

## Action Bronson

### "East Bound And Down"

Visit "[East Bound And Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hit the clutch, shift to the gear  
Mash on the gas. You're soon to see me  
Right by the lake just like a bass (kid)  
Burn these sticks like a native, gold potatoes, cold  
tornados  
Ashes like I roll [?]  
But never play, though, tryin' to get that Play-Do  
To have the whole team creamy like alfredo  
The mozzarella, basil, oil, and tomato  
The thirty year balsamic laid up on that table  
Next to me, a cigarette and drug lay  
There in my lungs, that's why [?] never dropped weight  
In the taxi shorty blessing me with tongue play  
Ditch the cab, gonna twist it up the one-way  
She lost a shoe, I bounced - dipped on her  
Just a victim of the cold world to get warmer  
Then I did with my spic friend in a quick Honda  
Pick up a package from Juan down at the ship harbor  
Sell it off in the crib, making the shit marble  
[?] taking chugs outta the big bottle  
Dick sucks disappears thanks to a thick model  
Her ass is fat but the coconut is a bit hollow  
No point in asking if the motherfucking bitch swallow  
Absolute, like the shit that's in the clear bottle  
Straight from Sweden, see me counting money  
cheesin'  
Ducks get shot out the sky, that's when it's huntin'  
season  
Phone rings fiendin' for stuff, Danny Tanner  
I handle business like a man, you're just a tranny  
dancer  
I'm going down, kid  
East motherfucking bound and down, bronsolino  
Bon appetite, bitch

Visit [Action Bronson](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.