Dirrty

Ruff Ryders

Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
We call it the dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty
Dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, Double R
(Double R)
Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
And we call it the dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty
Dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, Double R
Nigga let's get dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty
I'ma let my pump go early, from Thursday to Thursday
Eight o'clock in the morning
That's why we go out on a cop on my corner, yes uh
Gimme that Lex', I'm gonna exit
So I can pull up outta here, we gone
Slow the shit down now so I can catch it
I'm gon' catch it, catch it, catch it
Play it to the band 'cause Petey Pablo threw me a bone
So I could fetch it, fetch it
Me and Petey Pablo make you follow
Put the gun in his mouth, make him swallow
Do a nigga like, Diallo
I know I'm warm but now it's time to get wa-arm!
Now it's time to turn up, hurry up, y'all niggaz best to be go-one!
Left his head to be lo-long from the first day I was born
Pop guns like popcorn, s-s-stutter like
Y'all motherfuckers ain't stabbin' shit like a butter knife
That shit just don't cut right
On my block all we hear is woop woop, niggaz it's time to run
Grab your guns 'cause beef with me and Petey P. hide your sons
Double-R motherfucker
Let me slow this shit down before y'all make us spit rounds
Murder your block then skip town, nigga!
This gon' be the anthem for the clubs
(Yeah)
Code of the thugs
(Yeah)
Ripped it in the streets
(Yeah)
Loved in the slums
(Yeah)

Who am I?
(A Ruff Ryder)
Who am I?
(MR. North Carolina!)
This gon' be the anthem for the clubs
(Yeah)
Code of the thugs
(Yeah)
Ripped it in the streets
(Yeah)
Loved in the slums
(Yeah)
Who am I?
(A Ruff Ryder)
Who am I?
(MR. North Carolina!)
So, tired, these so-called drug thugs bust they gun niggaz
Mean mugged, supposed to be the toughest in the club niggaz
Watch out, motherfucker say somethin' I'll, I'll fuck you up
Tie ya ass to the back of a pick-up truck and just leave, uh
You a waste of good slug
And I told the motherfucker I'd get him, so what?
It ain't like you hot
It ain't like we got work, meet me at yo' block
It ain't like we won't come through
And take any motherfuckin' thing you do got
We done had you a strong shower, one-five-one, no raw
I'm whoopin' them drawers off, takin' charge, play the bar
You dealin' with the right one; if you want it, you sho' can get some
I ain't come to play, Double-R told me to come up to New York and I came
Drag-on told me to write tonight and God dammit we doin' our thang
Dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty whether you like it or not
Me and Drag got this thang on lock and we about to change the game
I'ma bring the rain, I'ma bring the pain, I'ma bring the wood and the grain
Get back with ya motherfuckin' five-dollar ass, huh, 'fore I make change
This gon' be the anthem for the clubs
(Yeah)
Code of the thugs
(Yeah)
Ripped it in the streets
(Yeah)
Loved in the slums
(Yeah)
Who am I?
(A Ruff Ryder)

Who am I?
(MR. North Carolina!)
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(Yeah)
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Who am I?
(A Ruff Ryder)
Who am I?
(MR. North Carolina!)
Drag, I can't lean lean this motherfuckin' track too hot
This shit keep callin' me, still can't believe it
These motherfuckers waited so long
(Shit, me neither)
Should've been like I slid right
But I bet you motherfuckers were scared
'Cause this shit start shootouts and club fights
The shit might jump off tonight
I done seen the nigga and this bitch that I don't like
(He gon' get it)
Ju-ju-just just-just-just as soon as I fit him
(He gon' get it)
Simple-minded motherfucker shouldn't have been there
They role is to kill him, Drag what's wrong with them?
They must be crazy and deranged
Do I speak my ghetto slang, got a big chain
They say that was bad but I'ma show you what this heavy metal bring
That's how I settle things like what y'all want, what y'all want?
(You motherfuckers don't want none)
Roll that blunt, smoke that blunt
(You niggaz stay in the pub)
We gettin' high, gettin' by, me and Petey Pab'
Connectin' like, shit to a fly, clip to a gun, y'all clip better run
Pick anyone got plenty of it, y'all niggaz really don't want it
That's a hit boy, y'all fittin' to love it feel this clip up in yo' stomach, uh
This gon' be the anthem for the clubs
(Yeah)
Code of the thugs
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