

Gunsmoke Cologne

Your Old Droog

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 brosé 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