

No Time

Action Bronson

No time for struggle cause we shining today, today
Look out the window see me flying away, away It's a proven fact money make the world go
round

And a couple sweet words'll make your girl go down
On the whole team cause you weren't taking care of business
See me in a Bimmer, see you in a Civic, uh When I step up in the party, yes I'm letting my nuts
hang

Tryna fuck a groupie bitch right on the hood of the Mustang
From a place where they bust things, hailing from Flushing
Peace to blood stains, Beamer custame
On a California king where the thug lay (that's word to me man)
Shorty sniffin' lines like a sketch
Tell her that I need my slippers fetched
I need a wifey tongue longer than Kakey
Shoot the gun right when I whistle, plus she never will snake me
Do a split on my dick

If I'm sick she'll even clean me if I shit in my pants
So I'm taking her to France with me
Doing math like an Asian student
I've been a truant, three language fluent
Blueish on the Buick

Reddish on the hue of the cheeks on my booby
Her body smoking like a dooby
The joint rolled like a croissant, mad butter
Gold or brown

If I end up in the can then who gon' hold me down?
Probably no one

They like it when you hot, when you not
They tell you eat a cock off the springboard I dive into the drop
Gold watch, like I just retired

No socks in the loafer cause it's tacky
At least I'm not up in Pataki's
You catch me higher than a Shaq knee
See me swerving side to side like Mutombo finger
The bundle bringer, guns are subtle
Hear them clapping like the end of the huddle
I might be big as a bear, but nothing to cuddle
Hop in the shuttle, land in Russia, yo

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

