

Dirt All By My Lonely

Naughty By Nature

Hey, can't nobody hold me
So niggaz wan' take it there, huh?
See y'all don't know what the fuck goin' on
I know what time it is yo
It's time to erase a face in force in fact an inferno
Rise in my eyes these twin 9's'll make 'em learn though
You poppin', plottin', plannin' half steppin' threatenin' '
The streets clap loud like, like thunder clouds with the weapon
I'm steppin', to clarify, lookin' with the hawk
In the arrow eye, turn the biggest part of your ass
Into the narrow side, I'm that case you place, nigga
Tie yo' bitch, to the shitter nigga, throw yo' stinkin' ass
By the liver nigga, need beef, I rag fags
Scream peace, get dragged dad
Gettin' busy like Rashid Street, in Baghdad
Havin' your kids askin', "Why did they have to drag dad, past?"
'Cause you'll be the last ass to blast fast way, above the rim
Word to Birdie, I'm from Jersey, leavin' niggaz actin' nerdy
Back sturdy, my dirt, by my lonely, fuck with dis
Doin' hits with more clutch, than the stick, so come on
I do my dirt all by my lonely, hey, find the phony
Past the mass, one deep, yeah the only
Do or die, with slug for the Ruger
Rollin' patrollin' in a stolen black Cougar
I do my dirt all by my lonely, hey, hey
"Can't nobody hold me, I do my dirt all by lonely"
Do or die, with slug for the Ruger
Rollin' patrollin' in a stolen black Cougar
See, I'm a one man dynasty, motherfucker
Every artist on your label don't equal half of me
Rippin' lyrics like they supposed to be, most'll be
Plottin' dreamin' and scheamin' to get close to me
'Cause I spit shit, rip shit, quick and I'm sick wit
Lyrics to mash that ass, is what I'm equipped wit
So fine-tune that bullshit, bring your best competitor
I'll be on that ass as if I was a fuckin' predator
Niggaz wanna battle at a show, yeah I'll set it up
I go toe to toe, blow for blow and leave it wetted up
My time to hypnotize you, okay?

Never disrespectin' the laws of nature, obey yo' thirst
Vin Rock'll serve as the quenchin'
Here's the last thing, I'd like to mention
That when it's time to set it off, trust me son
I ain't the motherfuckin', click, I'm the motherfuckin', one
(I do my dirt all by my lonely)
I roll with hundreds, sometime thousands, maybe a little more
But don't need nar' a motherfucker when it's time for the war
Some of these niggaz on the streets be actin' so sweet
Talkin' 'bout stalkin' black like, it ain't gon' get back to me, what?
What about them MC's after me
Come see the first rappers laid flat on banned from TV
Part 3 in 3-D, shot right in Jersey
On the corner with the goners lookin' straight up at me
So fuck prolongin', I'm way past the strong armin'
Played himself tonight, so he'll be gone by the morning
Sneak up, creep up, you out of pocket, the rule's no second chance
Lift a bitch out his shoes, watch the news
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