

# Pravda

Your Old Droog

We like Isaiah Thomas and Joe Dumars  
You don't want no fuma  
Actin' tough, you goops Harold and Kumar  
Been jackin' too hard, I'm looking at these rappers like  
Doc Umar looking at your white gumar  
You mad they recognize my brilliance, spending tens of millions  
Must be graffiti writers, way you in your feelings  
Don't a minute go by your man is not complaining  
All he do is f\*ck up the bag like boxers training  
Got restraint, ain't worried 'bout nobody hating  
That's like the dude cursing at the sky for raining  
Can't stop YOD, you can only try and contain him  
Consumers see the difference when the product came in  
Your boy put a lot of pain in  
End of the day, still acknowledge that it's entertainment  
Who shot ya? Separate the heat from Sriracha  
People watcher, I see the geek in your posture  
They be like "How you living тварь I say "прекрасно"  
Peace to Sasha, now у нас новая тачка  
Old Russians in the spot, off a fifth of Vodka  
Have one of my dogs, come flip you like a lodka  
So we exposed these hassas, oh we got to  
f\*ck you and your phony patois, brody [?]  
And your bitch, who she think she is? Patra?  
p\*ssyclo tачка. Блядство  
Yo I heard this hot head frontin' like he top shotta  
Got bread but you dusty like ciabatta  
Think you bright but I know somebody smarter  
With an OCD mother and a musician father  
YOD, I been this way since cats been wearing Pradas  
Drop the hammer on the propaganda, all you hear is "Pravda"

Lil' mama washing my feet like she was Magda  
Mary, quite contrary, up in these streets with shottas  
God body unique, I speak with the chakras  
I'm sheek in my birthday fleek, peep the pasta  
No costume jewelry for me, keep your proper  
Put some langoustines in your cheek, eat your lobster  
The [?] was deep, peace to (?)  
We survivors like Beyoncé and Kelly  
All them other cocksuckers gotta slide on they belly  
You not my brother, I'm liable to Nelly  
Make a nice pair of boots with the hide and the skelly  
I need a python trenchcoat  
I been dope ever since GP and Shawn Kemp tho  
Yo, next time we in Venice Beach, dropping a check off for Enzo

Ay, vomit on his squadron  
What's wrong with this cheddar gobblin'?  
Amnesiacs, y'all prolly forgotten, I'm filthy rotten  
Gee-wiz, pardon, I'm tryna get to your coffin  
Always do the Ed Lover dance on the spot, I drop 'em  
The drugs are not a problem, they solve when you're over talkin'  
They muffle the pollution, the noise of the soon forgotten  
Even in a grave stay in J's and slick fades  
Roll a pound and make it turn to a roach, call it a Kafka  
Dark thoughts, often it's black and blue where my heart is

While you gather 'round gallows to mock all the departed  
Famous for frying your favorite faces, but name an agent of danger more underrated, I'll pay ya  
You hear me with a Droog and the mood is a hue of orange  
We clockin' the never awesome, lick off 'til they cucarachin'

Wild world, they try to cut scars on any Mufasa  
You corner me get plated, I'm making f\*cker frittatas

Uh, white sheets and toe tags when I approach mics  
I do it from the soul, I don't do it for likes  
We still lit like the stove that we boiled in rice  
Keep it with somebody Holly, that be sugar and spice  
I rock the death ill kicks that be lavish and crisp  
A first round draft pick with points and assists  
They tried to score but they missed, I used the flick of the wrist  
Pay no mind to your defense, you better off on the bench  
I put in more work and less talk  
All you see is white chalk, you couldn't keep up on the light walk  
We dog bark, rappers just miss me with the small talk  
All Hallmark rappers, we knock 'em out the ballpark  
Checkmate, you'll never get a clean slate  
We trendsetters, you just got up on the wave late  
You showed up for dinner but ended as the main plate  
I'll mash out on the buttons till the game break  
I'll mash on the buttons, I got the game faced  
Sportin' camouflage when I'm hunting, we not the same weight  
To see the God, you prolly gon have to gain weight  
Off a protein shake, vitamins in a rare state  
Then prolly get you some All-State  
You gon need insurance to get your endurance all straight  
Right after the beatin' you take  
In Dump Olympics, all categories I ate

Okay, let's separate the kings from the cabbage, civilized from the savages  
and Gods from the average  
The feasts from the famine, self-controlled from abandoned  
My reach still expanding but I'm calm notwithstanding  
Above and beyond, sweating who the close seconds is  
Toast your beverages in honor of the dope references  
Hotepness is surpassed by the most effortless  
Gross negligence lasts forevers on that mega tip  
Let that message hit, tell your next of kin I got my second win  
Returning beef back to sender, shaved extra thin  
I bet the plot thicken if a boy test the pen  
I let the pot thicken like some soy lecithin  
When the chef adjust the temp, then turn the heat up  
Keeta, more than just a pimp, I'm solid from the feet up  
My blessings was a heaven-sent, I got it from the re-up  
My family are where only those invited come to see us  
Y'all haters hire for peanuts, to try and come between us just a minor inconvenience  
You should prolly come to Jesus  
My passport full of visas from back when going overseas was still allowed  
No concern about diseases  
He's the twentieth century's quintessential exemplary  
Spitter for carrying the culture to where it was meant to be  
Only thing I add up be insult to injury  
Condolences and sympathy, the solar system ends with me  
The sun's energy taken in form of poetry  
I am the one, rappers is influenced unknowingly  
What's worse is I don't do in the club verses  
I am subversive, my thoughts connected like cursive

Far as these other rappers all I got for them is nada  
I'm a one person iron curtain, all you hear is "Pravda"