

Gilla

"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]
Aiiyo 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
Aiiyo 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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