

Slimm Cutta Calhoun

"Dirt Work"

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Dirt work

I'm about two an' a quarter from rockin' the bird
An' about a G short from choppin' the third
Now I'm sittin' at the light with ten pounds of herb
Uh oh, there they go, the Red Dogs swerve

Jumped out, ?Man, damn, they got nerve?
Got the hell on, dropped everythin' includin' my word
Now it's off through the woods we go, here we go
Tossin' the greens an' blow, oh no

Dippin' through the trails, runnin' from twelve
Everybody gotta lay low
Escape routes major, elite street rollers
Shit, we doper than cola, straight from Ayatollah

A Town heat strokers, flamin' like the Devil's poker
Two of the best wit it, hot shit, we'll roast it
If it's beef, I'll choke ya an' leave you for the vultures
Or we can keep it cool, playboy an' I'll toast ya

Dirt work, nigga, we don't play
I got a couple on the tool an' a few on the way
Dirt work, nigga, we don't play
I got a couple on the tool an' a few on the way

Well it's the rippinest, wickedest MC
Bustin' hard up out the ginseng
Tell more dope stories than a damn dope house dope
fiend
Fuck the police, you know me
These hoes blow me slowly, seems like they owe me

Show me the dope, don't worry about the cash
Or your girlfriend's gonna be lonely, homey
These rich an' these vegetables spinnin' bony
Don't make me open my book bag an' you underscalin'
on me

You understand me, Tony

You look like you wanna go on a boat
But you know I'll leave you bloatin' or floatin'
Like sailboats an' LTD's, private, please
I'm the nigga that earned his street stripes

An' they've seen me in the Source Magazine
So you can't even pass me three mikes
You get three strikes an' about a half of clip of bullets
So run it an' we can go on an' get our little prices up
An' act like we was on that Teen Summit

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I'm about a four an' a half into workin' these slabs
An' about a hundred away from back in the lab
Now I done bust the next batch down an' my face
lookin' drab
Uh oh, yep, this nigga done served me some bab

Me sad? Naw, mad
Quick to bust your ass
Playin' around wit a hustler's cash?
They'll find ya stankin' in the trash

An' escape wit your 'Billy Jean' an' 'Thriller' 'cause I'm
'Bad'
Who dat, them niggas wit the juice pack, you thought
you had?
Naw, Dad, I'm glad my niggas keep a few thangs, wit a
few mags
Down to toe tag, drop bags, switch tags an' haul ass

Smash till we out of gas, blast only if we gotta blast
Turn sunny days into an overcast
Abusive to the under class, when my tongue lash
An' I mash out wit OutKast

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