

Ron Simmons

Action Bronson

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
Brock Fetch Polaroids
Bitches named Dinga
Cunnilingus, Buddy Holly singing
Hash between my butt cheeks, hookers in the plush suite
Whole grain mustard, 12 grain bread
Move cocaine out of Spokane, I got no shame
Spit 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, put the hammer on your head
Mock neck sweaters, I pack up on the threads
Fat black leathers leave your body in the shed
DamnRon Simmons
Peace to motherfucking Iceland
Ron Simmons
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Ron, Ron Simmons
Ron SimmonsDamn, your fucking with a pro kid
No triple A I went straight up to the show, kid
While You can catch me out in Spain on the coast, dick
Don't ever say my fucking music sound like Ghost shit
Born alone, stood strong for half a fifty
Vocal reminiscing of a kid that hold a semi
Old and sweaty, motherfucker shit the bed
They crying in the corner while there shorty give me head
Yeah, ice sculptures, Venezuelan white vultures
Chinese wizardry, long capes
Old grapes in the glasses she suck me while I'm flaccid
Every summer catch me grilling steaks by Lake Placid
Dabbled in plastic, don't ever babble or get blasted
Bitches ass to ass, double dildos made of plastic
Remain classic with all this flash inside the pan shit
Like Jr. Griffey smashing homers, never land bitch
Damn, we never land bitch

Yeah, we never land bitch
Kinda high, never land bitch
But you can see me in lambish
Damn

Songwriters

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