

# Harlem World

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

Shit that makes me high  
[one two, one two]  
Yo, we gonna bring it down, to Harlem World  
Bust your fucking chops  
Yo I remember when niggaz was looking at themselves  
on Farmers, motherfuckers was wearing double goose  
Motherfuckers acting all rowdy  
I'm saying though  
[one two, one two]  
The whole trip that was never shown  
I'm saying though  
See cause the knife, is the knife, of all knives  
Most people gather around  
To hear the show, that is coming through your town  
(I was playing)  
See my name [what what?]  
Is something, that you won't know  
Unless you're downwwwwwwn, with the Brooklyn Zoo  
Other brothers come  
But never... come back  
(Introducing)

So basically, what the Ol motherfucking Dirty Bastard is saying  
is that if you fuck around [one two, one two]  
You're gonna get yo' ass fucked up  
So don't fuck around just lay down

### Verse One: Ol Dirty Bastard

I remember (dnnah-dah)(dnh, duh, dnh, dnnah-dah)  
Not too long ago " "  
I went to a city " "  
And I saw a Wu-Tang show " "  
Now I always wanted " "  
To get, with, the band " "

But niggaz was singing they own songs  
being in they own worlds  
So I guess I, I guess I, RARAARRRRRAHHH!!!  
The terminology, the psychology

you still expect me to accept  
Do what I say off of TV, kay  
with the button on record and the other on  
thus I press pause for a serious cause  
to respect an intellect with this gratifying  
now that I'm ready let the music begin  
as I detect what I wrote with my  
through the time that I spent, money that I lent  
rap records went up just to bounce  
then became a new way to get paid  
they said "Rhyming on the mic is the number one"  
Then a brother get the feeling that he want to play cool  
you discombumberated diabolical fool  
Hog-flesh MC, go play in the mud  
Another 20th century, modern day  
Cannibal, humanoid, underground  
chud broke loose from the god damn  
dope-fiend addict why you walk with  
Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome  
when the MC's came, to live out their name  
roast rocking rhymes that was always  
when I elevated, and mastered the time  
You was stimulated from the high post  
You got shot cause you knew you were rot

Verse Two:

You're not the king of the diss  
Youse a queen of a bitch  
And like a homosexual  
Your ass always switch  
Niggaz wake up in the morning  
You're ugly-ass Gods  
Got slob around your mouth  
Blue code in your eye  
You can't smile your teeth too gritty  
Can't even move, drawers too shitty  
(you know what else) You're shaped like a thistle  
The holes in your drawers when you fuck been there since  
**YOU DUCKING SUCKING MOTHERFUCKING COLD-HEARTED FAGGOT**  
Sperm germs on your worm **DISINTEGRATED MAGGOTS**  
Repeat your rhymes all the time like a **FUCKING** parrot  
Phony gold chains only rated two carats  
You tell your friends that your home is like heaven  
Living in the gutter sewer seven pipe eleven  
You wear your socks twelve days in a row

Turn them on the other side so the dirt won't show  
Go to school, take a shit, don't wipe your ass  
Claiming on another sucka nigga in your class  
YOU want to BATTLE?

Is it the pork on your fork, or the swine on your mind  
Make you rap against a brother with a weak-ass rhyme  
Swine on your mind, pork on your fork  
Make you imitate the brother in the state of New York  
Chain on your BRAIN, that drove you inSANE  
When you tried to CLAIM, for the talent and the FAME  
Not in the GAME, yet and still you CAME  
Suffer the PAIN, as I demolish your NAME  
Not like Betty Crocker, baking cake in the OV  
Saying this is dedicated to the one I love  
Not a swine or dove, from the heaven's up above  
When I rap, people CLAP, so the pushers they shove  
When I rhyme I get LOOSE, better than Mother Goose  
Rock the mic day and NIGHT, so you see I'm the JUICE  
Like the two-six-EIGHT, politicians demonstrate

Outro:

Now hold up hold up hold up hold up  
What y'all niggaz don't seem to hear  
Is y'all can not FUCK with me

I saiiiiiiiiid

ALL

Can't fuck with me

I want to give a shout out to my nigga Door, Door, Door  
Buddah Monk, Buddah Monk, Buddah Monk  
Yo, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack

For the niggaz who's here  
And the girls who's out there  
Throw your hands in the air  
Cause this one is more fly

Fly, fly

Flyyyyy, flyyyy

Flyyyyyyyyyahhahayhahhhha

BZZZZT

Wooo!

Get your ass in the house boy, I told you  
Get your ass in the house! Get, get, in the god damn house boy!  
Last fucking time I'm gonna talk to you you hard-headed motherfucker

Come on daddy?  
I didn't mean nothing by it  
But when it come to... Fucking with you MC's

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