

## Method Man f/ Ol' Dirty Bastard

### "Dirty Mef"

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[Intro: Method Man (Ol' Dirty Bastard)]  
Expect the unexpected, motherfucker, let's go, come  
on  
Yeah, M-E-F, hahahaha, special guest  
(Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck)  
Hahahaha.. yeah..

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]  
Yo, you don't wanna ride with Dirt, you still stuck in  
coach  
You don't wanna fly in first, yo, I can spit  
One verse, and leave in a new Benz-er  
Take a trip down south and put some hoes to work, you  
hear me  
Dirt McGirt, you niggaz gon' respect it  
I'm drunk and crunk so don't come in my direction  
I'm ready to thump, and get the whole crew arrested  
Bail 'em out, and laugh about it in Texas, yo  
And get with Rome, down in Caki-Lac  
And hit the spot, in the hood where the happenings at  
Where the shootin' and the fightings and the stabbings  
at  
Where the Lincolns and the Chevys and the Cadi's at,  
shit  
Them down south niggaz been loved Dirt  
Take a shot to the head, if you been through the worse  
Show respect to your niggaz, who been doin' it first  
And be comin' with that shit, I'm just doin' the worse

[Chorus 2X: Ol' Dirty Bastard (Method Man)]  
Yo, you don't wanna ride with Dirt, you still stuck in  
coach  
You don't wanna fly in first, yo, I can spit  
(Yo, you don't wanna ride with Meth, we still sniffing  
coke  
Even if you tried your best, yo, I can spit)

[Method Man]  
Yeah, damn, I'm just like Dirt in the booth  
I'm the truth, I don't need to go to church in a suit  
Each verse is the proof, I drink a 100 Proof

Cop searching the coup, I got some herb in my boot  
When Wu is coming through, the outcome: critical  
Fucking with this style, the outcome: get physical  
Meth get lyrical, and y'all can get my genitals  
Don't forget them aid essentials, vitamins & minerals  
Heh, ya'meen, I'm taking one for the team  
Like Martin Luther King, taking one for a dream  
I'm dope, to many fiends, live by many means  
If you don't stand for nothing, you'll fall for anything  
That's real shit, let's get this money real quick  
Dirt Dog, I'm feeling this, but I'd rather feel rich  
I mean filthy rich, I'm corporate now  
Big Meth, the label's Def, that's why I talk so loud,  
nigga

[Chorus 2X]

[Hook 2X: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck you

Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you, fuck...

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