

Run D.M.C. F/ Sugar Ray**"Desperate Man"**

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[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Give me the muthafuckin' cue, I'mma pop this shit
We desperate men, muthafucka, we need this
muthafuckin' CREAM, muthafucka
Ain't nobody out here trynna give us shit, muthafucka
Fuck all that shit, fuck all you hoes, fuck all you
Hype ass muthafuckas, all y'all can suck my dick

[Diesel]

When I rise, in the morning, I thank the God that I'm
breathin'
Cuz all the population's risin', y'all muthafuckas be
leavin'
And I don't wanna be, one of those, who be singin'
Shot up on your local newspaper, then later on this
evening
Some say they ready to die, nah, that ain't the fly guy
All I wanna do is make CREAM and just get high
Some wonder God is he gone, til his jewelry stop
But I can handle that shit, no way can I not rock block
I just let the section know that I do, to be respected and
matured
I refuse to leave Bush, that's kinda home like the worm
And past my reflex, duck shit, I'm like sperm
My radio frequency, now go against the grain like
Howard Stern
East to West, niggaz need to clean it out their ears and
Now who rockin' Biggie, and fake Ice Cube's ??
In the hole, we need it get it again
On the mic, now Dino rap shit next year
From a not born, to a born don, rap armageddon
Is there a light at the end of the tunnel, or just a dead
end
To get it back like a light packerback, move the way,
and yo
Nigga roam, I pack the track

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yo I never underestimate a desperate man
Yo, get splattered in the paper like a desperate pen
friend

Yo, sippin' on it, I peep the hooks to end
And if it's war, I'm goin' out like a sinful friend
Why don't you, get on the mic, a little my friend
Why don't you, get on the mic, a little my friend
Why don't you, get on the mic, like respect in my hand

[The General]

Aiyo, the beef is on, y'all niggaz brought the heat to my kitchen

So when poison switch in, snitchin', in my ear bitchin'
Knowin' damn right, you runnin' around like a clown
In and out of town, snatchin' niggaz for G's and pounds
One of the first niggaz tell me, I had a fluke
Now you come around, trynna sing to me, is that you know

I got a full clip, nigga you need to get off that bullshit
I stay strapped wit a gat, I'm Alert, ready to pull shit
Aiyo, aiyo, way back, like roosters ready to gat
Now the tendency, sippin' Hennessey, sellin' crack
For the avocado son, now you turned desperado
Know no Gravato, or Crystal out the bottle
Trynna swoop me out the game, but I'm in like Rado
Sweatin' like Pablo, while I'm pumpin' on diablo
Wanna get me, I'm takin' muthafuckas wit me, that's my motto

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Big bad, insane, black child to blame
Pay attention to third, I serve words to the suburb
Neighborhood and projects, son, let's break these checks
Well not just yet, it's still bigger things to get to
Hit them before they hit you, believin' me, huh?
I grab the grease to the first, you get burnt when you touch it
Fuck it, like the dick bitch, learn how to suck it
I rock the master plan, I need to lay low in Amsterdam
Finer weed take your hand, to measures of a desperate man
I'm here to do ill things like Don King
Step into the ring, ginseng make me swing
Got me on the third on, no runnin' this year
But I can probably burn some, Japan, I don't make friends
Just associates, only shake hands when appropriate
Only the holy get, for comin' off of sendin' it
Stayin' sucker free, never sleepin' wit the enemy
Xzibit, I'm unexplainable like the trinity
Mountain, fourty ouncin', I'm announcin'

The end of war, bitch strained, the crew that can't fade,
it's a..

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Muthafucka, what, what, bitch ass niggaz
We rollin' rock hard like a C.I.A., gun shot done and pay
I'm the water and the rain, only the ducks suffer green
and lust
Get high on the yo-yae, third jaw, third wheel
A hundred dollar matrix, half naked, get half American
I love pussy, I get pussy, the water, I eat it, bitch, the
wet supporter
Don't give a fuck about whatever I say
Muthafucka, I'm here, to gettin' money, get it on, til the
break of the dawn
Muthafucka, Ason, roll up jay and nut, what, desperate
man, muthafucka

[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

And that's real, that's the real to real
My nigga puff weed on the wheels of steel
And that's real, that's the real to real
Muthafuckas better house to end of my appeal
Yea, I'm bout to fuck my kill
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man

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