

# 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 Yanni  
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/>