

# Dog Shit

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

[Hook]Dog shit, I shit you not  
You bring that larceny, danger or harm around me  
Dog shit, listen to me good  
We the grand goons, you just a lickle nickel dime hood  
[Verse 1 - Havoc]I'm the epitome slimeball, f-ck up out my eyesight  
F-ck is on your brain dog shit, I'm not the clown type  
Die 'fore I let a n-gga play me, like I'm baby shit  
Dog shit, you def dumb or blind, I'm the craziest  
Most Infamous outta NY, jealous of my shine, the truth is in your eyes  
You wanna be down, I might allow you to work for me  
The keywords: "work for me", I put your ass in surgery  
Ever step outta line, forget who boat you ride  
Forget who train you ride  
Forget who flag you fly  
Read the name on it, Mobb deep  
P and Hav' run this, employees get fire with some gun fire if it call for it  
A thousand n-ggas couldn't stop me once I get to going  
You can have a nation of millions, still wouldn't hold me back  
Still wouldn't be leathal as Bun B the Mac  
Matter fact...  
[Hook]Dog shit, I shit you not  
You bring that larceny, danger or harm around me  
Dog shit, listen to me good  
We the grand goons, you just a lickle nickel dime hood  
[Verse 2 - Prodigy]Once we get it goings team running over them  
Drunk off the drama, aint no way you can sober them  
F-ck outta here, you outta so left  
Slugs leave a n-gga open like a coke sniff  
You nah music, got these n-ggas into dope fiends  
No intervention could get them off the OD  
Grand goon, all my fans, you seen loyal  
Dedicated in the cut, wait weeks for you  
And when they finally discover you  
They gon need a dental record, you've been dead a month or two  
Post mortem, shirvelled up, how dare us  
We penalise traitors and only hail trust  
Inhale piff and Guzzle white liquor  
I dont know you, you don't know me, you's a lie, n-gga

I can see the tears in ya eye, you aint see nothing till you seen a grown man cry  
[Hook][Verse 3 - Nas]Yo, every gang, every hood's in my veins  
    It's my thing, it's real, I'm in tune  
    I chill like the cold side of the moon  
    Silence you dudes like an empty room  
        Empty out with silencers  
    You get murdered like how it was in a saloon  
        Anastasia that is  
    Haters can't live, talkin about they putting 8 in my wig  
    I got my dollars up, try ya luck, you die, no trial for us  
    Court appointed lawyers as foul as f-ck and I'm too fly  
    Cause when you're locked in prison, you're clock stop ticking  
    Now, you came home, the same age you went in  
        Mentality wise, get iller when boxed in  
        Fresh home, and right up top, you get it poppin  
    Freedom is a vitue, n-ggas hanging way past they parole curfew  
    Blwoing on that purple, know my street ties, beef wise  
    I let three fly over ya head, Welcome home P  
        Let gets get this bread, Dog shit  
    [Hook]

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