

Jerk Chicken

Action Bronson

From the Colosseum Block to the Island, "What the blood clot?"
Stay designing, always wiling, and we puff pot
Queens to Brooklyn, no lies, give 'em 'nought shot
Chicken been getting jerked before your little nuts dropped
You know the mantra, Tyson in (El Fonta[?])
The i-tal jockey keep me fucking like a monsta'
Her landing strip is red like hair that's on Tatanka
I'm steady diving in chocolate like Willy Wonka
I take a knee and shoot a duck in the air
Five minutes, I'm making stuffing filled with truffles and pear
s
I'm lapping "Go," while you only move a couple of squares
But still take out some time to do some drugs in the stairs
"Freeze! Lay on your stomach," what the popo said
My team selling the patties, getting cocoa bread
Babylon, them have to catch me, burn up on the irie!
Never die, I'ma give it to you my way!
Yo, peace to the chicken spot, peace to patty spot
Peace to the types of spot that Veggie Castle dready spot
The dollar van, the Wallabe and Reggie spot
And if a coward wanna rump I give him seven shots

(Y'all won't test we[?]), I'm in the corner puffing Marley
Got the knife inside the booth, hoping they don't shoot
Cuz I don't want to hurt nobody, Ow

Ay, ya no wan' rump with the senior
Who lean like he mixed Jamaican rum and tequila
Trail a load of hoes from Kingston and Montego
Keep dick hard like Rottweiler Mandingo
Bob Marley ganja, stuffed up in the fanta
Pass dutchie towards San Fransisco
Where your nephew bout to bounty kill a punaani
Hoes know the movado!
Lick a shot for (windsweep[?])
I am living dangerously, Barrington Levy
Make the girl wine like Beenie "Sim Simma"
Keys to my new bitch bimma, her name Serena
Rastafarian reefer got me feeling so irie, tranquil and leisure
Berry salmon and jerk chicken
Oxtail, gravy on white rice and fried plantain

[Outro]