

Mule Juice (outro)

Your Old Droog

Haven't heard a slicker sound
I like my coffee black, liquor brown
Still that dude you don't leave your chick around
Burn some indica, and dick her down
Or sativa she a smut and you should leave her
Overachiever took a much needed breather and so did the rhyme pattern
Rappers be on the mic tattlin' they're not all bright like Made line
I don't wanna battle dog
We could battle with catalogs, Grammy wins, your song's like Am biens
My joint could go Alice in Chains, Would
But your sellin' a lot don't make it good
And ain't no thugs where you hang, dog
That ain't a blood gang more like the Bloodhound Gang
It's one shady crew
Bet they tell in a Blink and do a 180 too
Tryin' to come with them gully bars and raps
Son I heard you use to wear Famous Stars and Straps
Before that, Quicksilver and Billabong
On for years and you still can't steal a song
So you better call a truce
They 'bout to bring us in to executive produce
Deliver your boo some cow tongue, liver of goose
She wash it down with mule juice, I got a screw loose
Think I'm an honest person you're dreamin'
Beat you in the head like a clergyman schemin'
Steamin' I took mad tokes I'm your man
Remember I always had jokes?
Cut your ass like a Puerto Rican in a fight
Then go write, exceed your average output for a weekend in a night
That's how I stay with new rhymes, spun a web like Spiderman
Spy the plan (who you?)
Your Old Droog
Been a real player since RealPlayer
Pack mad shit in so you can peel back the layers
Viral without videos, had no pigeons and didn't care
Got 'em strictly off the music which is rare
Your career's only bloomin' 'cause you blew men, should be in the Blue Man Group
The fan's are duped, come on Warhol
How many times you gonna draw that can of soup?