

O.C. f/ D Flow, Party Arty

"Get it Dirty"

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[Party Arty]

Now what you know about the CLK with fo' doors
Hoes with no drawers, smokin so raw
Coke from Omar, the nigga from "Scarface"
Connects with Sosa, the nigga that killed Tony
Now I throw pies like pizza chefs
We eat your bread, y'all niggaz get beat to death
You wanna see somethin? Playa watch, we sprayin
shots
when haters plot, some been slingin rocks since Mayor
Koch
I heard a lot about you
But I don't give a fuck, so I gotta shout you
Party Arty in the truck, but you can't see him
Had to warn 'em, better join 'em if you can't beat 'em
And I'd give anything for my man freedom
Trick and Tone comin home to the fam-bino
And I'm that nigga like my man Nino
So let your crew, your clique, and family know
We get it dirty nigga

[Chorus: D Flow]

We get it rockin, get it happenin, we get it dusty
We get it crunk son, we get it all that, trust me
Droppin, 'til it's platinum, 'til it's dusty
We get it crunk son, we get it all that, trust me

[D Flow]

We get it flossy, arrogant dog, bossy
Charge three after I slip a mick in your coffee
Get off me, started talkin fast and lost me
Of course we them niggaz, "What What" like N.O.R.E.
I blind hoes, when I step in the club
My chain so bright, I got chicks checkin for bugs
D-Flow lyrically I'm swift with the tongue fo' sho'
Killer you feelin me I'm sick with the gun and yo
It's nuttin new son, bring your crew son
I knew none of these rappers, had it, my flow like
magic
Hoes attracted to the kid with the small bling
South Boogie, niggaz got it plus more bling

On the spot a hot 16 that ain't shit
Rock blue and grey all day, and I ain't Crip
My bank sick, dough stack to the sky
And I'ma stay high with a pound in the back of the 5

[Chorus]

[Chorus Two: D Flow]

We get it poppin, we get it crackin, we get it dusty
We get it crunk son, we get it all that, trust me
Droppin, 'til it's platinum, 'til it's dusty
Get it crunk son, we get it all that, trust me

[O.C.]

What's my profile?
Demeanor of a chief over this here beat, check the
pow-wow
Sirens, reminiscent to violence
Wildlife, with about a hundred niggaz behind us
Get it feelin like it's World War 3 up in this bitch
before the bomb hits nigga
We get it dirty, done deal, guns I reveal
Yo' gun stay concealed, let's leave it at that
Machine gun rap spray off
Layin niggaz six feet, eyes wide from the chaos
Many minds wanna know why they call me Mush
But if I tell ya then I got ta kill ya
See I leave no stones underturned, that's how a lot of
niggaz get burned
Man I'm "Deep Cover" like Fishburne
It's my turn, pay-offs is froo froo
Layoffs'll make a nigga turn postal and shoot you

[Chorus] + [Chorus Two]

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