Droog's Anthem

Your Old Droog

[Verse 1]
Gettin' head in the whip--call that v-neck
Poppin' the collar 'fore I ever seen a check
A droog barely saw the fruits of his labor
And you hoppin' on the banana like Chiquita, ya dick eater
Need to fall back and let my nuts breathe
Plus you got no pull like a smut's weave during sex
And you don't wanna get wet up
Hog-tied and set-up, stripped out your get-up
Get up! Stop cryin' on the floor, what you have to stunt for?
We know that you don't want war
You wanna talk about a peace plan
Givin' info in the back of a police van
(Where you at, son?) I'm in the house like C-SPAN
Your Old Droog been a beast, man (check me out)
Spittin' rhymes you can't quote with a weak throat
You need a pack of Winstons, black coffee, and a peacoat

[Hook]
I try to put it aside, but droogs, we need to provide
Plus it won't leave me alone, alone
And if I'm gonna do this, I need to be the biggest star that I can be, I can be, oh, oh

[Verse 2]
Tricks wanna step to Droog and then they catch fade
'Cuz they bitch-made pullin' out a switchblade
That's kinda trifle, cuz that's a knife, fool
You're just a parasite like the Eiffel
Stifle yourself like Edith or get played
Like a Paul Reed Smith, you and them cats you smoke weed with
No G, get smacked up for free
I see you laughin' to the bank but you're not all that you cracked up to be
Hee...hee...ain't it funny like J-Lo and Jeffery
And done effortlessly
Pop shots like Steph Curry
And your eye vision will be left blurry, eff a referee
Swish, nothin' but net, with lotsa bank-ins
Called by the O.G. Sacha Jenkins
Link back up with my son, Irv

Persistence does wonders, none of this is undeserved, the nerve

[Hook]

[Verse 3]
Nobody gets in this shit to be regular
I manhandle while you panhandle like a beggar, bruh
Other cats is movin' bricks, I'm a slang slanger
Set for life like a gang-banger
To the death, and I got a lil' fame
Keep it a hunnit like most points in a single game
By Wilt Cham', Old Droog kilt the game
Like your favorite rapper rockin' a skirt, don't it hurt?
Pertinent, relevant when I spit
You's a rodent, you ain't leavin' no dent in this shit
There's more to this than makin' sentences fit
You see I went in but I'm low-key ventin'
It's more than just spittin' a hard bar
I'm bringin' 'em more records than Nardwuar, check me out
Gettin' love from college kids down at Seton Hall
Without the hook on it, I be cheatin' y'all

[Hook]

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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