

Dirty Dirty

Haystak

?Bout to do the damn thing you know
1, 2, it's live
I'm about to take these boys back to the dirty
Back to the mud
Some of these old country ass here
But first let me hit that boy
We blazed to haze
And drift away to encampment
Get my mind right
Then escape to the basement
We spent many moments
Minuets turned to hours
Motivated by the money
A passion for the power
Cowards talked very seldom acted
Bitches with nothing to do but hate on Staks shit
Worked my ass off
Stayed focused and made moves
Thus began the voyage from
Lebanon to Baton Rouge
I've been comin? iced out
Jumping out of limos
Walking threw different wards
Giving away my demos
From Houston to Brooklyn
On tight ass beats
Flying coach man
I hate these fuckin?
Tight ass seats
I knew the ride was rough
But I ain't scared to fly
I'm at piece with my self
And I'm prepared to die
I come back off tour
Covered in mud
After walking threw neighborhoods
Full of Cribs and Bloods, I'm
Dirty dirty, rough and raw
Kept it real with my people

Never fucked with yall
Say fuck the law
Fuck the brauds
Live my life to the fullest
And I did it because
Dirty dirty, rough and raw
Kept it real with my people
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And I did it because

I was a turnout raised on some big boy shit
I love fully automatics and red nose pits
I love clubs when there crunked rowdy and wild
I love rappers with their own original style
I love big boned brauds down home cooking
I love to retaliate on the blind side when the bitch ain't looking
I see a lot of wannabes but I can't let that bother me
Thinking it will be their downfall, that's my falsify
Honestly this whole shits and atrocity

Quote me

H A Y S T A K apostrophe
M A K apostrophe M I double L
I O N he who blaze new trails
I've been cuffed and took to jail
For possession and sale
You know I ain't gonna tell
Go on get me a bail
So I can go and grab these L?s
Out of grannies and paws
I got them hid way back deep in the garage
That's

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Live my life to the fullest
And I did it because
Way back in the woods where the weed plants grow
Where the bulldogs fight till they can't no more
We smoke that dodo, that straight dro
You talk that big shit and still blow that Pedro
Make 'do before you come here bumping your gums
You had me standing over your body like
"What have I done?"
I mic becomes a smoking gun before the time that I'm threw
A murder weapon used to do every fool in your crew
I get a rush when I just pick it up and hold it
Check, check, Stak, be careful that's loaded
I exploded on the scene like napalm
That white boys the bomb
Every word was as holy as the Qurran
Or the King James Bible
The book of Mormon
I done seen homies turn to confidential informants
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