Cuttin' Headz (feat. RZA)

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Here it is Where's it at? In the back Got a stack The Dirty Bastard Yo you Bastard flip the phat track Here I go, here I go, whether friend whether foe Let them know that I flow over the rainbow Hit the deck Aw, yep, (ch-ch plow) from the Tek, takin heads, takin necks What the fuck they expect? I don't know I don't care I won't fall I won't stare at a ho, less I know that I'm going to the mo-T-t-tel, cause I'm lousy, technique is drowsy Stop tryin to foul me Sayin that we're lousy But I'm a tyrant, defiant, walkin New York Giant President of the Wu But I'm also a client It's the Wu, what, you knew what, you do what, what, who, what, what I don't give a flying fuck About a chump, cause this heart only pumps cool-Aid Snatch a kid by the braids, and cut his head offRhymes is rugged like burnt buildings in Harlem The Ol Dirty Bastard from the Temple of Shaolin Dirty to the brain like drops of acid rain Clang, clang, clang, rhymes pluckin at your brain So take a sip from the cup of death And when you're shaking my right hand, I'll stab you with the left (Whirr whirr whirrr!) Red alert! Red alert! Ason comin straight from the dirt Once I go berzerk, mad brothers got hurt Nuthin new in ninety-two It's time to do the work Trails of vatos scream once I hop on the scene And fear the return of the fatal flying guillotine Mr. Milli, that means I'm also militant Don't wear no suit and tie, I'm no gentleman

Gettin laid, takin heads, that's my hobby Punch a brother in the face who call me Robbie I be the RZA, call me that 'cause-I Never liked the name I received from my poppa Dirty deluxe, yo, I'm huntin for ducks Snatchin devils up by the hair, then cut his head off

Songwriters JONES, RUSSELL/DIGGS, ROBERT F.Published by Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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