

Falconry (feat. Meyhem Lauren & Big Body Bes)

Action Bronson

Yo pass me the ball fool
You better fuckin' pick me, ya
Straight the fuck up, I roof this shit
Fuckin' 360 on this pussy
I don't give a fuck
I'll kick this motherfucking ball over the fence
No shoes on
I know you see me on the TV, lookin' like a
hunk of beef
When I smile your baby mama shit her
dungarees
Somebody get the kid a deal he sound like me
But nah, dunny don't get down like me
The falcon flies back to the glove when I
whistle
Don't try to put me in the box like a tissue
Cause I push you in the box with a pink suit
Fuck around and have some squid ink soup,
bitch
(Ah man there's so much fuckin' hash in this
joint right now son)
Uh, you ain't a legend like Gianni
I'm so Queens like a Roy Wilkins T-shirt
With one arm shredded, and one arm missing
Dog, I was born with Allah's vision
I learned quick I couldn't follow suit
Cause the Devil put the pork inside the dollar
soup
Now I'm sittin' in first class with a hard dick
Listenin' to German guitar riffs, what a life
I was made like the beginning of Jurassic Park
When they took the fucking blood from the
mosquito with a dope needle
Then they shot it in a wild lion, 1983
I popped out holdin' an iron with a visor on
Yeah, uh huh
Yo, the videos are like a Jewish summer camp
promo
Your ideas lack Adobo
Yo, silk cinder blocks, cinnamon socks

On the low like a whip without shocks
I bag bitches in flocks
Representative for everything official
Ya'll niggas can't live, so it's officially an
issue
Waterproof penmanship, padded on a rugby
Hammer in the hamper 'case a nigga try to
thug me
I'm a idol, my wave is tidal, forget survival
Treat the last record I broke just like a rival
Uh, I'm New York before it turned into a bike
lane
Never had a light fame, split the pipe cane
It was written but I wrote it
Put religion right on my neck and then I froze
it
Laurenovitch, yeah
3: 36 in the morning
Location: a drug infested area, Brooklyn, New
York
What am I doing? Standing on an unidentified
corner
With a Latin individual, corn rows,
foamposites;
All sorts of a felony in his waist
But who are you? She only loves me when I'm
naked

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