

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, Uzes 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)