Boofanickoregs

Your Old Droog

Betty girl, she stay down, keep her on the Greyhound With that stuff between her legs (*bus departing now*) Out of we moving reefer by the pound While you boofanickoregs (struggling) I do nothing of the sort, in some fancy vacation resort Eating bacon, cheese, and eggs (with orange juice) And a new beat CD writing, fiending to get back in the booth While you boofanickoregs

(What you doing?) Pull up in the Bentley, speaking eloquently With a bad thing caressing a fella gently (What you doing with that?) Smashing her out Cashing out, throw a baby bash in your mouth Don't forget to RSVP, hit me back when you are less creepy Supersonic got the glove off GP School a soldier on the general principle While I take a pull off a Winston in Instanbul Transform like Shia LaBeouf, outside of music I'm shyer but I'm outspoken fire when I get in the booth Outside of the country hit me party sully Excuse me while I throw another baby bash on the bell, he said: I like a chick who gets on her knees and begs But no reason they can't adequately season the cheese and eggs Don't forget to RSVP, hit me back when you are less creepy The only list you're on is Craig's

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(Broke ass)

I see you walking wild funny, married with children like Al Bundy Queens cat, you used to call your pal duddy I called mines droog, catch them on the balcony With baby gal, honey, getting money Rise to the occasion like Snoop Lion, I'm in that coupe flying Down the ave with all the acclaim I was bound to have To tell the truth, we was the least surprised Been a beast, wait for the limited edition b-sides Out to dinner with baby girl, she greased the thighs Trophy wife? They looking at me like, "He's the prize" Cats is only fly on Easter, you guys can't get a place So y'all see me eating and feast your eyes You know me, low key, broke free from living like a caged animal And it all started with the pen like Hannibal Silence lambs, when he stacked cheddar You can't see him famalam Back to shorty, transporting grams of the yam

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