

Cuttin' Headz

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Here it is
Where's it at?
In the back
Got a stackThe Dirty Bastard
Yo you Bastard flip the phat track
Here I go, here I go whether friend, whether foe
Let them know that I flow over the rainbowHit the deck
Aw, yep, ch-ch plow from the Tek
Takin' heads, takin' necks
What the fuck they expect?I don't know
I don't care
I won't fall
I won't stare at a ho 'less I know that I'm going to the moT-t-tel, cause I'm lousy, technique is drowsy
Stop tryin' to foul me sayin' that we're lousy
But I'm a tyrant, defiant, walkin New York Giant
President of the WuBut I'm also a client
It's the Wu, what, you knew what, you do what, what, who, what, what
I don't give a flying fuck
About a chump 'cause this heart only pumps Kool-Aid
Snatch a kid by the braids and cut his head offRhymes is rugged like burnt buildings in Harlem
The Ol' Dirty Bastard from the Temple of Shaolin
Dirty to the brain like drops of acid rain
Clang, clang, clang, rhymes pluckin' at your brainSo take a sip from the cup of death
And when you're shaking my right hand, I'll stab you with the left
Red alert! Red alert!
Ason comin' straight from the dirtOnce I go berserk, mad brothers got hurt
Nothin' new in ninety-two, it's time to do the work
Trails of vatos scream once I hop on the scene
And fear the return of the fatal flying guillotineMr. Milli, that means I'm also militant
Don't wear no suit and tie, I'm no gentleman
Gettin laid, takin heads, that's my hobby
Punch a brother in the face who call me RobbieI be the RZA, call me that 'cuz I
Never liked the name I recieved from my poppa
Dirty deluxe, yo, I'm huntin' for ducks
Snatchin' devils up by the hair then cut his head offHere it is
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