

## Wave Rider

### Your Old Droog

Look at you riding the wave  
Don't even know how to behave  
Soon as some hot shit pop, you're riding the wave  
Just ri-ri-ri-ri-riding the wave, wave rider  
To all that new dope, you're a slave  
And you're taking that shit to your grave  
You're a wave rider, just riding the wave

Biggest wave rider on Earth, don't get earthed  
I know where to catch you by the surf and turf  
You got a wave though, for whatever it's worth  
Such a cheerleader, you probably smacked the doctor's ass at your birth (good job doc)  
Like good shit, I remember you used to be our little brother, now it's strictly hood shit  
On some, first you drink Snapple's now you sipping Mojos, on that backpack s teeze  
Now you tipping slow, got on some smart shit once but I never was a geek  
Still say boom when I tell a story, clap my hands when I speak  
You just talking greasy, your rhymes is filled with mad lying, you gotta take it easy  
Only drop subtle hints, say "Droog now that you got a wave, what's on your rider?"  
Condiments, condoms and mints, tight security, for all these social climbers at events

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Clowns be on the net surfing for that new hot shit  
Looking for something that has 'it' well Droog got it  
The kid wrote rhymes every day sitting next to an Asian bitch on the train rocking USBA  
Herbs talking on that instead of taking the time to create their own wave they rather ride mine  
Focus on making a hot song, you worried about what I got on  
That's why you not on, I don't care how I look long as the rhymes are tight  
Timbs so bust I don't know what the new ones supposed to look like  
That's why I'm the fucking king of New York  
Try to ride my wave, get your brains splattered on the sidewalk  
Monsoon, I always said that I would be on soon  
Side clone, no more riding past the cyclone  
On the Q, little boy blew up, got more than a wave, a sea, just ask Sue

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Am I the best? Si, and I sigh cause I'm stressed  
Cats hit me like the grass, on the recent success (thank you, thank you)  
Do no press, but I get the most press  
Massive shorties, coffee cakes, and I still bag the hostess  
Hollering at freaks from skids, passing deceit 'bout to get on some Sporty T  
hievez  
Making fun of shorties weaves, never run out of material  
Cause I'm still a fan, how I got the game locked in a serial killer van  
'Bout to silence them yams with stans riding for your boy like a rabid J. Di  
lla fan  
Really the man, I'm probably the first rapper to decline a damn stimulus pla  
n  
It's not just Droog son, it's more like a band, built a brand cause my team  
hard  
Now my shit is everywhere, you can't escape y'all  
Going ape y'all, feels like we back in Cape Cod

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