

# Stomp (feat. RZA)

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

{I'll be next shit  
Party we will party along with me} Sing the song, sing the song with me  
Sing the song, sing the song with me B-b-baby, tell me why, tell me so  
I ask you to go high, you tell me to go low  
So I go low taste the shit  
Taste it again, I like it I'm the original G O D  
Making young ladies scream's my specialty  
When I go dun dun dun duh, girls get hype  
From the funky fresh music that was stereotyped When I kill, that ol' mad funky flow  
Not sayin' a son, duck duck disco  
Or disco duck, strictly hip hop  
Baby, baby, I can't stop Wu, gots ta like come on through  
So, that's the call for the Wu  
I came here to rectify  
Brooklyn zoo, terrify Why niggas wanna get up and rap and rap and rap  
Man fuck that, shit that I make it's the skit  
I wanna see ya hands in the air can ya dig it, let's sing the song  
Come on party people all in together now sing along Have you ever, ever, ever  
In your long legged life  
Had a bald headed bitch  
For your bald headed wife {Gimme dat} Who's the baddest motherfucka in the Brooklyn town  
And also representer of the Wu Tang sound  
If you wanna get up and get fucked up  
Last nigga got up and got shot up But you's a gangsta, on the boards I'll bang ya  
Mess with the Wu Tanager, I'll bang ya  
You'll get shanked and spanked and alley ooped  
I admire true niggas like Dre and Snoop Chamber number 9, verse 32  
Only speaks about Brooklyn zoo  
That a true nigga shall come through  
No one is available to be compatible Yo, this is chamber number 9, verse 32  
is what we call The Stomp (Stomp)  
The stomp is down

(Stomp)  
Get down for your crown  
(Stomp)  
The stomp is down  
(Stomp)  
Crown  
(Stomp, go, go)  
StompBrothas always playin' with the microphone  
When it blows up in your face, you leave it alone  
You couldn't touch, this style is too much  
It's the rhymer, I don't give a crippled crab crutchAny nigga or niggerette  
Get burned to the brimecell like a cigarette  
Straight up and down, I get dirty to the ground  
Rhymin' gets me paid mad bread by the poundShout out to my crew, tight as a belt y'all  
Go by the name big A, from the shelter

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