

# Dirrty

## Christina Aguilera

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)  
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(Yeah)  
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(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)  
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(Yeah)  
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(Yeah)  
Who am I?  
(A Ruff Ryder)

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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)  
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