Anybody

Ol' Dirty Bastard

[Intro: C-Murder]Tytanic, let's wake 'em up, ya heard?
Yeah, it's real out here
Killa block notch, wit' the ODB
NYC, CP-3, nigga, what?
Let me ask you a question
What do you think about the game now? (What you think about it now?)
How you feel like my name now (How you feel 'bout me now?)
How you feel like C now?
What do you think about the ODB now? (What?)
What do you think about the game now? (What you think about it now?)
How you feel like my name now (How you feel about me now?)
How you feel like my name now (I told you I wanted somethin')
[Ol' Dirty Bastard]Yeah, bite that point, the habit apprievin'
No hope to find, that you're misbehavin'
Link your crupid, fuck your brewin'
Flash the burgers on your crewin'
'cause the monks, skippin' from the other MC's
I got the amazing ability
I get on the mic so you can have a ball
I could fly through the air and stick to the wall
I could take a punch or get hit by a car
Could go to the nearest or farthest star
As a matter of fact it's what I won't talk about
Pop a word out of trace just to be in the house
[Chorus: E-40]So pimped out about my big spendish
I got a 20, 6 O'Clock extra chrystall
Anybody dat wanna pop off at the lip
Anybody that wanna give me banana split
It's only E-40, Murder in this bitch
All the money motivated me to biatch
Three soldiers from the East, South and West
Street soldiers holdin' it down for they vets
[C-Murder]I'm C-Murder, murder mass ten, I'm wit' the Dirty Bastard
And my flows comin' faster than a jet to Alaska
I ask ya how you feelin' my collabo'
The CP3, the ODB from NYC the ghetto B
Light it up, let it cook, look in the mirror, let me crush

Don't worry about how it looks, put some momey on my books

Only God can judge me now
That's when I heard the click click, I was Christened
I ain't with them are you wid that
Let them whistles out them pistols
Let loose on them troops and then shake 'em like Cherok smoke
I slam dunk 'em like Shaq
I wanna be free, I'm not guilty, do you feel me?
[Chorus][E-40]Hey sluggin', wanna hit this rock dowm (rock down)
I only got one world, mane, I feel like take this to the thick of him
Under there, got the smell, you do the hoe you hear
Fuck it there, let me get a swig of that Thunder Bird
OK, it's cute, it's squashed
Now, no though mane, lets have a back wash
Yeah you trippin', "no I ain't", yeah you is
That boy spittin', what's his name? 40, quarter, biatch
[Ol' Dirty Bastard]I stage a place, place stage a me
I'm a vision of truth, just a true MC
Love hiphop so much, mic won't untouched
Thugs grow unbust, bitch won't get fucked
Every 40 ounce cracked, every napsack packed
Ol' Dirty kickin' your ass, the record gets scrapped
Oh, the record gets scrapped, the record gets scrapped
[Chorus][Outro: E-40]And there you have it
E-40 the bonzerelli
The ballatician from the Soyo block soil
Turf hall, been through it all
Hard 'til we have it all (hard 'til we have it all)
Ay look it's C-Murder and Ol'Dirty Bastard
If you don't stay your ass out of trouble
What's up boy? ODB
We got the same motherfuckin' birthday
Novermber the 12th to be exact motherfuckers
What the fuck you drinkin'? Fortay
Get 'em off this motherfucker..

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