

Action Bronson

"Gateway To Wizardry"

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[Verse 1: Action Bronson]

Yeah, good hoodie, shorty got the good pussy
Sniff coke off a crisp hundred
Say blunted, silk pants, sip France
Chicks dance, I stand in the pimp stance
West coast, laid back feel the breeze
Burnin' trees in diplomas, earn degrees
In the winter, [?] ski
Wanna party, pop that purpley
Oh shit bam bam in the building
Scrape the women, hide the children
Give a bitch rimshot like a Zildjian
Me and Mildred eating like a pilgrim
Tommy Lasorda, dodge bullets, dive into the water
True lies, diamonds at the porter
Shoot like Terry Porter, pimpin' with your Asian
daughter
I'm always ready for a mind to pick
Not for long cause I need me some vagina, kid
[?] suit in the silk
Well-built with the coupe in the kilt
I need some mouth from a woman
I couldn't get it, so I took it though I shouldn't
Sick shit like Ferrara with the footage
Stick shift in Ferrari oh my goodness
Hood bitch, sweatpants, good tits
Fat butt, 97 Acura
Big bitch, make me want to tackle her
Fuck around Urlacher her
Enough of that I'm a shoot dice, abusin' the wall
'Til I cruise on the shore, barbecues on the four
[?] on the table and I'm doing 'em all
And I'm never gon' fall

[Bridge: x2]

Last time we locked eyes, slapped hands with the kid
Now you rambling kid, you should have handled that
shit
When you see me motherfucker better handle your biz
Better handle your biz

[Verse 2: Action Bronson]

Put the flame to his sneakers I'm a pyro
Barrel revolutions got us spinning like a gyro
The suitcase is filled with filo
Here's a side-note
Fuck around, leave you on the side road
Five stars on the dinner plate
Pardon 'em, see me studded like [?]
Play your part cause you don't really want no part of
'em
Take the key out the ignition, shouldn't have started
'em
Joints twisted like a sprained foot
Red beard, big blue eyes, a strange look
It's like I'm chopping down trees
Jump out the chopper on skis, maltese
I'm stunned by the mountains and the sunrise
Stash work in the mattress where your son lies
Enter the casket under dirt and the guns cry
I'm going out blazing, squeezing at the one time

[Verse 3: Styles P]

You ain't a boss, you just playin' boss
Pop him in his head, pray on his corpse
Knee on his neck and his sternum
Askin' him for forgiveness, when I'm done I'm a burn
him
You dancin' with the demons
I know you see the European leanin'
And the chain and watch gleamin'
And you thinkin' this a dreamin'
Welcome to the nightmare
Blunts, the Delorean
This shit'll travel light-years
But you gon' end up right here
My rap style is impeccable
[?] still in the mirror but seein' my reflection move
Phantom no vehicle, ghost no vehicle
A Ouija board, it ain't weed what the fuck I need it
for
And what the fuck you got me heated for
Real cool nigga, show you what the heat is for
Ghost [?], shoot like Bronson, cook you like Swanson
Now look at your conscience

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