

Action Bronson

"Ron Simmons"

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[Verse 1:]

Gipsy Salami cheese is from the cave
Wild dandelion greens dressed up on the plate
Parmesan crisp
We wildin in marea
Doing all the drugs off of pico and labrea
Peace to kings English sticky green fingers
Rock fast Polaroids bitches named dinga
Cunnilingus
[?]
Hash between my butt cheeks
[?]
Whole grain mustard, 12 grain bread
Move cocaine out of Spokane I got no shame
Split the propane relive you of your gold chain
Go to bed without even knowing the hoes name
Hazelnut spread Banana on your bread
Treat you like a shark with the hammer on your head
Mark neck sweaters I pack up on the threads
Fat black leathers leave your body in the shutdown
Peace to mother fucking Iceland

Ron Simmons

[Verse 2:]

Damn, your fucking with a pro kid
No triple A I went straight up to the show kid
You can cash me out and spend on the coast dick
Don't ever say my music sound like ghost shit
Vocal reminiscing of a kid that hold a semi
[?] Sweaty Motherfucker shit the bread
They crying in the corner while there shorty give me
head
Ice sculptures, Venezuelan white vultures
Chinese wizardry, long capes
Old grapes in the glasses she suck me while I'm flaccid
Every summer? lake placid
Dabbled in plastic don't ever babble or get blasted
Bitches have to ask double dildos made of plastic
Remain classic like all this flash inside the pan shit
Like Jr. Griffey smashing homers never land bitch

Kinda high never land bitch
Damn

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