

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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