

The Madness

Action Bronson

[Verse 1:]

Hey yo you ready? Yeah I'm ready right, the fast life
Getting twisted almost every night
My mind is deeper than the voice featured on Barry White
I'm not the marry type
I make acidic vinegar to get the candy tight
I'm flattered at all the chatter and comparisons
To the great, soon to see me right on Madison
Bally sneakers trying to stay up out the vat of sins
I tout the tacky shit I'm like a wild Iraqi
Outdoors with my sport vest, leather on the shoulder
Hold the rifle in place, knife in your face
I'm out the world just like a lightning in space
The ice sculptures on the table going nice with the plates of grapes[Hook:]
This is madness, certified madness
Rapping like a bandit, serving my advantage
Singlehandedly slam you to the canvas
Marijuana leaves are getting wrapped just like a bandage

[Verse 2:]

Fuck the love, I want the money and the pussy
Brazilian bitches, names tatted on their tushie
You're a man dressed as a woman, call him Tootsie
I'm the corner with a hooker playing footsie
Phone in my hands at all times like I'm a pimp, fuck shrimp
We eat steak, wine and chees plate
Bronson [?] the name is ringing out in each state
Play it cool or taste the weapon, time to meet fate
My feet slide just like a hockey player
Eating yakitori, getting hammered in the sake lair
Sucky sucky, happy ending shower
Wifey making dinner, I'll be home about an hour
Crush the sour, dutches from the Netherlands
My rolling skills is undefeated yo you'll never win
I bring the devil in, Bronson over his benevolence
Polo fitted with a leather grip

[Hook:]

This is madness, certified madness
Rapping like a bandit, serving my advantage
Singlehandedly slam you to the canvas
Marijuana leaves are getting wrapped just like a bandage[Verse 3:]
I wash my dick in the sink right when I wake up
Twisted from the night before raw inside a frightening whore

Hop in the whip and go for breakfast
Fried eggs and prime steak that's straight from out of Texas
Damn I'm living reckless, smoking all day just like the brisket
My beard is golden brown just like a biscuit
Everyday I'm thinking should I risk it, add another number to statistics
Or use the breast milk to eat my Crispix
I'll feed her coke for a dick suck
Put a fucking roman candle up in this bitch butt
Now it's on the computer, got the pussy moister than Bermuda
Pop a hole right through her throat, that's no joke cause I'm a shoot her
(Yeah damn, yo fuck yo? Three verses ain't enough anymore these days man? fuck)
This shit is rawer than a tuna on a plate for eighty dollars
Or the sex that I be having though I hate my baby mama
It's always drama, she got too much time on her hands
Watching Tyra steady planning a plot on your man
My eyes are open like an owl though
Animosity, trying to get the paper, sour dough
But if I die before the hour go
Just place the Ballys on my feet and smoke my body like a pharaoh ho
Egyptian fixtures, [?] by the coliseum
Guns from Russia, I turn em to a ballerina
Cop the work then they bagging coke
Transporting interstate, Carolina to Tobacco Road
To the knee or to the ankle where the jacket go
Master flow word now so I got cash to blow
When I'm older leather on [?] puppy shoulder
I'm top dogging if I'm lying may they slump me over
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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