

## 48th Street

Your Old Droog

Know how to take an intro on a tune  
It can be a 4-bar  
Generally it's a 4-bar or 8-bar intro

I'm not wimpin', out, you know what I'm about  
Parking lot pimpin'  
In a spot where cars enter  
Gettin' a chick is like gettin' a pick in Guitar Center  
These cats learned to play guitar to get girls  
Playin' their little crappy love songs by the fire  
I learned solos by ear, and never on a Squire  
We avoid those, cop the black Strat with a Floyd Rose  
Son burst on the scene and bought a Sunburst  
Yes yes y'all a Les Paul, Had first dibs on a Gibson  
Treated like Grandmas at Sam Ash  
Gettin' fannies, spendin' chips at Manny's  
When I heard they closed down, I almost shed a tear  
Couldn't wait to drop some of my first rap cheddar there  
Woulda waltzed to that bitch like Fred Astaire  
Used to window shop with lint and a card for Medicare  
Nil, blanks and my fingers won't vibrate  
Another note until I got a mill in the bank  
The last riff that I played was Pink Floyd Money  
And won't play again until I'm getting Pink Floyd money  
Comfortably number one in the woodshed, instead of the summer son  
Only thing getting bent is a guitar string, darling  
Dry my forehead with a piece of cloth  
Place my hammer on the passenger seat and pull off

They see the transformation  
Just makes it more complete  
i got the Brian May pickups, b, whatchu know about that

Some get they Turner-All by all types of rings and j clothes  
I went and got some Ernie Ball strings and a rig for shows  
Wig-wearin' hoes love my long solos  
5-percenters dig those even through a pig nose  
Amped to stack like Marshall  
With a good financial plan, i don't want credit that's partial  
The gods want to know why I won't play it live for them  
Matter of fact I ain't playin' until my account sees five M's  
Then we can exchange and share riffs  
Fake deputies and sheriffs let Droog monetize this rare gift  
When your old pal is in these big ass palaces racked up  
Maybe then I'll get my callouses back  
Then I can afford to waste grip, my G  
Car lookin' like a space ship, that's a flyin' V  
With some new tricks that they dyin' to see  
And never come at Droog, talkin' 'bout buyin' a key  
No coppin' drugs, my only pickup is a Humbucker  
Ya dumb dumb sucka muhfucka  
Why body you with a hollow from the semi  
When I can beat you with a guitar that's semi-hollow bodied  
I bodied it on a twelve-string acoustic  
Loose stickin' out the headstock i don't do the chew stick  
It's a shame the way you dick ride (I'm out)  
Catch me on 48th Street, wonderin' when the music died

They see the transformation  
Just makes it more complete

One of the other things that, uh, players dont, uh, seem to do strong enough  
, that i noticed, is the ending to it  
Kind of jamming the last four bars or last eight bars out