

## A.G. "Intro"

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[27 second instrumental intro]

[A.G.]

Check me out, get dirty

I spit flames and got games to seduce your momma

Wanna catch feelings then use the llama, my shit'll go  
through your armor

Every word is deadly like the Unabomber

And even at age 9 I was king like Tutankhamen

It's 90 bars of heat, I'm harsh on beats

Got guns to make you squash the beef, knuckle up and  
guard your teeth

Or pose and throw dose like Leon Spinks

The type to burn money money, then pee on minks

Trick a G on drinks, three G's on links

My medallion's off the milk truck, and my gat still buck

Shorty with the baddest attitude see that's the one that  
will fuck

I'm legendary already, rock the Pelle and "Drop it  
Heavy"

[D Flow]

For my mob I go all out, the Don stay flossed out

It's a fact that we keep cocked gats, foes get crossed  
out

We took the relish, fellas you lost out

You the type of nigga that's all mouth, type of nigga I  
call out

Drama I know my crew'll shoot, you shoulda knew the  
scoop

Niggaz couldn't fuck around, with they dick in the hula  
hoop

Give the God room, my verbals sharp like harpoons

Plus the Don hard to see like weed smoke in dark  
rooms

[interlude]

My nigga A, where you at, this is "Dirty Version"

G.D. nigga, bout to step up and rep, B-X baby

This is Don year, you hear? Word up

[Hehdkrack]

We got the block liddocked, glock ciddocked  
Too smooth to get kniddocked, launder the dough  
through hip-hop  
Rocks chiddock, bottles packed to the tip-top  
Stay fly and high to pocket gridlock  
Diamond chip watch at 20 a chock and a shot of scotch  
Drizzy in the club, watchin a nigga with the ox  
Professional haters, y'all cats can rest with the greatest  
I rock the family to sleep, send 'em to bed with Sammy  
Davis

[Party Arty]

I spit those awkward flows, cruisin in a Porsche slow  
Floss the dough like Ross Perot fo' sho' motherfuckers  
Frontin like you want the ruckus, nuttin but a bunch of  
busters  
G.D. we smoke tons of dutches  
Or Garcia Vegas, my squad be in Vegas while y'all bein  
haters  
Catch me at the bar with the players  
Some niggaz rock Armani and gators, we get dirty  
G.D. shirts, Timbs, doo-rag under my derby

[interlude]

Yo this is the dirt that rock the party  
Party Arty and my niggaz D-Flow, word up  
Everytime we step up we represent and get dirty  
Word up, who you be nigga?

[Party Arty]

P, touch niggaz like masturbation, with no  
procrastinatin  
Cause a nigga like me mad impatient  
Facin double life cause I tried to blast the nation  
Worldwide assassination, ain't Muslim or Mason  
God against Satan, no fakin, grab the mic with the  
glove like Gary Payton  
And drop 30 with 10 assists then reminisce  
Party Arty the wrong nigga that you in against  
Gettin rich with benefits to hit yo' bitch with the dick

[A.G.]

Shit is sick how niggaz snitch and Tone gone  
Can't stress that, so Finesse tracks is what I zone on  
Fuck them in his name, see, stuck in the game  
Tryin to get out, that's when I flip out, and put the hit  
out  
I'm the dirt that rock the party ya hardly can guard me  
I roll with, Party and the sound of God Body  
D-Flow's down with the mob probably, not a problem  
Just watchin these other niggaz get sloppy, bet they

lock me for armed robbery  
Before I starve papi, come out on parole  
Go gold, tell my story on Hard Copy - tune in and check  
me out  
Drop hits consecutive, to get executive  
Flip the predicate, then spit some better shit  
Ditect the hidden messages, and the lesson is that  
God, know it all  
Take a G to a titty bar (and blow it all)

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