

Last Call

Ol' Dirty Bastard & Masta Fuol

This recordin is Dirty and it's Stinkin
Funkier than Peppi Le Pew so I was thinkin, about
droppin this single on the charts, lettin ya know
hey, the kid has heart, I never deny myself as being
dope, but in my last jam, niggaz slept on my notes
You thought that I was weak? Huh? Let me speak
My rhymes come funkier than ya grandfathers feet
So listen mister, don't you ever forget
the rhyme is dirty, you couldn't even clean it
with Comet, for even Wolrex, some tried Ajax
Only mix with the best, forty-eight tracks
Yo, I get down with the Ason sounds
Lyrics that be flowin from miles around
So let the music shut ya ass up, then feel the uppercut
Now I make ya fall to ya butt
Ho-ho-hold up, Master Fool
Takin' it on down, jugga-jugga-ju
Fall on ya butt, ya ass gon' hurt
They call us WINGWORM cuz we mastered this dirt
I act like a drunk but I'm out for the dough
I mastered the funk, Dirt mastered the ho's
Only Master play the Fool, I worked hard and paid my dues
Tony Snatcher played the fool
And man meater eater played the bone
I come in the club with no ID
They gon' have to close the club up messin wit me
Up. Dirty and Stinkin stuff
It's that Dirty dick NUH with the Stinkin nuts
Last Call now drink it up
Me and Dirt want a pound for some Stinkin stuff
Last Call for alcohol, everybody out the bar
Get ya back up off the wall
People. ohh. ohh. people. ohh. ohh
Yo, let me continue, number two
Style is wild, dirty and stinkin like doo-doo
If ya hangin around, ya changed ya mind
It is a bad influence, but yo it's my rhyme
I sit down and I say to myself, "Self
yo, are you rated top the shelf?"
I drop the single for you to get a dose of

As I lay back like a pillow on a sofa
Gettin paid? Yeah right, Willy
Why askin me, G? What? What? What? What? You know me
My mouth is sugar, sweet as a honey bee
Taste like a forty, Stinkin like Old-EFool in this bitch, where the fuck is the drinks?
No open bar!?! Where the fuck is the drinks?
That bitch over there with her man tuckin his link
All strip club bitches straight clutchin his mink
Niggaz official, big guns, wavin the pistol
My dogs lookin for the brew now we bitin the gristle
(Stop fuckin with them guns son you playin too much)
Catch a charge drinkin bro', I ain't playin too rough
Fucks! Lay in the cuts and hug the butts
Grab a big five whether you a scrub or not
Robbery, robbery, pop, pop, poppin like a glock
Robbery, robbery, drop, drop, drop it like it's hotDoo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo
Heard Master singin that shit?
Stinkin blue Palmaid.
Doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>