

# Brooklyn Zoo (Remastered Version)

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

I'm the one-man army, Ason  
I never been taken out, I keep MC's looking out  
I drop science like Cosby dropping babies  
Enough to make a nigga go crazy  
In the G building, taking all types of medicines  
Your ass thought you were better than  
Ason, I keep planets in orbit  
While I be coming with deeper and more shit  
Enough to make you break and shake your ass  
As I create rhymes good as a Tastycake makes  
This style, I'm mastered in  
Niggas catching headaches, what? What? You need Aspirin?  
This type of pain, you couldn't even kill with Midol  
Fuck around, get sprayed with Lysol  
In your face like a can of mace, baby  
Is it burning? Well, fuck it, now you're learning  
How I don't even like your motherfucking profile  
Give me my fucking shit blaow  
Not seen and heard, no-one knows  
You forget niggas be quiet as kept  
Now you know nothing  
Before you knew a whole fucking lot  
Your ass don't wanna get shot  
A lot of MC's came to my showdown  
And watched me put your fucking ass low down  
As you can go, below zero  
Without a doubt I never been taken out  
By a nigga, who couldn't figure  
Yo by a nigga, who couldn't figure  
Yo by a nigga, who couldn't figure (Brooklyn Zoo)  
How to pull a fucking gun trigger  
I said "Get the fuck outta here!"  
Nigga wanna get too close, to the utmost  
But I got stacks that'll attack any wack host  
Introducing - yo fuck that nigga's name  
My Hip Hop drops on your head like rain  
And when it rains it pours, cause my rhymes hardcore  
That's why I give you more of the raw  
Talent that I got will riz-ock the spot

MC's I'll be burning, burning hot  
Whoa-hoa-hoa! Let me like slow up with the flow  
If I move too quick, oh, you just won't know  
I'm homicidal when you enter the target  
Nigga get up, act like a pig trying to hog shit  
So I take yo ass out quick  
The mics, I've had it my nigga, you can suck my dick  
If you wanna step to my motherfucking rep  
Blown to death  
You got shot cause you knock knock knock  
"Who's there?" Another motherfucking hard rock  
Slacking on your macking cause raw's what you lack  
You wanna react? Bring it on backShame on you, when you step through to  
The Ol' Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo!

Songwriters

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