Ol Dirty's Back

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Sup? Let's go
(Yo Snoop Dogg, yo Dre, yo Too $hort
E-40 and the motherfucking Click)
Nuff respect to the West coast
(Duh, duh, duh)
Yo, Ol' Dirty Bastard coming through
Know what I'm saying? I got the East coast
Locked the fuck down, hear my shit, nigga
(Dirty, Dirty, Dirty, Brooklyn)
Shit is crazy real in the field
I watched niggaz blood get spilled over five dollar bills
And major drug deals on the real
See a nigga get meals and his bitch get him killed
In this American dream to get some cream
You're ownin' a Beem and your face in magazines
12 O'Clock maintains in the game
Bring the Pain to smokin' Method, main
It's not all about the fame, silly ass dames
Get a gold record and you change
And for the niggaz sellin' cocaine
You're too blame
Black people lives ain't the same
And that's the Tale in my Hood
Niggaz is up to no good
You better watch em in them hoods
I always thought livin' life was easy
Go to school, get a job, yo it couldn't be me
So instead, I played my bed
My momma got fed, and now a nigga livin' with a dread
My best fuckin' friend, knew him since ten
Nigga feed me cream, let me whip the Benz
Houses all over Texas, lightning gold Lexus
He had enough respect to dress this
Expensive Tim suits, girl wearin' fly Gucci boots
Put me on like pook
Every morning that I awake
Ten G's in my fuckin' face, combination to the safe
Son run the state, carrying coke by the weight
Nigga put pounds in the weed gate

And it's ran by Ol' Dirty
12 o'clock, my little brother, he keeps it dirty, dirty
Fuck all that motherfucking drug selling shit
I wanna see some motherfucking lyrics
I wanna hear some motherfucking lyrics
What up nigga, what?
Ha ha ha ha ha ha
Ha ha ha ha ha
I got you nigga
I'll rip mics on site you know the type
New Jack, this is my City like Wesley Snipes
Go fly a kite or somethin', make some muffins
I come up bad in the town like Charles Bronson
Now set your speaker and I'll do you for that reason
12 is no joke I bring wreck through the seasons
Solomon, contend, many more but just when
That Joker act you can save for Jack Nicholson
One two and three, through your rap fatigue
In the MC world, is a minor league
What you speak, you swear it's unique
It's just a peek, physique, of an old antique
Don't expect a project, then it's bound to freeze
Your whole head is stuck and stiff
Next Siamese, I never liked rhymes
That's incomplete, then again obsolete
I shall repeat, there's an Easy Street
For niggaz who earned, then learn your sojourn
Then you return, as an intelligent, positive, messenger
Not an experiment negative Lucifer
With a tittling gloss of crafted skin
Nothing like spring sauce, of the true origin
Who would score, the wizard of war
Came in best man was a god damn dinosaur
No more jungle-like living, from the Blue Lagoon
It's not an Animal House, National loon Lampoon
If you understand the what, when, why, how
Are you fellas who exempt or to disallow
A fresh MC, that will knock you down?
I gets dizzy spellbound like a merry-go-round
While I'm freaking, shall I expose
You take a subject, and then you decompose

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