

# Get Off My P.P.

## Action Bronson

Lace up your Timbs, Queens, fresh off the blacktop  
All foreign recital (?), fiends on the backlot  
Back alley Bronson always cookin' up a mad plot  
The shit that have us laid in Benzes with a glass top  
Hash pot, stickin' out the dash spot  
I'll leave a bitch in a vacant and let his ass rot  
One seven for (?) an autobahn is where the cash drop  
Then take the paper, then distribute to the have-nots  
I'm on the scene, 26, and I'm a manchild  
'Lo machete, hoppin' out the fan's style (?)  
Whether fightin' or graffiti, got them hand styles  
I'll wipe the floor up with your face like a ShamWow  
Hands down, one motherfucker  
260 combined, here to bring the ruckus  
The bassline plus the words raise the crime rate  
Bronsolini show 'em how to hold a 9 straight  
Yo, get off the next man's P.P  
Be original, kid, get off the P.P  
Get off the shaft or my chick, get off the P.P  
Yo, be original, kid, get off the P.P  
Yo, the drugs are rolled up, the money fold up  
I like my bitches big-body like an old truck  
With their waists sliced inches like the cold cuts  
Been at the bottom of the sea, but then I rose up  
Feet first, my voice is known to curl a honey's toes  
Serve a pound of that, I'll leave 'em with a bloody nose  
Smoke the hash, take it, form like a puddy, holmes  
Hop in the Caddy, leave your body by a muddy road  
A dirty rotten scoundrel like Steve Martin  
Drugs so good, Fiend Weekly just three-starred 'em  
I'm on the road, blow trees through East Harlem  
Just put me in a cage in the basement, I'm retarded  
German shift, twist, burn to bliss  
I love it when the pussy tighter than a tourniquet  
Copped the chicken, started cookin' and converted it  
Dutch leaf, third of it, roll it up, murder it

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