

# 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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