

# Dirty Dancin' (feat. Method Man)

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

You know God damn well I don't smoke this shit Meth  
Clean out my vocals, yeah, I said yeah  
Know damn well I don't smoke this shit  
I said zucka-zuh-zuh-zuh, zucka-zuh-zuh  
Know damn well I remember when we used to go down to the creek  
Brooklyn, zucka-zoo  
Member when we used to go down to the creek?  
C'mon baby baby, baby, baby  
And used to dip your head in the water?  
Baby, baby, baby, c'mon Superlogical this, superlogical that  
I detect a nigga dialect by the way he rap  
I elect myself President MC  
My career so intelligent, unique physique  
Doin' mathematics, not democratic  
Static, topic, Asiatic  
Them unique, never leak  
Bring it on back Superlogical this, superlogical that  
I detect your dialect by the way you rap  
I elect myself President MC  
My career so intelligent, unique physique  
Doin' mathematics and I'm not democratic  
No static, topic, I'm Asiatic  
See, I'm unique, never  
Bring it on back Be a crazy, lurkin' in the shadows, I'm shady, sheisty  
Get your weight up, don't take me lightly  
Blasted, dirty to the grain I be stained with the madness  
It's the methtcal with the bastard MZA MZA, my name is the Ol' Dirty Bas  
My game, to kick your ass Flip and relax, take an ex-lax, I'm shaken  
On the industry that was frontin' now they missin'  
What everybody else is gettin'  
'Cause they wasn't representin' the real Appeal, like me and old time  
When it comes to the microphone' who killed the swine  
Be the original G  
Do the rhymin' on time and in the place to be You are now in my trance  
You are getting sleepy  
You are now getting sleepy  
And sleepier  
And sleepy, and sleepy This one here's for my people, my people  
Enter the thirty-six chambers, the sequel

Part two, for me and the cipher troop  
With the teflon lyrics that you can't get through  
With the twenty-two automatic rap you pack, what? You ain't hittin' with that wack shit you kickin'  
Straight from the beginnin', of the game  
All the way to the ninth innin', I bring the pain  
Dark like the midnight train on the track by the RZA  
Diesel like Arnold Schwarzenegger The hardware, choose the hardware  
Ask you a question, test the ason  
Extra-extra, read the drama and then another one  
Which you intrigue, do your rap fatigue in the  
Oh  
Here I go  
Yeah

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