

Bag of Money (feat. Meyhem Lauren)

Action Bronson

"Where's the fucking money, shitheadddddddd???!!" Yo, fucking Paulie TRYBE, man
Get your muthafucking hand out her asshole
We gotta go, fam, we gotta go, kid
Yo, get the whip, get the whip! 1: Action Bronson] I'll take 21st Century poets that's for a
thousand
Curly hair or Nubian women get me aroused
To the point I wanna gamble it all
I was smashing from the back
She put her hands on the wall
She couldn't take the thrust
Only lust like a fiend for the dust
Or the pizza from Pezzi, perfect
Want to sleep with the crust
Or the 740 Alpina, leather seats is a must
And my shorty holding a nina
Rolling green in a duuuuuuuuutch!
Bronsolini, organically I rise to paper
In the purest form, lyrically derived from nature
Like the Amazon, put your cameras on
Watch this muthafucka turn into an animal!
Light stubble, rock the muzzle like Hannibal
Jump off the top of the boat into a cannonball
Hoes with gold teeth, we off the coast of Greece
In under 3 seconds, muthafucka load the piece
Kid, the bag of money coming with me
You muthafucka
The bag of money coming with me
Yeah, the bag of money's coming with me
Muthafucka you 2: Meyhem Lauren] Surprise! Lauren is in the house
I eat fowl birds and keep a hen inside my mouth
Like Bald Head Slick, I hold my mic like a scepter
Rest in peace, Guru, son I rep Q-U
Chains on chunk
They looking at me like "who you?!"
These handmade Cubans probably fucking up my posture
Pesto sauce properly drizzled upon my pasta
No imposter, son I'm authentic
Around drugs so much, I'm probably raw scented
Bag of money dips, triceps is all dented
Precise painting pictures
Think about life and then I pen it
Nike Air extraordinaire, it's a cold world, prepare

That's what it is, dad
Winterize your vehicle
I love kicks like Action Bronson loves a reefer pull
Peace to good, bad girls that let us both sleep with you
The bag of bitches coming with me
Word up, son, all the bitches coming with me
Yeah, yo, the bag of bitches coming with me
We go raw son, all the bitches coming with me! We making babies tonight, nigga
Yeah, smoke what you want, sniff what you want
You wanna have five daddies, you ever have five daddies before? 3: Action Bronson] Ayo,
2010, got 'em buzzing like a beeper
Round table discussion
Conference in Geneva
Leaders at the table, poly over nasal
Forty seven minutes since the time I lit the basil
My rhymes are carte blanche
Liver than the Oscars
Extra virgin olive oil drizzled on the pasta
Fry the bacon, make it sizzle for the chazers
Honor in this thing of ours
Living like the mobsters
Compliments go to the chef and that's the real
My crew of goonies in the joint
We need some extra veal
You know the Caddy got an extra wheel
And if I'm ever in a pickle, I can hand a fucking Tek to Steele
Take aim and knock an apple off your head
And I'm a play like Polamalu
You get tackled for the bread
We're running in your crib
Your shorty shackled to the bed
Money laying on the Persian
Leaking plasma from the lead
And it's on! Action Bronson & Meyhem Lauren] The bag of money's coming with me,
muthafucka
(It's all coming with us, nahimean?
Outdoorsmen!)
Queens, kid, the bag of money's coming with me
Uptown connection, you fucking pussy
(Word up, man, It's all marvel,
Ya'll niggas know everything is marvel)
Bronsonlini, Bronsolovski, Team Facelift
(Everything we drink, everything we smoke,
Everything we buy, everything we sell
It's all marvel!)
My muthafucking man Shaz
Paulie TRYBE, Paulie Walnuts
(Action Marvel, Meyhem Marvel, nahimean?)
Machine, Fonda, Tommy Guns

(Tommy Marvel, Marvel is everybody's middle name we fuck with
Meyhem Marvel Lauren, it's all marvel
The bag of money's coming with us)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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