

Nutty Bars

Your Old Droog

She knew that I was smashing Little Debbie
And I still bagged a Hostess
Don't fuck with Entenmann's ghost from the tenements
Living with no stress, even if we shooting dice
I roll up uno, dos, tres, no stress
Get Zebra Cakes, cause of all these Nutty Bars
Cats tryna make a blueprint will have to study ours
Scriptures that the nerds and the goons acknowledge
I attribute this to years in a junior college
G a honey from the buses to the bursar
People knew my shit was money from the first bar
A good guest and an ill host
These other cats milquetoast, fake Steve Wilkos
Shoulda stuck to doing security, your honor
That's a cush gig like selling medical marijuana
I'll mush your wig, expose your phony persona
And if the tush big on your babymoms, I'm on her
Cream pies, demonize hoes just to see my self-esteem rise
I lower yours, stupid, know I seem wise
Dumb as a rock, it doesn't come as a shock
Still some don't flock, they say the drums don't knock
This ain't no jums in a sock
Hand-to-hand rappers upper echelon, PBS throwing my special on
Sometimes I watch my special to feel special
But I keep the private life private, real professional
I rather the senseless killer spilling your guts
Doesn't make a verse good, you over stood
Truth be told the lab sessions
Should not sound like Taxi Cab Confessions
I'm 'bout to bring back storytellin'
I bet money if your man get snatched up in that store, he tellin'
With the scoop he sure to sing
Like the group that go into the police for a sting
Zing! People love to perpetrate like they're honest, when they're really not
just puppets on a string
And these Internet thugs, ain't doing a thing
Got caught with the Google Chrome now they in the Bing
There's a lot of great song writers, tremendous singers
But everybody's not into Vienna Fingers
I bring a different kind of wafer, that ain't the way for me
Hide out 'til the block is safe for Nutty Bars ain't no chocolate wafers
Wanna see what I could do? Get out my way first
Only help is liquor, weed, and Wikipedia
Fricassee'd every beat that was on the CD
My CD gets burn like VD, I get up like graffiti
Plucking a heifer teety (titty), its never tedious plus I'm greedy
This is criminal background--one for P.D
Young gunner you can tell I ate my Wheaties
People who understand innovation give me standing ovations
They don't just accept things, they demand information
Different viewpoints from a multitude of sources
Make it work for the kids like we going through divorces
Keeping my personal life and wiz far
Away from y'all as possible, you ain't gonna know my kids, ma
Already distant as it is, pa
Cause people in show biz are, just that: bizarre
Your man stays lurkin', I'm always workin'

You ain't gotta push me too hard
Like the B74 air assist door
I wonder what I became a lyricist for
To package and ship units like fudge rounds
We sit around the lab and judge sounds
I know school got nothing to offer us
Pushing the tape like I'm tryna get off the bus