

Proteck Ya Neck II The Zoo

Ol' Dirty Bastard

See let a nigga come through with that bullshit
Anytime you pop that shit nigga
I'ma tell you you can suck a dick, you can suck a pussy
I know, it'll come to what? Say what? Now I'ma let all you motherfuckers know
(See them knows that this is something you can't fuck, always)
Whether you from Brooklyn, whether you from Manhattan
You from Queens nigga, I don't give a fuck, where you be motherfucker? Where you reside motherfucker?
How you live? How you see?
Sort the stack outs, this one's the blackout
Three-fifty-seven to your mouth Dunn can you hear me? Raw is how I'ma inflicting this
It's that G type slang that makes this real sickening
Ignite my styles I got my hand upon the trigger
Starts from the smallest and hits the bigger nigga Yo, straight actin' live about them hell fires
A known mental killer, or thriller, assassin of terror
The hot bloody fatal mixture of carbonate water
Homicidal manslaughter, death is the order start the mission Travel like the speed of wind, through the valley of
sin
I step to ville and murdered many man
Serving justice in my vicinity
This is, Brooklyn, ZuI get down I get down I crack your fuckin crown
Lay around and watch some real niggaz break ground
I can't shop 'cause every bro blowin' up the spot
Hit rocks and niggaz know Yo, niggaz grab the mic like the bites of a scorpion
Nervous, that's why the zoo brought me in
Now bring 'em forth, like the tortures at the courts
Before the case begin, first break me in his brain And make sure he can't maintain the calmness
Ya harmless, watch how I bomb this
Stage like mail, pre hands that be the move
Now your Posse is your fuckin' Platoon Stale cells, just flows through the air
I'm like a ninja, once I send ya down stairs
Then I get furious, imperious, the lyricist
With the cleverest rhyme erupt to deduct your fuckin' mind Fuck, shit up on the hurry up
Known for burying ducks through more styles than a muck
Warning you chump, brain is out for lunch
Given the power punch, soon to be paid like Donald Trump Never fall victim to no bitch
Jerked my dick, but still got more hoes than a pimp
And score more points than Shawn Kemp
Keepin' powerfully strong like the center on the Knicks Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut
Ol' Dirty Bastard live and uncut

Shame on a nigga who tried to run game on a
Got more props than the President
My hardcore represent, blowin' niggaz back who never had this
'Cause I'm gifted, so you can get wrapped
The shit I'm kickin', send it to your moms for Christmas
And tell her, Shorty Shit Stain sent it
Soon to have more green than the Jolly Green Giant
'cause niggaz rap styles just down is aspired
You shoulda stayed home instead of picking up a microphone
But if you wanna run on up, like you tough
I call your bluff, and blow you down with my hardcore
Stuff, I shine like twenty-four carat
Roll and stroll with the party scene
Nigga wanna know me as Mr. Clean
Wza-wza-wza-wza-Wu-Tang, flip the script and
Test my skill niggaz, you're trippin'
Drugged up from sniffin', you're the one who's riffin'
I'm not Opie, save that old shit for Andy Griffith
Start to flip, slip, 'cause you're slippin'
While you sleep I be the God on point
With Scottie Pip pen as I, jump on stage, flip rip a show
Strip and rip a hoe, way like Bo
Jackson while I'm still taxin', maxin'
Relaxin', sittin' back sellin' good tracks
And again and again when I rock the jam
Wanna see 'em up in the air? Throw up your hand
Introduc'in', one-man band in town
It's wild, with the style couldn't stand nigga
When the jump, stepped, to the center
Of the rhyme inventor, MC's come at the
You get dap slapped, across the MC map
Your ass that's your ass, on a whore shot
Come on through I black and blue your whole crew
Then I get Rudy with the Hong Kong Foo
Ol' Dirty Bastard, MC killer, money maker, Brooklyn, challenger
That I lay down like towel, then I get higher
Here comes the ill, type ruffer
Style be untouched I'm leavin' broken down grammars on the pen
Who who what? What brings it? Tighter than your anus
Chambers this name is for the deepest trainers
Keep it stainless, steel, on time it is the windmill
Deadly venom kills, at the last of the Sam's Mill
60 Second, nucleus, attack on your set
Hit you with the blast
(Yo, close the door)

Songwriters

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