

Porno For Pyros

Your Old Droog

Back in the line of fire
Sayin' my style's dated is like checkin' to see if wine expired
Salut, thought of that bar in the car
Cheffin' up in the truck like halal food
Got them raps for you, I ain't talkin' gyros
Get on the mic and spit that porno for pyros
I'm not concerned with goin' viral
Knew I'd be the best
When Droogs was in the recess throwin' spirals
Mad punches, I was throwin' spiral notebooks away
Even wrote hooks for you to say
Now look at me today
Rockin' Woodstock and Lollapalooza
Get your dollars up, loser
While we worked hard, you fought and bickered, now you broke
I can see that malt liquor stain on your Nautica
Need to stop poppin' junk and pass that Henny
But don't start a debacle over the bottle
Get rocked in your head with it
Then we'll really see your numbskull, should've tried to be humble
Sprayin', it's plagued to run up on you with a gun cocked
Stick safety pins in your face like you punk rock
The kid vicious like Sid
Dukin' your hot mom 'til my johnny get rotten seed on rotten.com
Only bustin' these sex pistols from now on
Anarchy in BK, that's all we play
I'm sittin', thinkin' in the dark
Hit my boo up like, "When we linkin' in the park?"
Take it to the head, ball courts, finger popped the tote
You lames in the crib playin' Papa Roach
This ain't rap, it's hard rock with a hip-hop approach
Jethro meets Death Row, Death Row tone
Pull a Suge Knight, make you drink piss
Who you think you is? You ain't a thug, you listen to Incubus
Son, new streets'll break your heart
I know cats that'll murk it and take part in a Stop the Violence march
Yoke up young dweller in the elevator
And watch the footage on News 12 later
Doin' hot boy shit to get 'em knocked
The old heads like "Chill, let him rock"
Wildin' with that death metal, desperately need an alternative
Most of these kids dyin' ain't even get a turn to live
Go straight from Juvy to juve
Talkin' 'bout how they move yay, off white like a duvet
Only folk they know is the game, never heard of Joan Baez
Lot of freaks were goin' bi, les
I paint pictures that's hi-res
[?], the parachute jump light blinkin' in the room
'Bout to go back to my old way, true, true
You know I don't fuck with Coldplay and U2

U2? I hate them mothafuckas - yo they suck! Yo what happened to all the good rock music? I wanna know! Man, yo 92.3, remember that? Yo I'm 'bout to cop a guitar, Skiz 'bout to get on bass, RTC on the drums. Yo forreal, we're gonna take over. Yo we the new Alice in Chains. Yo I'm watchin' Clerks right now, on the big screen

Guy 1: That's beautiful, man

Guy 2: And he's from Russia, too

Girl: No way, what part of Russia?

Guy 2: I don't fuckin' know, do I look like his fuckin' biographer?