

## Sonic Youth

### Your Old Droog

The ghetto gynecologist  
What I do? Bring them beauty products through for your boo  
Say it's good for the skin when I give her that goo  
She wants to have no wrinkles and look youthful, like Your Old Droog  
See me looking real young, I'm Neil Young  
Sonic Youth, we sipping from the fountain  
With the smell of chronic in the booth, more trees than a Jamaican accountant  
You getting jerked for that chicken  
Might be putting in work, but it's nothing like what we're kicking  
Smoking reefer bitch, iPhone is refurbished  
The game is malnourished, watch your old pal flourish  
When he bring the spinach dip, get the spinach then dip  
Spiritually enrich, make your skin itch  
On the rise, face the task, do my numbers  
Give the girl a face mask, cucumbers on her eyes  
Exfoliate the dark way, no ordinary love  
I even took shawty out on a spa date  
Kissed her on the forehead, it was cold  
Then proceeded to tell her, I'll be back when I'm done with the old yella  
Old Droog is a whack physcotic, but at least this diet is macrobiotic

(2x):

Timeless, the songs don't age  
No gym, I only work out on stage  
Stay out the gutter, spilling shea butter  
Which hazel on the page, doing herbals on the roof  
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Cool thing like sonic youth  
Team Super Nintendo, I never played Sonic as a youth  
NBA Live with Mitch Richmond on the cover  
Your hooks are straight Meredith Brooks  
You're a bitch and a lover  
I feel sorry for your mother when she listen to your shit, misfit  
Need to go buy a shirt that says misfits  
And a nine inch nails tag for your gym sports bag  
Cause you don't know about that Sonic Youth  
Where we get out the way and avoid traps (move)  
I'm not one for the tabloid raps  
Dodging the balls that I know you say  
Every verse you write is like a slow news day  
Throw in a little Reggae for the segue  
You suffer from a lack of imagination  
With raps past the date of expiration, my raps is timeless

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I view footage of your daily performance, mad girly prancing  
Whack rapper garbage, singing like Shirley Manson  
DJ cut your song off at the prime show, they hate your rhyme flow like a ?Probably the weakest one of that skinny pants era

I'm not you, I'm a goddamn terror  
Dimebags getting smoked on stage like your man's from Pantera  
God bless the dead, wyling  
Styling when even with a tough crowd like Kyle O'Quinn  
Still had them hoes hollering  
Came from out of nowhere, my first show was an epic  
The real thing like faith no more  
So raw, voice crazy hoarse  
Still rocking in the free world, even brought out my cinnamon girl  
Before you try to see me go get a referral  
We Blind Melon, you the bee girl  
Who you know flow like Rabid Kane  
And still like watching puddles gather rain  
Your man ice with your old pal slither  
I'm out, more like Metallica

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