

Hot Pepper

Action Bronson

I'm hungry, man
Hey, it's the DJ
This is the DJ?
Yeah
vibrate, Haile Selassie, y'know... this is 2011, Caribbean magazine, maybe you know him
Aaah, that's the guy
Yes
We wanna hear you live, talk- let's hear somethin'
Come on, come on, come on

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I'm steppin' in hotter this year
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Yeah, it's me
Yo, these queers tryna rock me to sleep (Never)
But the show got a lot
Around five blocks, read it and weep (Bitch)
Shit, I'm unexplained like a lot of things (What?)
If I see it and I want it, I'ma get it baby, ba-da-bing (Bing)
No doors on my jeep (Nope)
That's the case, I had to jump out
And Stacey Dash on police (Yo, I'm out! Yo, I'm out!)
I shoulda tried out for the Chiefs, damn (Uh)
A Hall-o-Famer, rap the least, damn (Uh)
This won't stop, so my chick won't top
I'm bouncing down the block in that 6'2" drop (6'2" drop)
I'm so sincere, man, I shit you not (I shit you not)
I'm qualified to speak for my attorneys
Address the jury in a Shaq jersey (Black only)
This is one night only, Dragon vs. Phoenix (Yeah)
I think I'll fuck around and throw Aladdin on the remix
You can never score a point against my defense (No)
For many years, my mind been going off the deep end
Uh, like Tom Hanks with the soccer ball
You get turned into a taco (Mmm)
Uh, they thought Body was Bruce Willis in Morocco
(Hey, Bruce Willis? Bruce Willis?)
Like I said, they'll never find you in a pot roast (Never)
Uh, they'll never find you in a pot roast

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When the sun don't shine no more
And the rain keep bubbling down
And it can't exsolve the pain
Baby, you can call my name
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Yo, yeah, yo
Suicidal doors, bipolar necklaces
Army suit matchin' this coupe 'cause we perfectionists
Three's basic, forty-five covers on the coochie
You see me but you never knew me, somethin' like a failed father
Up in Saks bustin' down racks
We out in Bal Harbour, certified
Looking like I'm powerin' appliance
Beefing over money that can sour an alliance
If you evil, sitting in the cabinet
Used to hold the work under the whip using a magnet
Outfits, controversial like I'm Russell Westbrook
Code name Lorraine, 'bout to hit you with a left hook
And fuck these old niggas actin' like they made us
We superceded everything they did so now they hate us
Take a look at my life, 'cause I'm historical
You the type to compliment a Rolly at the urinal
I'm the type to look up continents and then explore a few
Splash this in the coffee
This watch is costly, I tell the time with your salary
Every Gucci hoodie that sell, you couldn't stand with me
Crazed spinach, vintage, tinted but still shine through
Easy 'fore we open the spot, I might blind you

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That's how you perform under pressure
Just cameras and stuff like that, and this man just went in there and knocke
d it out!
(Ras Tafari, mon, Haile Selassie, mon)