

Keep Off the Grass

Action Bronson

All these faking motherfuckers never true to they craft
My style it give you boost just like a shoe to that ass
Smoke the drug, got the the Krug and in the glass
Nice socks, switch foot, Asian hooker and she fluent in math
James Brown shoes, the H-town groove
Big body slide through it like the Greyhound move
Ain't no rocking me to sleep, baby, you ain't that smooth
You want a sucker and I ain't that dude
I'm 'bout the money
Know when you hear me always hit you with the raw rhythm
You look confused and out of focus; autism
Ain't no developmental problems on this, I kid
Just big whips and chicks with big lips and thick thighs
My people flip pies, and quick to flick knives
Take the laziest shorty and take a quick dive
Paint a struggle how my motherfucking clique rides
Quit babysitting hit this spliff before the shit dies
Bitch

I'm looking crispy like a chicken cutlet
One wish is, get rich before I kick the bucket
Know that Bronson's eating supper
Hoping the gun don't jam like Smuckers
Weed inside the Mason jar, leaning like racing car
Papa Shango, the monster in your mother's bed
Blunt of regs, and some lead turn the gutter red
7-40 ? snitches, with butter left
11 dollars worth of bounty on your brothers head
You know the scent YSL and some good smoke
I'm on the top she on the bottom like footnote
Jet head cover my head
New Yorker born and raised, so I'm repping 'til I'm dead
Galaxy of Queens most diverse in the world
Live in my borough
Albanian father ran into my Jewish mother
Swept her feet probably laid her on the blueish cover
Now I'm here see me fresher than the newest summer
Fuck, faggot, pussy