

Action Bronson

"Thug Love Story 2012"

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[Verse 1:]

She had the sweetest scent I ever smelt, that woman
have
Skin would glisten like reflections off the bluest jag
She had a Jewish dad and a Jamaican maid
Started hanging with strippers and dropping the
zippers
And selling the pussy for paper to play
Crusty feet like she hiked for days and live in the
mountains
At the pub she piss in the fountain shit on the
Michigan towers
She quick to split
She loves some dick in her bowels
Dabble in crystal, polish the pistol powder her
sniffles with flour
Straight fliesman
In the private part of her pussy pocket
Random pussy farting
Sold at the hookers auction
Left as a crooked orphan
Wrapped in the sports section
Box score, fake black rubber cock in the top drawer but

Make this fucking bitch sit in vinegar
Apple cider baths
Sit in the vinegar
Bonrsolino
PS

[Verse 2:]

So many unfamiliar faces that have come and gun
Your a constant fucked you in the school closet
We were young then experimental periods
Laid a towel cause I fucked you on your period
Stole my mothers car crashed it by the burger king
Young blood but we thought it was eternity
Raw sex never thought about paternity
But now this cunt is trying murder me
Abusing me physically and verbally
Said my dick was too small

I went and got the surgery just to show it off
This ain't real shit baby I'm just going off
Clear the mind fuck it so I wrote a song
Night life I'm destined for the bright lights
Knife fights at the bar with some white dykes
She hold me down break a bottle on the bitch head
25 out the pussy and it's mislead
We always end up in the situation
She throwing diapers out the window at me
Called the cops said I be the face
Beat the case now I shiver at her sweet embrace
Sucking like a vacuum
Like a Smack spoon
Bubble butt thicker then the double dutch
In the family tied up and bubble fuck

[Verse 3:]

Cold tard and I mean it
I thought we grow to be old farts in Phoenix
Well now you see me low scarves and a ski knit
But I've been here since the beginning like a prefix
But I'm a to do what I gotta do
Trying to make this french dough like a P houx
Over your head after sex shorty hold me in bed
Smoking Ethiopian red
The son goes a single teardrop fallopian bled
Nowadays you catch the hooker Sniffing coke in the
shed
It's a damn shame I'm just chilling eating lamb brain
I keep the weiner on display for the campaign

I'm just doing what I had to do
Drop me in the ground but I'm not going
To the top till I fall just like Owen
Heartbreak drowned sorrows in a love state

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