

Suede

Action Bronson

Exhale the fucking essence
Absorb me

Peace to Lonnie Londell
Everything is mar-vel
Kid, on this side we shine like the sun
Though the night brisk on the night shift
Peep the tight lips
Cause muthafucking loyalty is priceless
Fly bitch blow me harder than a vuvuzelo
My mood is mellow
Catch me hopping out the Cougar, yellow
Brew the Bustelo, Bronsonlino
Smooth as Othello in convertible Z3's bruising the pedal
Chief of command, it's hard for you to try to see me
Your team ain't ready to win a war like Mussolini
Harsh as a Russian winter
Still we dining at Lupa right there on Bleecker and Thompson
Eating a custom dinner
Wine served, about a third of the glass filled
Premium rap skills, lounging in the Catskills
Let me end this with a kiss from my bitch
One love, Bronsonlino, signing off
Who better than this, kid?

Luxury sports apparel is what I rock to cover feet
I feel like everyday is Thanksgiving
That's how we usually eat
Rep the street, my flow is heat
Queens made me complete
When we outside deep
It's like a Double L retreat
You know my status, everything's mar-vel
Hard shell shots will tear you up
Now you scar well
Bizarre hell, I'll take you there
Never fear nothing, not me
Shellfish specialist, I'll eat it if it's from the sea
Action Bronson is in the building
So it smells like half a key
He's usually smoking marijuana in a jacket past his knee
Yeah, we live this, still crispest
Back to business, fuck bitches
Most of ya'll were living blind until I hit the light switches
Peace to my dress code and my way of life
Super trife, slay your wife
Ask about the way Lauren can lay the pipe
Never duplicated, wordplay is custom made
Niggas know my steez
Catch me in Queens covered in suede (word up!)

The fine fabric delegates
And Peter Pan Posse
This the finale, Youtube is where the fans watch me
High definition, Lo religion
Loving Scottie Pippen's
Switched it from Jordan Dream Team

It hurt the slutty women
Love to collab, I used to dabble in a couple of things
Facelift the Team, Outdoors, where the Mens will be
Cop Killer Queens, the Upper East, we need a gallery
We unscripted, real drama, never no fallacies
I might party like a rock star for a couple of days
A couple strays tag along taking bumps of K
I keep a Buddha, little liquor, make me triple stack
Ideal wifey, small titties and a lot of ass
They call me Shaz, before it was my government
Unholy covenant, could never get enough of it

So pay attention when this rich bong's broken in half
And don't get left behind to choke on my gas
Ginger ale, juggle, Gen Pop, pockets intact
Prime king in the booth
I got it like that
But wait, audible react
Don't get caught in the trap
Real recognize real
And see it's part of the act
I break hearts, surround sound
With the sermon I spit
And leave behind a trail of permanent drips
In a room full of douchebags burning their lips
And bugging out about the right amount of water to mix
The freebase specialist, I dug him a ditch
Struggling with that addiction's a son of a bitch, fucko
I'll give you something to fix, get sober
You'll understand when you're older
The rap Al Bundy got the handicapped boner
Hot breath and the ice cold shoulder
So, give me room so my set can breathe
I'm from the Up East, plus I got connects in Queens
So how you want it?
Bent, skeed or straight blunted
My rap good like Deer Park in your stomach

Incredible Hulk, flash the villainous smile
He trying to stay young, he's never going out of style
Fresh to death like the corpse out the morgue
The new slang stay stiff, pause
No shirt when he record
Stay zoned, known to kick rap through payphones
Mighty Healthy set the tones
Spread the wealth through fly poems
Well known rap flesh
Keep it tight like close homies
And never known to flip like a Solid Gold Cody
Known to keep it scummy like a Sunday at Jones Beach
Known to keep it bummy like a Sunday at Centre Street
Known for having fun, blacking out, that's the motto
@toechamp, twitter game you should follow
US Weekly with the centerfold
A thousand tapes pressed up
A thousand tapes sold
Kids screaming out, "when the mixtape coming?"
Streets is fiend out, yo, they really need something
Understood, no matter what
Shine like the sun
Remember one thing
rap and number one