

## Action Bronson "The Symbol"

Visit "[The Symbol](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Fuck it, throw it up on the floor shit  
Get the cleaning lady  
My bad! hey yo!  
In only one considered as a veteran  
Top of the line, the whip look like tropical line  
... locked by the spine  
Doing a murder seven thirty, then they fly at night  
Shit!  
Head spring, head twisted to the buick  
You say you're doing shit but never do it?  
I say I'm doing shit and I do it  
Never going back to work...  
Huh, vultures flying over the cock  
As bitches blowing on my dick like a...  
Throw some grass up, aim a little east of the target  
My brain was sculptured in...  
Never mention all the crime up in the part of, never!  
Serve like eva... up in the rental  
The cheese has been assembled  
They receiving help benefits and dental  
The land was laced with...  
Right foot touched the pedal!

Chorus:

From now one I just assemble  
Hundred dollar drugs smoke at the window  
Paper plates, I never had a license  
Could always cash, we're smoking spices  
Tripple lindsey out the g, landing to a splint  
Get up in the spin, doggie, I'm the shit!  
You're staying broke, like morty with a hit  
Huh, catch me on morty with my bitch  
Fuck with me!

The wit gymnast jump out the current to the river  
The splash on the dime  
Straightforward money cash on the side  
... I want that bastard alive  
My bitches asses like an apple  
You see me looking stunning  
Your boy is I'll with the finest  
Is garry painting at the pill for the sonics?

You're still an artist, and to be brutally honest  
Your shit is garbage!  
Dog up in a... my shoes are still alive  
From late victoria, fuck the... in the corridor  
I gamble aura up, hoes that drag me in the foreign  
truck  
One is riding me, the other one is rolling up  
Pray the signs they don't pull me over  
If they do, then the fun is over  
... mother fuckers been a musket holders  
Just raggle cheese on top of me, you let it crushed  
over!

Chorus:

From now one I just assemble  
Hundred dollar drugs smoke at the window  
Paper plates, I never had a license  
Could always cash, we're smoking spices  
Tripple lindsey out the g, landing to a splint  
Get up in the spin, doggie, I'm the shit!  
You're staying broke, like morty with a hit  
Huh, catch me on morty with my bitch  
Fuck with me!

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.