

Dirtbag

"Slow Down Lil' Buddy"

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A-One, Two, uh
I'd like to introduce to y'all
Dirtbag, uh
And it's an Epidemic

[Chorus - Dirtbag]
Slow down lil' buddy, lil' buddy
Slow down, lil' buddy, slow down
'Cause if ya clown, lil' buddy, lil' buddy, lil' buddy
Lil' buddy might be found on the ground
Now slow down lil' buddy, lil' buddy
Slow down, lil' buddy, slow down
'Cause if ya clown, lil' buddy, lil' buddy, lil' buddy
Lil' buddy might be found on the ground

[Verse 1]
Dirtbag: boss of the troops
Give the bottle, watch the ladies get loose
Gator boys be the clique
Old E be the crew
Gettin' money, that's all we wanna do
Hit the club, girl pushin' on my wood
It's gushy-gushy, gushy-gushy, feels good
I washy-washy, I could take you to the hood
Wait, fuck the bed, I wanna hit it on the sink
Real nigga, always stay 'bout it, 'bout it
'Round here they call me Big Belly Bobby
Oh my God! We got them Gators
And they in yo' yard, they in yo' yard
Cool an' Dre, what they say, it's an Epidemic
Miami, Dade County, we gon' represent it
New York, holla at Fat Joe
You know I'm down wit' dem crazy ass chicos
Meet those, fine ass freak hos
Big trucks, big nuts, mouths full of gold
Really good
You got some beef and then we in yo' hood
We bangin' good, Now

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Uhhh, uhhh, uhhh

I bet you hatas thought I fell off, ain't it?

I bet you hos thought I went soft

I'm a hard ass nigga, don't flaunt, ch'ass nigga

You can duck, but you can't dodge, my nigga

Get money, move to the 'burbs

Still find me in the hood, post up on the curb

Cyndi Lauper, mixed wit' that mary jane

That's how them Dade County niggaz save up thangs

Eatin' lobster with freaks that down to fuck thangs

Every week on GP, I get twelve thangs

Goin ta hell, cause Heaven ain't got thangs

Big chomps, naked women, and diamond rangs

I love the Lord, but livin' here's so hard

You ain't doin the scarrin'?

Then you get scarred

Look at me, the loser who made it

The Don of Dade, and I can't be faded

[Chorus]

{Over chororus - Dirtbag }

Man, muck dat boy

Man, buck dat boy

Man, muck dat boy

[Bridge]

Gushy-gushy, gushy-gushy, feels good

Gushy-gushy, gushy-gushy, feels good

Gushy-gushy, gushy-gushy, feels good

Gushy-gushy, gushy-gushy, feels good

I ain't come around to play (Man, muck dat boy)

I ain't come around to play (Man, buck dat boy)

I ain't come around to play (Man, muck dat boy)

I ain't come around to play 'cause I ain't 'bout dem silly games

I ain't come around to play (Man, muck dat boy)

I ain't come around to play (Man, buck dat boy)

I ain't come around to play (Man, muck dat boy)

I ain't come around to play 'cause I ain't 'bout dem silly games

(Chorus then instrumental to fade)

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