The Dude

Donald Byrd

Bitch what do you want? Nigga what do you need?
A rock hard bone? A dime of weed?
Whatever it is hoe, you can hit him from a phone
But if ya don't want nothin' leave him alone he be gone
See he's known for smokin' skunk and gettin' drunk without knowin'
He through about twenty bitches and hoes and he probably fucked yours
But the dude don't disrespect but then he takes no shit
But if your bitch is in his ride then she's gettin' some dick
He moves quick real slick, never been to the pen or the forum
They got stories bout the dude the kids bragged when they saw him
And them laws he don't bomb that nigga just keep dippin'
Early in the morning flippin', coffee sippin'
Don't be trippin' on niggas they see him walk in the store
Get him some cigarettes, cigars and a Colt 4-0
Without payin' walk out that hoe so calm and so cool
?Who's that??, ?Man, that's the dude and he's a Goddamn fool?
Who is it?
Not too often seen in public, that's the dude
Who is it?
Smokin' on sweets while he's gettin' his nuts licked that's the dude
Don't come talkin'
That nothin' shit
Round the dude
Don't play no funny games
Don't talk shit, no
He'll tell you to suck his dick
He's the dude
Hey, hey, here comes the dude
Da da do dap, Bla do blap dap
Bitches front 'em at the club they gettin' jab slapped, he don't cap
To him that bring too much attention
Keep his eyes open for premeditated lynchin'
Countin' inches on his hard dick
You might need a yard stick
He makes bitches suck it
And make them niggas get off it
Don't start shit with the dude
You wouldn't want him to finish
'Cause hoe you know it be on in a minute

You need to thank him for ya gal he made her suck a little better
He love makin' trash outta another niggas treasure
'Cause bitches for dude dog, come a dime a dozen
Fuck one, let one suck his dick then find another
He don't debate he concentrate on survivin'
He don't like to drive if he's been drinkin'
But he'll drink while he's drivin'
But he's higher than a fuck, you'll never catch him sober
All his women quit him cause they got fucked over
But all the pussy he got was pussy he earned
He'll fire up a sweet before you'll fire up yearn
Some say he's nice and friendly but the niggas no fool
He's so swift, he's so smooth, he's so calm, he's so cool dude
Who is it?
Devin the Dude [Incomprehensible] house remix
Who is it?
Don't come talkin'
That nothin' shit
Round the dude
Don't play no funny games
Don't talk shit, no
He'll tell you to suck his dick
He's the dude
Hey, hey, here comes the dude
Hey, hey hell yeah, can't you tell?
The dude been through hell
See the smoke in the air?
Shouldn't do the shit he do but see the dude don't care
Empty bottles of beer and empty rubbers everywhere
He jam old school music in his low slightly bumpin'
Saw him last Tuesday in an old white somethin'
Half naked bitch with him with plenty of ass
He threw the deuces at your boy and continued to pass
People spread rumors about him to bring him down
But if ya know him like I do you know he don't fuck around
And he clowns and he jokes and he smokes and he hangs
But don't fuck over the dude one night he showed me a brain, no name
I ain't gonna tell you all of his biz
He's down to fight for his friends, die for his momma and kids
Niggas be placin' they bids tryin' to do like he do
Try to be where he's been but they get folded in two, he's the dude
Who is it?
Don't play no funny games

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