

Terror Death Camp

Action Bronson

Queens, New York
Flushing shit
(We backkkk againnnnn)
That's right
Yo

Sour smoke out the nasal
The Pad Thai noodle topped off with basil
Sistine Chapel rapper, I'm here to blaze you
Pop off material, get laid up n sprayed up just like arterial
Clementine nine, dripping venereal
Linguine linguistics that left my verbal lesson saucy
Send a message, leave you sleeping next to headless horsey
Play the plaintiff, I'mma slide off to prior engagements
Let you die in the basement/Toast wine from the time of the ancient-
Turkish warriors, cobblestones in Macedonia
Albanians in Shkup...never living by the book
We fill the jails in France, Uzès and Italy
Never do dirt in our own land
That shit's forbidden, G
Hoxha singing from the top of the Xhamia
Pickled peppers at the picnic table
Feta cheese, perfect Flia
Straight outta Dukagjin
One of the illest places
No one's smiling
There's only drunken men with killer faces

I'm known for simmering the mean gravy
Gleam crazy, my mind's hazy
New York made me
The most official, to holster pistol
Trim the fat, scrape the gristle
Meyhem Lauren will make your family miss you
I'll gladly press the trigger button
If you press an issue
Whether it's beef or beats
I try to make a casket fit you
We'll fuck you up then fuck you up
And then come back to get you
And do that two more times
We call that shit a triple triple
My flow is typhoon rap, it's deeper than an ocean ripple
Our hollow tips will hit you
Leave you with an altered nipple
Slumped over saying "Lord, please have mercy"
Or play the G, now we made hot flames burst me
Queens veteran, dressed like tennis men
Back block medicine, slap chop venison
Knock, knock, let us in
My whole clique's equipped to shoot though
My army got more fucking arms than a can of pulpo

Brownsville's Jesus, white and blue Adidas
Got more knowledge than them Poor Righteous Teachers
Clarence Smith, Stan Smith, 13X's
Some will overstand but common men never receive the message

Concepts like I'm Frank Butcher
Neighborhood pusher, 62's through ya sub woofer
Unca nunca for the pitbulls with red noses
Wet bogies dipped in shit to stop bodies from decomposing
Cool, calm and collected
Keep my composure
All my business in black and white like negative exposures
Keep a Polaroid for the posers
A picture's worth a thousand words
So lock and load up
You don't know me from a hole in a commode, bruh
I am the shit, just ask your bitch
I bet she know, yup
It's St. Maffew
Truffles in that duffle
Princess in the catsuit

This is dope fiend rap
Have a nigga leaning sideways
Frankie Blue Eye shit
I do it my way
Legendary, scary, February Valentine murder
Ike Turner, gun butt with a nice burner
Bluey spot guzzler
Long Island Tea sipper
Mind of a killer
Trenchcoat Mafia nigga
Hollow point slinger
Smile while I'm flipping fingers
Angels and demons
Mellowed out, Stylistic singer
Corner store postup
Backstreet wanderer
Butter your toast up
Tight pussy conqueror
Smart aleck, talk back, type of nigga
Fuck you
Disrespect your mother, your brother
Father and son, too (everybody!)
Long live the music cause it's part of my blood
But how long can I stay breathing
Only God is my judge
Through the lights, cameras and action
Glammer, glitters and gold
Every legend repping my era
Carries part of my soul
(90's, nigga)