

# Zoo Two

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

[Ol Dirty Bastard]I'll grab and the mic and now I damage you, cut your whole stamina

Here comes the medical examiner

One verse then you're out for the count

(Bring the ammonia) make sure he sniffs the right amount

Wake him up and then I ask him

Why did he intend this --

competition to get an ass kickin so tremendous

Boy you shouldn't bother this

Leave me alone like the (son said G or he'll be fatherless!)

I got the asiatic flow mixed with disco

Roll up on the scene like the Count of Monte Crisco

and MC's start to vanish

(I stepped up to a jet black kid, started speakin spanish!

Yo he wasn't from Panama

I asked him how he get so dark, the nigga said suntama!

He responded so fast, you made me laugh)

Ha-ha-ha, HARARRRH (then I scared-his ass!)

(Kick the hundred strongest rhymes

I brought out the punk in him

Caught him with a strong five deadly venom

Told him enter the Wu-Tang

Witness the Shaolin slang, that'll crush the shit you bring)

I watch your ass take a big fall, why?!

My Main Source, is like a friendly game of stickball

And as you step up to bat man (I play the riddler)

You try to do me for a rhyme (then I'll change to Hitler)

Go out like Nazi; you'll be wishin your fuckin ass

stayed home and played (Yahtzee!)

Or watchin Happy Days sweatin (Poxie)

with Ralphie and Richie Cunningham, Joni and (Chachi)

Wu, who? Me gettin wreck so I'm through

Like a ten and a half foot, gettin in a seven (shoe)

(Now picture THAT with a Minolta)

Have your ass doin some Night Fever shit like John Travolta

I come strong I make knowledge born, I flip the script

and rock on from P.M. (past the fucking Dawn)

Pass the Hammer you're broke down, niggaz grab my what what

Can't understand it here's the panaroma

(A complete view of how I defeat you)  
Should of stepped to those fuckin kids who tried to (beat you)  
Yeah I bust that ass before  
(You ran to Texas and came back but forgot the chainsaw!)  
And want to perform a massacre  
Better be coming with some motherfucking shit that's spectacular  
Crush the person who did em, well you just better  
So I'm stepping to your (raggedy ass jetta)  
Put the pedal to the metal  
You and your DJ change your name to Ma and Pa Kettle  
as I (pass the bone, kicks your every measure)  
It's not a Newport but it's still live with pleasure  
(C'mon don't be silly, just a bag of sensimilli)  
Rolled up in a) Motown Philly  
(I used to write all the time when I smoked  
Grab the mic, then I kinda like went for broke  
With visually concepts strongest rhymes and biceps  
Lyrically speakin, three to four rhymes then choke  
Some think they be harmin this, claimin they be bombin this)  
But they still remains a-nom-ynous  
I pull strings like Jimi Hendrix  
Ride more beats that go backs to the days of Eddie Kendricks  
I teach the truth to the youth, I say (hey youth)  
Here's the truth, better start wearing (bullet proof)  
Arm yourself with a shield  
(Before you get trapped up) just like the Children in the Cornfield

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