

# Only In America (feat. Party Supplies)

## Action Bronson

Only In America

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I'm focused, man, I swear I'm focused. These mothafuckas don't know, I'm the mothafuckin' golden child. Uh huh Anywhere I go, you know you're goin' with me

Bobby and Whitney without the sniffin'

Dog your bitch look like Eddie Griffin

I'm three wheelin', keep the Chevy tippin'

Big bearded Buddha bangin' bitches in Bermuda

Barry Bonds, barracuda, Chattanooga

Back alley shooter, black Balley booter

Catch me jumpin' out the plane like a black puma

Stoned, pump Depeche Mode

Man all I see is red snow

Left my man with a headstone on Edgcombe

He was goin' for the glory and the end zone

Just another sob story cause the pen's cold

Am I gonna sell my soul? That depends, ho

Man the vehicle's a rental, speak gentle

Mink sweatsuit

Stab your father while he's pissin' in the men's room

Only in America

Just can't seem to get you off of my mind

Only in America

All that seems we're goin' nowhere

Only in America

And I just can't seem to get you off my mind

[?] land of the free

All that seems we're goin' nowhere

All that seems we're goin' nowhere

All that seems we're goin' nowhere

Goin' nowhere, nowhere

NYC what the fuck is goin' on?

These mothafuckas won't play my song

They sayin' that we soft, they sayin' that we fell off

They sayin' that these other fuckers better than us, you gotta be kiddin'

A bunch of pussies, when you piss, you gotta be sittin'

You tie your hair in a bun and shirt in a knot

You got the urge to suck the cock of Serge Ibaka

Pictures of naked rappers hangin' in your locker

You and your father never played catch, he taught you how to twerk

Since I've been on the Earth I've been lightin' up

And I've been all around the world twistin' dykes and purp

Shit, light the earth

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>