

Night Court

Action Bronson

Behind door one:

There's three things: greed, fortune, and fame

Door two:

You might be happy but nobody know your name

Door three:

The bacon got you squatting naked by the razor fence

Door four:

You on the bench and got the drugs inside your favorite Tims

Cause on the road to riches, there ain't no time for getting sidetracked

Pump in the trunk if you frontin' punkin' you lie flat -

Down on the pavement

Diamond laser engraved it

Wasting all of my time and then wondering where my days went

I'm 26 but still I'm feeling like a senior

I'm only two years removed from leaning in the beamer now

Some friends ain't friends no more, I guess they jealous

Problems with baby mama constantly been like a relish to my

Neck fresh on the set live in the flesh

Rhyming the best

Yo,,Bronsolini fans see hymen and breast

Talking sushi grade

My flow is linen and the shoes are suede

The wooden cutting board is right where the prosciutto laid

That's for the first course

The core burst off and hail

We'll be in hell but nobody trying to see the cell

Tonight we living life until we say goodnight

Breathe on the mic my flow knock the knees of a knight

My time always the right time

I'm surfing getting wavy

Like Hawaiians on the pipeline, I'm never in my right mind

Zagat rated thirty foot decor

The food and service

Hey the blow is chopped up on the plate yo peace to Curtis

Never nervous cause I'm ready

Went from leaning in the German now we swerving in the Chevy

Artichokes cover spaghetti

Can't begin to fathom how I pair the words and form the sentences

Pierre Cardere described in bold print on the lenseses

One leaf, half of the dutch combat the cancer

Peace to Elton John cause in the jacket got the tiny dancer

Ready to tango

Extra clips inside the pouch just like the creature on the Kangol

Paint that precious shit like Van Gogh

Mango, that's for the lassi

I love when bitches sassy

Slutty nasty, and let me smash it in the taxi

Then I give her a german brunch

And now she turning stunts

Since 16 six times a day I'm burning blunts

I wanna live the life the twenty beamers gleaming shorty steaming rice

And then the fluff all burnt my penis shoot the semen twice in the face

Flyest of steaks, got my eyes on the papes

Rhyme butter lake you know my grading be prime on the steak
Aged to perfection, that's how I like the vino
We rolling ceelo
Throw like Marino
Cruise in the Regal
In overdrive like my libido
I'm stroking like I'm Michael Phelps into the pussy fetal
It's Bronsolino

Just like the dutch up
Leather loaf and mash the clutch up
We getting fucked up
I make the motherfucker beam a [?] up
Hellish capers and now I'm scoring more than Celtic Lakers
Kicking like Messi now we overlooking gorgeous acres
In my defense, it's like the '85 Bears
There's no jail tales
Poetry emotion like I'm Gale Sayers
Before Maguire took his first needle
Yo, we been looking fly and faucet fiends in corners in the bird fetal -
Positioning I know you hear me but not listening
We glistening I rock a jacket made for fishermen
The buccaneer for nutritional and a buck of deer
Create a hash vat and bake it off, cut a square
Ton of flair like Rick I hold the pick
And plus I smoke a stick of heavy marijuana when I pose for flick
Get off the dick because we busting now
And when we come we eating crepes, you know we order up a dozen now