

# The Dude

## Devin the Dude

Intro:

Devin on the answering machine:

What's up? You've reached 7-6-5-0-8-6...ahh well hell you know who you called. So I don't have to tell you that.

Bitch what do you want?

Nigga what do you need?

A rock hard bone?

A dime of weed?

Whatever it is just leave the message at the tone

Or better yet, fuck it you can call me at home

At 9-8-8-1 naw I ain't gonna say all dat

Just leave a number I'll call ya back

Answering machine:  
You have two messages.(some chickens talking)

Verse 1:

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 lone 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 sto'

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 God damn fool

Hook:  
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 a dick  
He's the Dude  
Hey hey here comes the DudeVerse 2:  
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  
He's the DudeHook  
Who is it?  
Who is it?Bridge:  
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 everywhereVerse 3:  
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 ducers 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 DudeHook

Songwriters

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