  
Urban hippie, muffle with the green thumbs  
Seven grams a purple to my neck'll leave my feet numb  
Scoop a bitch, Portuguese sweet buns  
Serve a dick like an elephant that's three tons  
Her pussy whistle like my father out the window  
Remind us that it's dinner time I'm lighting up the Indo  
And when I go inside I think I might just play Nintendo  
Call a Shortie from the heights have her play with my colembio  
Uh, just let me catch my little breath an shit you won't accept a kid  
Cause your destiny is for deficit  
Me, you see I spit like epileptic shit  
That's two options; it's either you fear me or you respect the kid

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Mind like Watson, Fluent in the nuance  
Van Damme Bronson, Alligator shoe on  
Spin kick to the dick I'm eating dim sum  
Right up in the tea room  
You don't want to rerun!  
Moon struck, splatter your platoon up  
Hard times, drugs out the balloon  
Beauty like a butterfly, flying out cocoon  
Urban love and central village right by the lagoon  
Uh, that's my grandfather, add a little cream of tartar  
Make the grams harder  
Now your Shortie hold me tighter than the dance partner  
Pull the viper out my pants on her  
Honey hit the tune I'll let it dance on her  
Like a gypsy, hookers in Poughkeepsie  
7 homies with me everybody's smoking fifties  
990 add 2 that's my shoes  
Reflect light like sun shining in the hot noon!

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