

# Brooklyn Zoo II

## Ol' Dirty Bastard

[Intro:]One two, one two -- you taping this?  
All types of shit yo let that shit ride  
Word to mother, turn up the microphone!  
Get all that good shit, get all that good shit (one two, one two)  
One two, one two, one two... one two  
Now niggaz know  
Sssshhit, yo yo check this out, check this joint  
This is strictly for the radio, yo  
I just want all y'all to know  
The reason why I curse is because my momma and my daddy  
They grew up cursin  
So please respect my style, please!

[Verse One: Ol Dirty Bastard]I'll grab the mic and now I damage you, cut your whole stamin-u  
Ohh, sssshit, nahh  
I'll grab the mic and now I damage ya, cut your whole staminuh  
Here comes the medical examinuh  
One verse then you out for the count  
Bring the ammonia make sure he sniffs... the right amount  
Ya yo, I'm sorry, un-gah-e-gas-e-ya  
I'll grab and the mic and now I damage you, cut your whole stamiNUH  
Here comes the medical examiNUH  
One verse then you're out for the count  
Bring the ammonia, make sure he sniffs the right amount  
Wake you up and then I ask you  
How do you intend this --  
Competition to get an asssss kickin soooooo tremendous, RARRH!  
You shouldn't bother this  
Leave me alone like a son he'll be fatherless!  
I got the asiatic flow mixed with disco  
Roll up on the scene like the Count of Monte Crisco  
And MC's start to vanish  
I rolled up on a jet black kid the nigga started speakin spanish  
Yo! You wasn't from Panana!!  
I asked you how you get so fuckin dark, you said suntama  
He responded so fast, you made me laugh  
Ha-ha-ha, HARARRRH scared-his ass!  
Kick the hundred strongest rhymes  
Then I brought out the punk in him  
Roll up with the strong five deadly venoms

Told HIM! Enter the Wu-Tang!  
Witness the Shaolin slang, that crush any shit you bring  
I watch your ass take a big fall, why?!  
My Main Source, is like a friendly game of stickball  
And as you step up to bat man, I play the riddler  
You try to do me for my nigga I'll change to Hitler  
I'll go out like Nazi, wish your fuckin ass stayed

Home and play Yahtzee!  
Or watchin Happy Days sweatin Poxie  
With Ralphie and Cunningham, Joni and Chachi  
(Yo Unique, yo kid  
Check this shit out! Yo, yo)  
[Verse Two: Ghostface Killer]Ninety-five niggaz is wasted  
Keystone capered, and Wu kept the rap fiends basted  
Foamin out the mouthpiece, heads blown like geese  
Murderous police, I do shows and perform in Grease  
It's not magic, gaming is the gadget  
World classic big national high attracts dear graphics  
Lampin in my own zone, my physical show  
Inhale bones Tony stuck, for the diamond in Rome  
He's convincin, labelled one man rap convention  
The nigga that'll gun down, eighty frenchmen  
Lead vocalist, music specialist, rap arsonist  
I deal with sharpness plus spark the hardest individual  
I plant crimes inside vocals  
My rap's like my passport, my life's my proof  
Hit the sun roof, be out like a wanderin dream  
Shuttle, and get startled off the verbal hygiene, my nigga  
[sample of Stamina][sample of Baby C'mon][sample of Brooklyn Zoo][sample of Drunk Game (Sweet Sugar  
Pie)][sample of The Stomp]Shame on you when you step through to  
Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo!  
Shame on you when you step through to  
Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo!  
What?!! My nuh  
Shame on you when you step through to  
The Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo  
Shame on you when you step through to  
The Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo  
To the West coast!  
To the East coast  
To the North coast  
To the South  
When you take North, East, West, South  
Put it all together and it spell NEWS!

Then you got the ol rhythm, bastard blues  
And ya don't stop  
So keep your shit, motherfucker, fucker, fucker!  
[live concert]

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