

# Gunsmoke Cologne

## Your Old Droog

[Verse 1]

It's never been hard to pull a broad  
It's that dude who had your mother gassed  
And I ain't talking bout the boulevard  
Made it through hell and kept the essence of what I do intact  
So the lies I do tell be truer than your facts  
Know why, cause I know it's all an act  
Making like four more albums then I'm falling back  
So then you never see your bro's slack  
I made a pact with promoters that the show stay packed  
Moving merchandise, y'all quiet as church mice  
Get the gas face like Serch and Pete Nice  
I gotta buck like Simeon Rice  
Roll your deuce n' give me them dice  
Gambling like going up into smoke without the lamb skin  
Definite chance that you might get burnt  
But some cats are so thirsty that's not a deterrent  
They just get turned, cause they like to say catching the fades  
Where the chicks so bad  
You say you want to catch the AIDS from her  
I laugh at how so many peoples lives are spent  
Gotta throw a slumber party for the 85 percent  
And the stuff I shed a light on is vintage, timeless  
You went through life asleep they should bury yal in pajamas  
Died from a pillow fight, crushed by the feather weight  
I've been out that loop, these rappers got together late  
I'm out in Sydney, shifting kidneys of an aussie slut  
Fuck your posse cut, I make a living with my vocab  
Not trying to be driving no cab  
Rap for free with all you loco got no brother, no collab  
Go ahead, throw your vocal jab, local Senate jabs  
I don't camp I'm stacking bread like vocals in the lab  
And I don't even do doubles my ho is too supple  
Unlike yours  
Granny with a bubble, tranny with the stubble  
You clowns will never make it like we made it  
All of the bodies of my essay's getting cremated  
Trial and error since the silent terror  
Into the knockout game, straight out the wild'n era

A lot of cats operate on their sheist tip  
But not even a central do I slip  
And I ain't got to wait to see the price dip  
Got money in my pocket like Sonny Crockett and "Miami Vice" grip  
And the only tubs I fuck with is hot ones, no homo  
Like a jacuzzi, cop snubs, shotguns and uzis  
Gotta feel safe in the mansion, dig  
Especially when they come through for your man's shin dig  
That's the after party, to the award show  
Where they just saw me win big, had em thinking it's rigged  
Band leader with his hand on the heater  
Fuck around and might buck while i'm trying to conduct  
Smell that, gun smoke cologne like Bartolo  
As I motion to a member of the group to start the solo

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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