

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.

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