

## Nutty Bars

## Your Old Droog

She knew that I was smashing Little Debbie  
And I still bagged a Hostess  
Don't fuck with Entenmann's ghost from the tenements  
Living with no stress, even if we shooting dice  
I roll up uno, dos, tres, no stress  
Get Zebra Cakes, cause of all these Nutty Bars  
Cats tryna make a blueprint will have to study ours  
Scriptures that the nerds and the goons acknowledge  
I attribute this to years in a junior college  
G a honey from the buses to the bursar  
People knew my shit was money from the first bar  
A good guest and an ill host  
These other cats milquetoast, fake Steve Wilkos  
Shoulda stuck to doing security, your honor  
That's a cush gig like selling medical marijuana  
I'll mush your wig, expose your phony persona  
And if the tush big on your babymoms, I'm on her  
Cream pies, demonize hoes just to see my self-esteem rise  
I lower yours, stupid, know I seem wise  
Dumb as a rock, it doesn't come as a shock  
Still some don't flock, they say the drums don't knock  
This ain't no jums in a sock  
Hand-to-hand rappers upper echelon, PBS throwing my special on  
Sometimes I watch my special to feel special  
But I keep the private life private, real professional  
I rather the senseless killer spilling your guts  
Doesn't make a verse good, you over stood  
Truth be told the lab sessions  
Should not sound like Taxi Cab Confessions  
I'm 'bout to bring back storytellin'  
I bet money if your man get snatched up in that store, he tellin'  
With the scoop he sure to sing  
Like the group that go into the police for a sting  
Zing! People love to perpetrate like they're honest, when they're really not  
just puppets on a string  
And these Internet thugs, ain't doing a thing  
Got caught with the Google Chrome now they in the Bing  
There's a lot of great song writers, tremendous singers  
But everybody's not into Vienna Fingers  
I bring a different kind of wafer, that ain't the way for me  
Hide out 'til the block is safe for Nutty Bars ain't no chocolate wafers  
Wanna see what I could do? Get out my way first  
Only help is liquor, weed, and Wikipedia  
Fricassee'd every beat that was on the CD  
My CD gets burn like VD, I get up like graffiti  
Plucking a heifer teety (titty), its never tedious plus I'm greedy  
This is criminal background--one for P.D  
Young gunner you can tell I ate my Wheaties  
People who understand innovation give me standing ovations  
They don't just accept things, they demand information  
Different viewpoints from a multitude of sources  
Make it work for the kids like we going through divorces  
Keeping my personal life and wiz far  
Away from y'all as possible, you ain't gonna know my kids, ma  
Already distant as it is, pa  
Cause people in show biz are, just that: bizarre  
Your man stays lurkin', I'm always workin'

You ain't gotta push me too hard  
Like the B74 air assist door  
I wonder what I became a lyricist for  
To package and ship units like fudge rounds  
We sit around the lab and judge sounds  
I know school got nothing to offer us  
Pushing the tape like I'm tryna get off the bus