

# The Rockers

Action Bronson

Bam Bam  
La musica de Harry Fraud

White leather to the knee, we in the tropics  
Left hand is switching speeds  
I'm in the cockpit  
Straight from Flushing man, we known for using chopsticks  
Problems getting dealth with, never pop shit  
Hit you with the dropkick, Marty Jannetty  
Know I hit you with the dropkick, Marty Jannetty  
Know I hit you with the dropkick, Marty Jannetty  
Know I hit you with that dropkick, Marty Jannetty

Rock this Shawn Kemp, kamikaze  
Burning cheese, Saganaki (on fire)  
Greek shit, whole team sick  
Hold bitches from Cleveland on my dick because I rap  
Fuck it, make it clap  
Throw the money in the air then pick it up  
I'll take that back, bitch  
Homie hold me down  
Homie throw me phony pounds  
The scent of dollars like some crispy garlic golden brown  
Addicted but ain't nothing prescribed  
Baby clams from Montauk, mix it up with the linguistics  
Bitch I'm high

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Uh, know I hit you with that hot shit  
Straight up off the block, roll up pot shit  
Niggas just don't wanna go to school  
Act like they are, but they not sick  
Money all up in my pocket, putting diamonds in everything  
See me out I look rich as fuck, clothes smelling like Mary Jane  
Ride coastal been on every plane  
Say these guys close, but these guys loco  
When they see me they non-vocal  
High as fuck I need bifocals  
Kush got me moving slo-mo  
Steak and eggs in my dojo  
It's some Gs in there  
Need some weed? I'm there  
All these cars I own, ain't no keys in there  
Tapping young niggas out, rolling weed out an ounce  
Now I got a bigger crib  
Repping what I live about  
My hair long, my weed strong, so they staring  
My weed strong, my money long, I ain't caring

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