

Action Bronson

"Randy The Musical"

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[Verse 1]

[Verse 1]

You can find us in the garden like Spike on any night
Encrusted in some ice that look bluish in the light
Spanish on the mistress, Jewish on the wife
Shootin' like a piston, aim for proper distance
Live from London, number crunchin'
Drivin' gloves with some Asian bitches rubbin' me with
sponges
Expensive lunches, wages off of hunches
I bet the dogs and if I win it then the paper yours
Pack your bag, wash your pussy, then leave
Meet me at the airport, the plane is leaving at 3
She said alright, blew smoke through my nose
It's the talented younger stallion, no Pinocchio nose

[Verse 2]

Please stop your shit's all hype dude
Meanwhile the wrist all spiteful
Just be real, that shit's not like you
Man you know these things go through a cycle
Straight from Queens rock fatigue all weather
Fila three-quarter cream feet all leather
Never sing the blues, man my team all better
We blow cheddar, on?
City lights shine bright on my complexion
Self-reflection, red hands flashing at the intersection
Life is green-lit, one star no script
Supporting actors, fresh peaches no pit
I love my people, considered as my brothers
Came from different mothers, came up in the same
struggle
Some estranged, some deep up in the game still
Money separate, believe you know the fame will

[Verse 3]

Ayo macerate the fruit, tap it over angel's food
Yeah we gettin' loot, Timberland the boot
Kush is by prescription, prolific in the kitchen
People on my dick because I'm vicious with the diction
House shoes and some khakis on the west

Hit the beach up, twist the Cheech up, let the beat
thump
Never fuckin' with the crab that's pre-lumped
Makin' bitches sign a pre-nup
Chocolate with the mean rump
Serve some cream stuff, shit to make the fiends jump
Crispy greenery, tropical the scenery
Believe you me, this shit ain't always what it seem to be
I'm feastin' dolo down in Italy
I'm in the street like a hooker's feet
I'm known to sit on leather
I'm smokin' hash and marijuana cause it go together
Old school PAL at the colder center
Three AM we on the corner rockin' Polo sweater

[Outro]

Thank you
It might be the illest track I ever wrote
Who left it? You?
Word yo
I'm sippin' something, I gotta sip before I rap
I gotta ooo ooo ooo
Bing bing bing bing bing
Exactly
Bing bing bing bing bing bing bing bing bing
It's rap

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