U 47

Your Old Droog

[Verse 1]
Accidentally said what's cracking to a Blood, Freudian crip
Surprised it didn't end up with ya boy being flipped
But homie ain't tripped, knew it was an honest mistake
Plus I'm neutral, Droog's only concern is his cake
They was definitely F'in with me
Before a rapper even says one line, you can tell if he iffy
Know somebody just by watching how they move
Now you could be how he thug, or play it smooth play it smooth
Guess I'm a punk then, they let the drunken monk in
With a O-E 40 like E-40 trying to Function
Now tell me has it sunk in as some can do anything?
I just had to bring the funk in on the Neumann or the Telefunken
You 47 still trying to rap, stop
You have teenagers today, making hits right on their laptops
Plug-in thuggin' while you flexing on them with a DAT
Like what you know bout that youngin? Fuck outta here
They don't wanna know so keep it on the low
There comes a time when you let that old phony persona go
And yea I know throwing hands is honorable
But to me, shooting affair means bringing a gun airing out the whole carnival
Had this chick named Bernadette, paid a 600 dollar burner debt
Get my tax return and I'm set
Good to go, basehead like Woodrow
Hoes on my meat cause I remind em of Boris Kodjoe
Y'all put the bum in bumbaclot
Better listen with them ears that Dumbo got
Something live straight out the gumbo pot
No pot to piss in, still brought the hotness
S-s-s-sizzlin back up to carry out the vision
Gotta be willing to swing again when you miss
And make sure that your dissing is never disingenuous
Rock, no matter how bad the sound at the venue is
Slight work, never strenuous
I'm at ease, busting down chicks with fatties
Swollen honey dutch leaf fatties and getting everything all beef patties
With hot mayo, while you can't get a J-O because of your felony
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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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