

Action Bronson

"9-24-11"

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[Intro: Action Bronson]

[Coughing]

Smoking fucking thanksgiving turkey bags man

Surgical procedures

Ben Johnson

You already know

[Verse 1: Action Bronson]

Sign my name with the feather, tap dance under the
full

moon

Smoke and drinking liquor for the fam that left us too
soon

Just keep it truckin', searching all the nooks and
crannies

No english muffin, streets are filled with crooks and
trannies

Bam bam got a shooter like Lagassee

Emerald green paper that I split up with my posse

One hand driving, 3 gram smoking

2 fiend sucking, tea bag soaking

Strength of a retard the drugs are even stronger

Shorty loved the longitude, dealer bring a quarter
through

Over fishing make the snapper less affordable

I hate when stupid bitches ask me questions that
rhetorical

Like "do you want to have sex? ", well bitch, it's
obvious

Her name was Yenta from the former Yugoslavia

She grew a bush like a baby plant

Still I ate, just think of it as bucatini razor clams

Smuggle cheeses in a baby bag

And then I serve at a private tasting

I got no time for wasting

Just dick is placed in the slit no type of conversation

And prime rib from LaFrieda carved at the babababa

Fuck, fucked my last word up cause I don't give a shit
man

I meant to say prime rib carved at the fucking carving
station but yo

[Verse 2: Action Bronson]

Yo my mind is locked up, my conscious rocked up
In an alley with a fiend getting his cocked sucked
Plus she wearing a wedding dress a special day
She said she finally met a... Fuck

Yo my mind is locked up, my conscious rocked up
In an alley with a fiend getting his cocked sucked
And she wearing a wedding dress a special day
She said she finally met a man to take her breath away
Well naturally I'm jealous, because I'm lonely
At times my only friends are drugs and the cannoli
My dad was right I shoulda listened when he told me
A walking contradiction wounds inflicted on me solely
Pain within running deeper than the ocean floor
Bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh bluh yo

Pain within running deeper than the ocean floor
Ocean avenue, the family straight from Kosovo
That was years ago mum look how your son has
bloomed
I hum a tune and then I'm hotter than the sun in june
And I'm just living my life but feel I'm drifting
Demons on the doorstep, lungs that feel constricted
Or maybe I should see a shrink and get prescribed
Or take the hand of God but shit I think I'll keep my
distance
I think I'm frightened and I didn't even know it
But yo, that was a thought and I'm subconsciously a
poet
This shit is perfect timing and I hope that I don't
blow it
I pop the bottle of the moet you hears from me

[Unknown rapper shout outs]

[Verse 3: Action Bronson]

Late night I'm trying to stay out of the orez skips?
Great white sharks, the 38 with tarnished tips
27 years I never met an honest bitch
Slice their face like Katana and shit
Through my nasal blow the smoke
Basil on the boat
Hookers on the half shell, hundred dollar pants
Wind breaker jacket flapping like a falcon from a
westward wind
Play the kitchen like a mexican, next of kin
Patrick Swayze... We out!

