

# Porno For Pyros (Prod. By DJ Skizz)

## Your Old Droog

[Verse]

Back in the line of fire  
Sayin' my style's dated is like checkin' to see if wine expired  
Salut, thought of that bar in the car  
Cheffin' up in the truck like halal food  
Got them raps for you, I ain't talkin' gyros  
Get on the mic and spit that porno for pyros  
I'm not concerned with goin' viral  
Knew I'd be the best  
When Droogs was in the recess throwin' spirals  
Mad punches, I was throwin' spiral notebooks away  
Even wrote hooks for you to say  
Now look at me today  
Rockin' Woodstock and Lollapalooza  
Get your dollars up, loser  
While we worked hard, you fought and bickered, now you broke  
I can see that malt liquor stain on your Nautica  
Need to stop poppin' junk and pass that Henny  
But don't start a debacle over the bottle  
Get rocked in your head with it  
Then we'll really see your numbskull, should've tried to be humble  
Sprayin', it's plagued to run up on you with a gun cocked  
Stick safety pins in your face like you punk rock  
The kid vicious like Sid  
Dukin' your hot mom 'til my johnny get rotten seed on rotten com  
Only bustin' these sex pistols from now on  
Anarchy in BK, that's all we play  
I'm sittin', thinkin' in the dark  
Hit my boo up like, "When we linkin' in the park?"  
Take it to the head, ball courts, finger popped the tote  
You lames in the crib playin' Papa Roach  
This ain't rap, it's hip-hop with a hard rock approach  
Jethro meets Death Row, Death Row tone  
Pull a Suge Knight, make you drink piss  
Who you think you is? You ain't a thug, you listen to Incubus  
Son, new streets'll break your heart  
I know cats that'll murk it and take part in a Stop the Violence march  
Yoke up young dweller in the elevator  
And watch the footage on News 12 later  
Doin' hot boy shit to get 'em knocked

The old heads like "Chill, let him rock"  
Wildin' with that death metal, desperately need an alternative  
Most of these kids dyin' ain't even get a turn to live  
Go straight from Juvy to juve  
Talkin' 'bout how they move yay, off white like a duvet  
Only folk they know is the game, never heard of Joan Baez  
Lot of freaks were goin' bi, les  
I paint pictures that's hi-res  
[?], the parachute jump light blinkin' in the room  
'Bout to go back to my old way, true, true  
You know I don't fuck with Coldplay and U2[Interlude]

U2? I hate them mothafuckas - yo they suck! Yo what happened to all the good rock music? I wanna know!  
Man, yo 92.3, remember that? Yo I'm 'bout to cop a guitar, Skiz 'bout to get on bass, RTC on the drums. Yo  
forreal, we're gonna take over. Yo we the new Alice in Chains. Yo I'm watchin' Clerks right now, on the big  
screen[Outro]

Guy 1: That's beautiful, man

Guy 2: And he's from Russia, too

Girl: No way, what part of Russia?

Guy 2: I don't fuckin' know, do I look like his fuckin' biographer?

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

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