

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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