

Not That Guy (feat. Your Old Droog)

Apollo Brown

I knew this kid who stopped caring about his gear
And wouldn't even try
He don't wanna get fly
Used to hit up Flight Club for rare Jordans to buy
Now all he wanna do is get high
It's sad, be in spots with no women, only the guys
All that E and molly he tried
He probably buy
Never come around me talking bout you tryna get high
I'm not the guy
I don't do drugs
Straight edge, don't mess with loud and I hate reg
It gives me headaches and makes me wanna go to bed
I smoked Winstons and drank coffee, that's why I stayed incredulous
Put them grams back, you know how jam-packed my schedule is
I gotta have a quick mind strict with mine
So what you offering might as well be strychnine
Decline to take a pull so they calling me a punk
On some Charles Bukowski shit, I'd rather be a drunk
Brought brown liquor, and white
That clear pour Georgie, like MC Lyte
That's right, graduated to Ciroc
'Bout to get knighted, call me sir, ock
Gotta holler at my man from sir to send a box
Product getting placement now, clothes being rocked
Not white turning to tan
I ain't tryna go out like your man
I knew this kid who stopped caring about his gear
And wouldn't even try
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Now all he wanna do is get high
It's sad, be in spots with no women, only the guys
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He probably buy
Never come around me talking bout you tryna get high
I'm not the guy
I don't do drugs I come in peace like fucking a hippy chick
Smoke krills before you see me suck on a trippy sick
Folder of beats is the only zit
You want a verse from Droog, then it's gon' be grip
My camp low up in that Lambo, bumping Luchini

Follow that up with some Whodini
You seen me out in St. Martin like the 95 rock with shawties in bikinis
And we only [?] rocking beanies
Only beanie we messed with was Sigel
With young guns cleaning the baby Desert Eagle
Had mad stashes in the State Prop' jacket
[?] your old buddy couldn't hack it
Now they looking at you like you the weird one
When you don't burn, passing on your turn
That drug shit's some corny shit to live by
I'd rather sober up and go to DeVry
I ain't tryna be the guy
I knew this kid who stopped caring about his gear
And wouldn't even try
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>