

Free Turkey

Your Old Droog

[Verse 1]

Another chapter of the Droog and RTNC saga
Never hear me rhyme about Balenciaga
(You just did!) My bad, I'm maladjusted
Look at you girl, you beat, chopped and busted
Not to be trusted, we must rid ourselves of you
Find some other shit to delve into
Or let that metal rinse your mental
It's more than incidental
I spark a Winston wincing at your dental. Damn!
Refuse to use the word 'sheesh'
I had this shit locked back when bitches would say 'eesh'
Don't ask me my what's in my cup, capisce?
I appreciate it dog, we faded
Ego deflated, wasn't even slated to perform and I slayed it
Gave ya'll this free turkey
Not like I do this for fun, this is work, B
Ain't nothing glamorous, who am I, Fergie?

[Verse 2]

I make you feel like you did as a kid
Going to the store to eat jerky
Prank calling people trying to be the Jerky Boys
A touchtone terrorist, all you young motherfuckers, that's the era you missed
Sierra Mist ass suckers is playing the 3rd wheel
The people know I'm for real
Ego Trip better put this rap on a list
I'm getting off like a slap on the wrist
Step into the flow, kneejerk, involuntary like Peter, Paul and Mary (Yo who dat?)
I know the rules, they palm the ball and carry
Killing ?em was my calling, in food it?s culinary
Big fish, little fish or a Balkan on a small canary
I found peace in taking down these imaginary boundaries
While you was making brownies
Get a bounty on your head and you?ll need more than the quicker picker upper
It gets sicker, you?ll be some stick-up kid?s supper

[Verse 3]

My flow is water, yours is milk that?s why we skim through it

It's the wrong kind of fluid
I'm royalty, these other cats been salty
Since the era of the tall tee
They came through? Sonning 'em
If it was chains, they been running 'em
Gang members was getting it, flags burned right in front of them
Came back when the smoke cleared with steak knives
Like they was ready to take lives (allright)
Went home with it clean
Had to be like fifteen
Your Droog's not blue or red, I like green
But I got homies who 'Baaaang!' like Mike Breen
Go down memory lane with sports
I'm loco, ho, just ask my cohorts
Far out
Word to all the birth stains, vains, and warts
Sittin' under your chain by Lorraine Schwartz
I spread knowledge through hate and educate
You cater to the masses, the dumbasses
The crassest, lowest form of humor
I hate it, their labs need to be fumigated
They can't fuck with the poon-poon pummeler
Who spot that camel toe through a puma
Bad little thing, in the crib watching Boomerang
Hit her with powerbombs and suplexes
Bitch was so wet, she made a soup in my Lexus, check this
Although my life trife, we still hit them trifectas (Baaaang!)
Dispensing joints like turkey sandwiches
And Goya Nectars, with the re-issue for the collectors
Stronger than menthol, if rap lyrics were scenes in a movie this'd be the air vent crawl
Bootleg, copped straight from out the gutter ya'll, it's butter how I ball

[Outro]

Free turkey like the birds behind the G-Wall (butterball, yo)

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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