

Ronnie Coleman

Action Bronson

[Verse 1:]

When I'm alone

Smoking weed, sitting by the window in my home
Often thinking why the fuck is it I'm not in Rome
If I had a little motivation, money, and a hot body
I see it now Brons in the heart-throbby
No more pigging out, binging on the late night
No more sneaking juice in the syringe to get the game tight
No more packing hot dogs on my neck right by the fade right
40 pounds to go and then you hookers getting laid right
I'm eating salad but I'm leaving off the croutons
Cause ever since... huskier than yukon
Savings on the cookies, mommy clipping out the coupons
Passing out from over-eating, sleeping on the futon
Lock the refrigerator, there's no controlling me
Steak and chocolate got they muthafuckin hold on me
Ain't trying to be laid in a box, roses on me
Bronsolino running 5 miles for the glory

[Interlude:]

Let's go, 20 more to go baby boy
Yo you want that... by the crotch right?
Yeah let's go (I want it)
Gimme some pushups
Gimme some dips (I can't no more)
Let me get some jumping jacks (Gimme a sandwich!)
Yeah you want that steak dinner don't you? (AAAAH)
Your gunna work that sandwich off now (I need Marshmallows!)
Yeah let's fuckin go
20 more miles, let's go you fat fuck
(AH MARSHMALLOWS GIVE IT TO ME)
You motherfucker you, fuck you!

[Verse 2:]

From philly cheesesteaks, lobsters on the barbeque
I'm getting twisted eating chicken with a prostitute
An hour later eat the burger with my drug dealer
Then add the butter to the fudge to make the fudge realer
Every five minutes look in the fridges as if magic happened
Sneak a cookie, rip the bag, and fix the plastic wrapping
I don't want know one to know that I took it
Cause I'm a no good... ay yo fry the mayonnaise man
Life is a shmorgishborg to me and I'm a over do it
I wanna wear Italian clothing but it just don't cut it

Not the type that show the package with the crystal studded
The shit they model in Milan that's looking crispy custom
5 and 6 bitches, lickin' my dick twitches
Serve up a facial, miss the Belgium bitches dismiss em
For now I'll take what I can get till this shit switches
Whatever fuck you stupid bitch
Yo here's to the drugs of heaven
Here's to beef ribs
Extended lunch time I eat enough for three kids
Go on a diet, then fall off because I'm weak kid
Since I was young I'm eatin' candy on the sneak tip
My day is based upon fine drugs, cholesterol
Though at my height and weight I'm probably still the best at ball
I'm tatted up, I have no shame to show the chest at all
I bet I have your lady humming on my testacles[Outro:]
Yeah, Bronsolino
Bout to be fuckin, summer time in the winter
Shirtless

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