

A.G. "Intro (Mudslide)"

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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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