

## **Gibson Brothers**

### **"Straight Dirt"**

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Straight dirt (straight dirt)  
Halloween Part 74 (we see you, we see you)  
Myke Miers (yeah, Mykill Miers)  
G.D. (G.D. yo) A.G. (A.G. baby)  
.. Yeah y'all Myke Miers  
Uh, yo uh, throwin some dirt  
L.A., California (I see y'all, I see y'all, I see y'all!)

[A.G.]

It's A.G., legendary already, jewels is heavy  
Bet every penny, go against us you'll get buried  
Give the drummer some, watch these brothers come  
correct  
Take shit from none of them, make hits like Run and  
them  
From the Bronx where these nosy hoes be  
I rep New York like Pat Ewing, shine in Cali like Kobe  
Address every issue like my bitch do  
And drop bombs like Terry Nichols  
G.D. is the set to rep that make it official  
Wack niggaz with hot beats - I should take it and diss  
you  
My format is like makin a pistol  
Bust it and reload it, bitches suck it and deep throat it  
Rode the train on Elayne, we fucked, and we bolted  
You ain't gangster, I called his bluff, and he folded  
From the Bronx to Carson  
My niggaz wear braids and rock perms like Sharpton  
Either way the gauge'll blaze when I spark 'em  
Me and Myke Miers, tight like pliers  
And like Midas I got the touch  
And after the show I got to fuck, we dirty

[Chorus: Mykill Miers]

Aiyyo who want some get some  
The fo' of us we be all up in yo' shit son  
You actin like you can't get it and you get done  
It's G.D. and Myke Miers get yo' click hung  
Aiyyo you want some get some  
The fo' of us we be all up in yo' shit son  
You actin like you can't get it and you get done

It's G.D. and Myke Miers in yo' system ("we get dirty")

[Mykill Miers]

Yo I'm the mad one with a magnum  
I blast some - and leave the rest to ransom  
The skills you have none, I have some, I have plenty  
You ask any, MC that goin against me  
and they'll tell you, "Dog you ain't even got a chance"  
My vocal tone alone leaves you in a trance  
Hypnotic, I gets it jumpin like hydraulics  
Keepin you high like chronic, nigga who want it?  
If you fronted you get haunted like October 31st  
I kill wannabe MC's with one fuckin verse  
And make 'em never pick up a mic again  
I'm frightenin, Myke Miers strikes again  
MC's bite like Tyson and, get suspended  
And it'll be a year before they fight again  
Then when asked if they'll fight again  
say they went through counselin so they could pick up a  
mic again  
Myke Miers and A.G., it's all gravy  
Out for them "Dead Presidents" like Jay-Z, yo

[Chorus]

[G.D. - D-Flow]

Notice the pose by my DICK nigga  
The shit be realer than jail life  
Straight torture make a nigga yell twice  
I reminisce on dead peeps, as the time pass  
Instead of toastin it up, I break the wine glass  
As my nine blast for the lost soul I spit  
Colder than strip, Mo' is to sip and dough is to flip  
I heard a bird flock, flow is the shit  
Bitch you gotta fuck the crew cause you the ho in the  
clique  
Me and Myke Miers, choke niggaz who spite wires  
G.D. f'real about it, y'all niggaz be type quiet

[G.D. - Party Arty]

Y'all funny, twenty bars is car money  
Y'all hungry, but your skills is far from me  
Allah brung me, we get dirty but y'all bummy  
Clothes all bummy, nose all runny  
I hit you in the chest with this fo'-fo' money  
Fuck trickin, these pigeons get no dough from me  
Type to, murder your family, then plead insanity  
My man's and me whylin on Fantasy Island, we plan to  
be

[Chorus]

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