

# Brand New Car

## Action Bronson

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I got a brand new car

I got a jazz guitar Welcome, everybody

Thank you a lot for coming, it means a lot to me

Steer the yacht with my knee, plenty of botany

Damn, bad chick on top of me, pornography

And I know she only want me for my guap-ery

(Ahem... let me get my voice right

Gary, sorry, 1, 2, 3, 4)

It's the first time ever

Yo fuck this jacket, I turn this shit to 85 napkins

Since Jeter's done I'm now the captain

Trust you me, Gotham's safer now

But there's always a new joker in town

Ready to smoke you with that pound

But when he shoots it, the flag says "BANG!" and everybody laughs

He must be up and off the molly tab

I'm by the bar lookin' Swedish in the trenchcoat stupid

The only one drinkin' mango lassi in the bullpen

My lips are sealed like the singer with bad skin

My need for speed made the Jag spin

Dog, I'll resurrect Freaky Tah to do my ad-libs

Overseas I prolly got mad kids

That I don't even know about, you better slow down, baby

I'm still young, fuck it, gotta use it while it works

Nothin' lasts forever, or does it? Fuck it

Shout out to my cousins, all of 'em

I'll take it back to playin' handball and smokin' on the park benches

Dippin' cabs and hoppin' fences

Laughin' all the way back to the buildin' runnin'

Got to the door, twist the key, elevator waitin' for me

100, got upstairs and fixed eleven bowls of Crispix

Grabbed a Snapple out the bin, no one's an even match for the kid

Legs are made of stone, the back of a bridge

In goal line situations I'll tackle The Fridge

Peace to Mike Ditka, 50 on the light fixture

Right side shifter, fight fixer, twist your sister

And I ain't talkin' 'bout the hair band, mothafucka

It's Bam Bam doin' ah ah ah ah Out with the, ah!

I can't even get this fuckin' right, are you kidding me?

I'm ashamed of myself, I'm sorry

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

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