

Get Off My P.P.

Action Bronson

Lace up your Timbs, Queens, fresh off the blacktop
All foreign recital (?), fiends on the backlot
Back alley Bronson always cookin' up a mad plot
The shit that have us laid in Benzes with a glass top
Hash pot, stickin' out the dash spot
I'll leave a bitch in a vacant and let his ass rot
One seven for (?) an autobahn is where the cash drop
Then take the paper, then distribute to the have-nots
I'm on the scene, 26, and I'm a manchild
'Lo machete, hoppin' out the fan's style (?)
Whether fightin' or graffiti, got them hand styles
I'll wipe the floor up with your face like a ShamWow
Hands down, one motherfucker
260 combined, here to bring the ruckus
The bassline plus the words raise the crime rate
Bronsolini show 'em how to hold a 9 straight
Yo, get off the next man's P.P
Be original, kid, get off the P.P
Get off the shaft or my chick, get off the P.P
Yo, be original, kid, get off the P.P
Yo, the drugs are rolled up, the money fold up
I like my bitches big-body like an old truck
With their waists sliced inches like the cold cuts
Been at the bottom of the sea, but then I rose up
Feet first, my voice is known to curl a honey's toes
Serve a pound of that, I'll leave 'em with a bloody nose
Smoke the hash, take it, form like a puddy, holmes
Hop in the Caddy, leave your body by a muddy road
A dirty rotten scoundrel like Steve Martin
Drugs so good, Fiend Weekly just three-starred 'em
I'm on the road, blow trees through East Harlem
Just put me in a cage in the basement, I'm retarded
German shift, twist, burn to bliss
I love it when the pussy tighter than a tourniquet
Copped the chicken, started cookin' and converted it
Dutch leaf, third of it, roll it up, murder it

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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