

# The Rising (feat. Big Body Bes)

## Action Bronson

Fly Mary in to sing to that cow before we slaughtered it  
And then I ordered it  
Don't say a word to me  
You already committed perjury  
A bunch of lies and sneaks and I don't play that  
You know better, you better save that Laid by the pool, my legs gettin' massaged by your  
professional  
Strictly business, nothin' sexual  
Seasonal vegetables lookin' exceptional  
You ain't think I was hot then, now you wanna hum on my testicles  
I'm from a dirty borough where that Sun don't come out  
But when the moon come and the goons come, the crew runs  
Like a big Jamaican, I stand adjacent  
To that \$600 in amazement  
My time gon' come, I'm headed to the top  
Like I never wore makeup, and I'm ready for the spotlight  
You know I got my hoodie on, and it's such a hot night  
Shit I'm straight from Queens, catch me in the limo like it's prom night  
This that do a hundred in the rental in the rain  
With the jammy, a day before I have to go to Spain  
Livin' on the edge, different colored women in my bed  
Different, different colored linens on my leg  
My mother said I better win or else she'll fuck me up  
Ma we did it, I love you, you lucky slut  
Since I was young I had the husky gut  
But I'm gorgeous, got money in the pouch just like a tourist  
Swerve in a Skylark, big piece of the pie chart  
Bitch this is fine art, I guess my shine on  
You lyin', dog, you never even put the iron on  
You drive a Scion, you ain't ridin', dog  
Me, I'm cell built, grab your chest  
Still get hit with right hands from left field  
My life is a kaleidoscope  
She makes me feel just like I'm high on dope  
I never calm down, shoot the gun without puttin' my son down You should have been known  
who the fuck this was, just by my fuckin' tongue. Big fuckin' Body Bes. You know I'm all over  
everything now. You know me, you might see my face stamped on a bag of dope, out here  
gettin' filthy cause you know I got that ooh woo woo. You know me, I go home and change up.  
I get fresh to fight. Just caught a new fuckin' case. But it's alright though, I got this stupid  
mothafuckin' lawyer. He told me, "Don't even worry about that shit, Body. I'll make that go  
away. Now what's for lunch?" I told him, don't worry, I got the hookup. Anything you want.  
Crown Fried on me, 1 through 6 only. I know your type though, the type of mothafucka wear a

three piece suit to go to court, shook to death and you there for smokin' weed. Piece of shit, get  
the fuck outta here

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>