

## I Remember

Action Bronson

Damn

Mad late

My fucking hernias popping out of my stomach and shit

Yo

She bent over in a mirror taking pictures

Crew a bunch of dykes and some Puerto Rican strippers

From Ridgewood she did her thing just like a bitch should

But in the morning started burning, I can't piss good

I cleared that up though

Diver's scallops, sear 'em

Seven grams of fuzzy in the palm'll be the serum

The Rocketeer, out in Switzerland we poppin' there

Mulatto babies cause you know your boy's a chocolatier

Haze galore, going Asian on the carpet

Artichokes and lamb

From the land not from the market

Blunts rolled consecutively

Who every really thought this motha fucka destined to be?

This type of style on the mic

Get razzled, dazzled

Stretch you like pilate

Penetrate your flower then I split

Karate

The shotty Hollywood, I gave the bitch a nosejob

And fuck a new Benz I'd rather cop the old Saab

Velour down short set paired with the cream joints

Wine, I always swirl it and smell it

Make an esteemed choice

My cheese sauce always known to keep a fiend moist

I swear my words'll have me hopping out the green Royce

Rolls and blunted, crispy chicken, aged cheddar

Lonnie got a block of cheese, no it ain't feta

The semi-soft flow master with the hemi-talk

I'm higher than the motha fuckas at the heliport

Bronsolini Bronsolafski Bronsolinio