

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

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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