Another one

Fun Lovin' Criminals

(This, is, Derty E-N-T, Bassment Beat Productions)
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, sing that shit
Oh! You can search in the gutter down low
You can even wait 'til the mountain comes down
And if you wanna wait 'til the river runs dry
But you'll never find another one
You can search around the whole damn globe
Search from in the North, to the East, Westside
I bet your bottom dime
No matter what you do, you'll never find another one
Hey yo this chronic got me to', I try to shake it and break it
Thinkin it won't go, I went to see the doctor
X-rays it won't show, I even wrapped myself up in blankets
Just like a cold cause I'm so sick-wid-it
It just happened on a song, I feel it in my eyes
My urrs and in my nose, my fingers and my toes
Translated into flows, man rap gon' need a facelift
I'm just so hungry I can taste it
Imagine me up in the sto', somewhere behind the counter
Pushin buttons on the drawer, like doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo
Chk-chicka, here you go, please come another day
I waited a lot of winter days and summer nights to rock the mic
City locked down, right before me and the other 'Tics went down
You fuckin right it went down
Fuckin right I drink Crown, fuckin right we move crowds
It's a Derty E-N-T thang, want ya pretty sweet thang
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I said I like the way you do that right thurr uh
You just remember why you do that right thurr uh
I made it tight to be country, they thought country was bummy
Until country start makin money, now they all in Kentucky
Oklahoma's and Nashville's, they givin out record deals

(They eventually had their shot) man they been had skills
But leave it up to Moses, cause he gon' lead us out
I made the world accept on how we speak and how we shout
I started that whassup dirty, that dirty how ya doin
I let the dirty go up and now niggaz runnin through it
Huh, that's why I did it mayne, just don't forget it mayne

The whole world know I killed it but I still get acquitted mayne
I'm a thoroughbred, with some thorough bread
I got a thorough chick waitin with some thorough head
I'm a pro model, I'm fitted for the new era ranks
I should move to Bel-Air the way I Phillip Banks
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I take a pair of black nines and I'm the man
I said a pair of black nines make 'em jump man
I push your wig from the back to the front man
Just cause I'm peaceful don't mistake me for no punk man
Shit I'm a come clean, I should sleep on the triple beam
I'm too damn dope nigga to hang around fiends
Plus a team, playa, I never play the team
Cause even if I win, we all gettin rings
We all gon' bling whether I rap or sing
Matter of fact, I should hit a note now just for the hell of it
Ohhhhhhh-e-ohh, HOE, ohhhhhhh-oh, oh
I'm a muh'fucka, a motherfucker muh'fucka
Have my son daddy uncle nephew brother muh-fucka
I'm a low pro arsenal, and you can ask
Sound Scan or ASCAP if you doubtin yo
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