TANK (feat. Big Body Bes)

Action Bronson

Body needs a bat and a black leather to record Here, take it, get readyAh, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, this is it, ah The eighteen-wheeler papi, we'll drive it through your living room While you watchin' Maury, true story Uh, jump in the pool with the tool on me, shredded 240 Who gon' stop me? You and whose army? Bronson come with the ninja grip Wheelin' red ninjas down the strip Phillies to my lip High as Dark Knight, fuck it, let the card swipe I'll take that yellow Lamborghini on the far right As if I fit it 100k for me to spit it I'm bout' to take a shitted on your fitted with no good luck Just tragedy and hardship Another loser on the corner doing card tricks (Ah) I'm on the plane to Russia with a hard dick and a tank top from Target Why this blunt taste like Starburst? And why your girl cheating on you with a player from the San Diego Chargers? Motherfucker, somehow we got Jeeps in jail Tell the judge, "It's all good, go 'head and keep that bail" It's me, you can't touch me Like Hammer, shit gets crunchy I do it for the glamour I do it for my mama I do it for my people I do it for myself because there should've been a sequel But there was complications during, birth given, damn, man Another night the Moon's shinin', the Earth twistin' Boo, listen, Daddy swerved the coupe with conviction Guns under the pillow like my tooth missin' Everybody know it's me 'cause the roof missin' You can see my smile from a mile Yeah Oooh, I'm up at bat! Albanian baseball, I'm swingin' a hammer! Fuck that! We've been in the game our whole fuckin' lives! Only God can bench us! You was in the dayroom doin' splits! I told you stop blockin' the TV! I'm tryna watch Maury!

And hang your fuckin' phone up! We've been ballin' our whole fuckin' lives! You talkin' to the P-A-L champion! I does this! Uh! Fuck her 'til she hates me! You gotta stab me if you love me I'm down to die You're scared to live

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