

You Know What Time It Is

Your Old Droog

You know what time it is
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When cats hop out of the whip with masks on
All black on with macs drawn (you know what time it is)
I spent more than 10 minutes g'ing you bitch
And I take your ass back to the crib (you know what time it is)
Lounging before SWAT raid, this motherfucker owe me money
And he just got paid (you know what time it is)
Flow vomitus, one verse burst thermometers
Whenever Droog's in the spot (you know what time it is)

Yo I'ma get biz with my name on the marquee
Make me bring out the Bulls fitted, black hoodie, and Barkleys
Went out to the store, bought a loose and a quarter juice
Used to do the crimes, now I just report the news
Words from the crime blotter make every rhyme hotter
Still a dime spotter, spit a loogie, I G, and I got her
Old Droog is a shotta
Had wolves since Steph, KG, and Gugliotta
And son is 6 o'clock, not 7:30
Study my ass off, but I'm never nerdy
We hitting the books, you don't get points for hanging out
With someone everyday then getting them jooks
Smell the steal coming miles away
It's child's play, Chris Childs play, this is grown man rap
Posted by the bar holding a scotch
Don't know what time it is, you got too much gold on your watch

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Jewels in large quantities, but instead of letting me school em on the cheese
They go to school on the cheese
Never be hip-hop honorees, I squeeze
Leave these wannabes to die, see ya, ya Maimonides
Stay slurring your words, but you pronounce "dead on arrival?" Dead on a rival
Straight up abuse, didn't even get the chance to
Live off orange and cranberry hospital juice
I have little use for sunglasses and Advil
I'm sober, street dreaming, hitting mics with mad appeal
Always had the will to win, we're the villain
Illin' and good on the island like Gilligan
Whether the island is Coney or Rikers
Old Droog is a monster like Swizz
How we flip a Fame sample in this funboy climate?
Peace to my slime Skizz, you know what time it is

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Going for the gusto ock, I know what time it is
And dust the ho's clock
Do my joint like Blow Pop
Ya'll ain't ever get no wok in the terrace of your co-op
Lighting bogies on the stovetop, piping bitches who star in soap operas
What's popping? Ain't no stopping us
Stay consistent with the stuff you cop from us
I'm not gonna switch up while in my prime, like Optimus
I opt to miss out on social events
Just to stay home and invent, it's past due
Who makes the rules? Droog! That's who
You need to chill Vincent, because ain't nobody asked you
I pass through, never linger and dwell
Looking tired as hell, you can tell I've been through the wringer
Plucking female singers
And you ain't have to cock block dog, I woulda let you smell my fingers
Like the good Droog that I am
Shouldn't be looking out for anybody but my fam
Done leading horses to the spring
While I tour the universe, you on CUNYfirst, picking courses for the spring
Hearing me MC
See you at BMCC, motherfucker
You should study to be an optometrist
So you can fix your eyes and see exactly what time it is