

## Free Turkey

## Your Old Droog

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?

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

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 ai  
r vent crawl  
Bootleg, copped straight from out the gutter ya'll, it's butter how I ball  
  
Free turkey like the birds behind the G-Wall (butterball, yo)