

# 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

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