

Respect the Mustache

Action Bronson

Meanwhile, behind the facade
There lurks the secret of a strange Albanian genius

I'm like a young Bill Kazmaier, swollen from the juice
Primobolan in my hemoglobin, chiefin' on the spruce
Rocking all white silk, shorts just stop at the knee
Stay saucy like a pasta, with the broccoli, who's stopping me?
You gotta be out of your mind, I'm an anomaly
Salt and pepper beard, distinguished look just like I'm Connery
Escape the rocks, see me rollin' through the furnace
If I make it to the top, it's cause this motherfucker earned it
Well since I'm high, straight polenta from the pot
On some bad lieutenant shit, show me how you suck a cock
Hoppin' out the 96 Cadillac d'Elegance
Pocket full of Mozza, see me fucking with some lesbians

Man fuck that Bronson, don't even say something to these faggots, you already know what time it is, we fuck around and fuck their fathers, up

I love chocolate just like Colagaro, from Flushing out to Kosovo
My family pedigree picnics with Berettas
Filas on the slippers, windbreaker pants and sweaters
Very clever, ancient blood line gettin' cheddar
Cobblestone the streets, shifting manual in Benzes
Neighbor with the hoxha, him and all his shit offends We gather up the lamb,
he sacrifice it properly
Stuff and twist with cabbage leaves, smoke exotically
Control the whip with one hand, listen to Hendrix
Loaded 45 chrome, tucked by the appendix
Every sentence like the Machu Picchu descendants
When I rhyme, I'm always on time, perfect attendance
I'm living splendid, blowing sticky in a rented
The olive oil virgin, first press, it's never blended, kid
I'm straight raw like Carpaccio
I'm just a heartthrob straight off the screen, just like DiCaprio

Fuck your feedback, respect the moustache
You're like a 40 dolla holla from Guadalajara
Respect the moustache
Motherfuckers ain't promised tomorrow

Control the floor just like I'm Morimoto, hold my nuts in my hand
That's when I pose for photo, doggy I'm often dolo
Cause I'm an only child, plus I love the silence
Just me and my thoughts, one hand grip the hooptie wheel
Soon you'll see me in the Coupe Deville
Eating stupid veal, steady aimin', shoot to kill
Walk with a cane, but no I'm not a pimp
P-P-Pinkie in the air, martini glasses full of shrimp, pussy

Yeah, straight fuckin' fly shit, shout out to my men Statik Selektah, Action Bronson, and shout out to your moms man, that made me the fuckin' man I am today. And a real fuckin' shout out to P.O. Garcia man, stop ringing my bell 9:00 at night man, you know I'm not in my crib, Big Body Bes, man