

Statik Selektah & Action Bronson "Not Enough Words"

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[Verse 1]

Book a ticket to the tropics cause I'm through with
all the shit
That I'm living every day, in the mirror saying why
me?
Hide my eyes cause I'm sicken with the image
Of using marijuana, simply vintage for the time being
My skills said it's very serious, in fact
Spit a wild rap, carve a steak right off the cow's
back
Throw it on the grill, I'm cooking in the stew
Same shit that's on the grill gave me leather for the
boot
If they make me take the stand then I'm lying
through my teeth though
Ask to swear to God but in that I don't believe
though
My man Stevie Mo playing safety for Toledo
Hustle 'til my fingers staying cheesy like a cheeto
Shorty on the bed pleasuring my pee pee
Smart crew TCN, lyrical graffiti
Drug roll precise, like a hooker with the dice
Butcher with the knife, you get taken for your life
So much to say it's so little time and shitty
Killer Queens the borough, New York be the city
Coming crazy out your mouth will get your split up like
a Philly
Running through the maze like I'm Willie, you gotta feel
me

[Hook]

I'm moving forward cause nothing's gonna be
the same
Eyes blurry from the smoke, I can't see the lane
Swerving heavy, bottle in my lap
I'm looking for a problem so I'm modeling the
gat
Somebody save me, cause I don't wanna go to jail
I'd rather be up in the mansion for the polo sale
But I'm here, stuck inside my thoughts
I'm tryna have a bag of money stuffed inside my
shorts

[Verse 2]

My life is like a movie, blizzard with the shottie
Hookah house on (?) Chilling in the lobby
Yes I'm living gnarly, the 40 ounce of Barley
Open up cigars and fill them with a bunch of Marley
Double cup (?)
Ruger for intruders hand to hand made by the duelers
Ginger ale and mix glasses, your style is piss
mothafucka
Time to flip the mattress, kick it swift as Cassius
My mind is stronger than Mariusz Pudzianowski
Obvious to see I'm a star straight off the couch
You rapping with a blouse, you get slapped up side the
mouth
By the Zangief look-a-like, Bronson always cooking
right
Spray the vinegar to tighten up a yummy
Smoking got me squinting like the sky is high and
sunny
Attachment on the nozzle make the iron fire funny
Never stop until my body diving in a pile of money

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

Iâ€™m already smoking like a gunshot
You know the fuzzy light green, call it Dunlop, flow
nun's twat
Many hours, one man standing, one spot
From the morning to the mothafucking sun drop
Cause Iâ€™m one with the Earth, eyes red
Mothafucka Iâ€™ve been blunted since birth, age 9
Mom deuce kept the gun in the purse, next to the hair
spray
Fuck tomorrow, money coming in the way

[Hook]

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