Statik Selektah & Action Bronson "Cliff Notes"

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Get, get, get it? Get, get, get it? Bronson… Statik Selektah Get, get, get it? Get, get, get it? .it' s all the same!

Pussy rap, dental damn beaver trap, That thrill is gone, l' m here to bring the fever back, To the streets, pumping up the big whips. Torpedo rum… the same ships, Two tongue grip, brother moves on shit, Better move on chick, or else is all trick, .even in my zone… I spin the shit to make you mother fucker down sweat, Queen's red, no pack but a cheese… Fat ass fucking pussy until she's dead, Sway foot, looking like an Indian, Cool… straight form the Caribbean. Long jackets, made from an amphibian, .money, slid with my comedian. Break it down, vision on the Dallas, Deeping in your parlors, chilling with scholars.

Chorus:

Get it?

I am not illiterate,

Not. not!

Not even a little bit!

Straight up, I make the music just for you!

Nothing, nothing like an idiot!

Get it?

I am not illiterate,

Not, not!

Not even a little bit!

Straight up, I make the music just for you!

Nothing, nothing like an idiot!

Call me John Bon… popping out the Volvo, Retched on the leg, dipping for the po-po! Sissy, you found a label as a loco, l' m sorry, but I never used to. with the coco! Urban hippie, muffle with the green thumbs, Seven grans a purple â€~till my neck will leave my feet on them.

Super bitch, Portuguese, sweet… Suck a dick like an elephant. three tones. My pussy whistle like my father … the window, . l' m lighting up the indoor

And when I go inside I think I might just play Nintendo, Call a Shwaty from my high and …play with my… Ah, just let me catch my little breath as she won' t accept the kick

Cause your destiny is for… Me, you see I spin like epileptic shit, …you fear me or you respect the kid.

Chorus:

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Mind like Watson, flowing in the new…
Van Dame… Alligator…
Spin kick to the dick…
Right up in the tea room,
You don't want to rerun!
…hard times, drug out the balloon,
Beauty like a butterfly, flying… cocoon,
Urban love and central village right by the lagoon.
That's my grandfather, add a little cream…
Make the. harder.

Now you Shawty hold me tighter than the dance partner,

Put a viper around my pants,

So when the honey hit the tune $\hat{a} \in M$ II let her dance on it!

Like a gypsy, hookers in… .everybody is smoking fifties. Nine ninety eighty two that's my shoot, Reflect like high sun shining in the hot noon!

Chorus:

Get it?

I am not illiterate, Not, not! Not even a little bit! Straight up, I make the music just for you! Nothing, nothing like an idiot!

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