

## 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 singin  
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, relieve you of your gold chain  
Go to bed without even knowing the hoes name  
Hazelnut spread, banana on the bread  
Treat you like a shark, put the hammer on your head  
Mock neck sweaters, Alpaca on the threads  
Fat black leathers. Leave your body in the shed  
Damn

Ron Simmons  
Peace to motherfucking Iceland  
Ron Simmons  
Ron Simmons  
Ron, Ron Simmons  
Ron Simmons

Damn, 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 of 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  
Dabble then pass it, 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 eatin Lamb, bitch  
Damn