

Statik Selektah & Action Bronson

"Miss Fordham Road"

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Beauty Dior, Cherokee, Pinky
Roxy Reynolds bouncing
on the steps, slinky
Give her something white and filled with cream --
twinkie
Leave her blinded semen in her eyes -- blinky
Can't even believe I used that flow I'm outta Queens
Off the hooker strip boulevard of dreams
Runways are getting trains stealing credit cards and
schemes
She was laying on the floor with honey mustard on her
sleeves
I said get up then she got up, get up in this whip bitch
We bout to smoke this pot up plus I got some white
You could be the first to taste the product, just a little
dirty
Had the body of a model, sent a message in a bottle
Tell my man set the bed up, he built a wooden room
quick
Went to the tool shed, got on his hammer, nail, and
screw shit
Now we livin' lavish eaten salmon on a cruise ship
Laying in a hammock getting hammered with a jew
bitch
We want no drama, come here mama
Dale y mamba (yo come here baby girl)
Please don't get so wild, keep the chrome cal
Te deja (?) now (don't get bodied homie)
Eso te mata, cool it papa
Echate pa' tras (move back gimme space)
I'm up in my zone, hoes pass tha ron
Esto ta cabron (shit crazy)
Yo just roll my dutches, prep my outfit for the party
Spray my body with aromas, got the ladies actin
naughty
Fine fabric delegates my people far from celibate
Hardly delicate highly skilled with much intelligence
Walk in the place jacket hangin' past the calves
Play the shorts in every season corner schemes get
turned to math on some
5 in the mornin' shit, (?) then on I'm that BITCH
Ocean high yeah I'm on that shit muthafucka (?) when

I'm on that shit
clicquot
time to raise our glass up
Right out the bottle, with a model, with amazing asses
Wipe off the ashes, 16 flavors (?) butter
Rose out the gutter, we stand around lenses shutter
Ladies grindin' all up on my dickie
Cause we gorgeous we forage the forest
I'm destined for greatness we ballin regardless
I'm heartless so baby tell me what you wanna do
(I wanna suck it 'til my mouth's filled with cum from
you)
20 below the bitch seen walkin' the strip
With that pink gloss on her lip
And that big cross on her tits
And she frontin' like she religious but stay stalkin' a
dick
Goin right at the head like some steamed crawfish n
shit
She know up in the club for years fuck for bagels
Her face is weathered like the rain that fall in April
And in her pants she got a loaf of bread
You know the yeast she never go to bed
She rather dope or head
I just don't get it cause Mercedes was a honey
All the ballers wanna fuck her buy her mink and give
her money
Her facials disappearin' and her nose is always runny
Dentistry is twisted like the grill that's on a monkey
Lower body skinny, upper body husky
Call em linebackers she's a character a junkie
Still, she pop it and the people throw the pennies
Plus I'm here to watch her give the team a bunch of
hennies cuz

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