

Quiet Storm Interlude

Your Old Droog

This that shit you fuck a bitch to
This that shit you ride around to
Me, this that shit you roll a blunt to
(Maybe not smoke a blunt)
Stash it, you sip your hen to
(Get right in your mental
(And I don't drink black coffee)
Truth be told, some of these rhymes I spit

Only cause it took my whole life to write 'em
Took my whole life to write 'em
Write em write em write em write em write em write
Yeah, uh