

# 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

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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