Dirty The Moocher

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Ladies and gentlemen introducing Cab Calloway
Featuring the Dirt Dog
First things first man you're fuckin' with the worst
I'll be stickin' pins in your head like a fuckin' nurse
I'll attack any nigga who slack in his mack
Come fully packed with the fat rugged stack
The heat is on, I'm about to blow up the spot
All I wanna see is fire cause I'm makin' shit hot
Like the blow between glocks, mad niggas I shot
Give a fuck on a cop, conversate with a lock
Down at the chop-chop, 600th and Rock
Crazy as a fox tryin' to rob Fort Knox
The DeNiro Al Pachino war
Tryin' to score mad dough like a million or more
For the illegal war that's all I saw
It's all about that knot in ya
I'm alone, I roll with 6 niggas with stones
Every hour tap my phone with embezzlement stones
Get a loan from the stocks because of my pops
Fifty bills in the pocks, Wu-Gambino got props
But Minnie had a heart as big as a whale
Hi, de, hi, de, hi, de, hi
(Hi, de, hi, de, hi, de, hi)
Hoo
(Hoo)
He, de, he, de, he, de, he
(He, de, he, de, he, de, he)
Hey
(Hey)
Elevator scheme with the scheme to catch Cream
Some diamond rings, jewels all types of priceless things
Just in case you don't make it to the safe
Don't talk to Jakes or your whole shit be laced
Got a bomb bout ready to blow up shit
The White House nuh be quiet as a mouse
My job is hundred proof, better know the scoop
Got niggas undergrounds, in your walls, in your roofs
About made zoo, 6, 6, 6, 6, 2
'Cause I'm goin' all out with the supplies of Balu

I'm unstoppable, my six man team is unstoppable
Stickin' my middle fuckin' finger at you
Livin' in America's fuckin' fucked up

When I was young some say I had no sense
I rhymed all day until my throat got tense
And bought 'em by the cage from my lungs to my knees
In the winter I cough, all summer I sneeze
Ah-choo, then I was sore, there was only one cure
Original rhymes wholesome in thought
Democratic are debatin' wanna be the imitatin'
But the knowledge that I'm givin' positively stimulatin'
I acknowledge any MC in a South Bronx town
South proof projects, did they really go down
Shit, I remember when I was 12 years old
I didn't know about frontin' or playin' a role
I thought I was slick, I fell harder than bricks
With my best lyrics and my uptown ticks
Prince start jackin' in my baseball cap
I'm tellin' many chit-chats step off my jockstrap
Approach this party other known as a jam
Lookin' for my cousin Bam-Bam Sleepingham
From front to back the jam was packed
Over there some dance, over there I just macked
I looked around then I started to walk
Heard an older woman's voice and a silly slang talk
The kid was nice for payin' the price
And give weak MCs beneficial advice
Yes, beneficial meaning good for more
Frontin' cause with the mamas would have loved to explore
Studied MC and changed lyrics around
Before I became a member of the lost and sound
My words I strung, I bettered my voice
Rollin over people known to be top choice
Ch, ch, blaow, blaow, blaow
Hoodlum
Hi, de, hi, de, hi, de, hi
(Hi, de, hi, de, hi, de, hi)
Ho, de, ho, de, ho, de, ho
(Ho, de, ho, de, ho, de, ho)
He, de, he, de, hee, de, hee
(He, de, he, de, hee, de, hee)
Hoo hoo
(Hoo hoo)

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