

## Oksana Angel

### "Ol Dirty's Back"

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Intro: Ol Dirty Bastard

Sup? Let's go.

(Yo Snoop Dogg! Yo Dre! Yo Too \$hort! E-40, and the motherfucking Click!)

Nuff respect to the West coast.

(Duhhn duhnn duhnn)

Yo, Ol Dirty Bastard coming through

Know what I'm saying? I got the East coast locked the FUCK down

Hear my SHIT, nigga! (Dirty dirty dirty, Brooklyn!)

Verse One: 12 O'Clock

Shit is crazy real in the field

I watched niggaz blood get spilled over five dollar bills

And major drug deals on the real

See a nigga get meals and his bitch get him killed

In this American dream to get some cream

You're ownin a Beem, and your face in magazines

12 O'Clock maintains in the game

Bring the Pain to smokin Method, main

It's not all about the fame, silly ass dames

Get a gold record and you change

And for the niggaz sellin cocaine, you're too blame

Black people lives ain't the same

And that's the Tale in my Hood

Niggaz is up to no good, you better watch em in them hoods

Verse Two: Ol Dirty Bastard

I always thought livin life was easy

Go to school, get a job, yo it couldn't be me

So instead, I played my bed

My momma got fed, and now a nigga livin with a dread

My best fuckin friend, knew him since ten

Nigga feed me CREAM, let me whip the Benz

Houses all over Texas, lightning gold Lexus

He had enough respect to dress this

Expensive Tim suits, girl wearin fly Gucci boots

Put me on like POOK!  
Every morning that I awake  
Ten G's in my fuckin face, combination to the safe!  
Son run the state, carrying coke by the weight  
Nigga put pounds in the weed gate  
And it's ran by Ol Dirty  
12 O'Clock, my little brother, he keeps it dirty  
Dirty

[Fuck all that motherfucking drug selling shit  
I wanna see some motherfucking lyrics  
I wanna hear some motherfucking lyrics  
What up nigga, what?]

Hahahahahahahahahahaha  
I got you nigga

Verse Three: 12 O'Clock, Ol Dirty Bastard

I'll rip mics on site you know the type  
New Jack, this is my City like Wesley Snipes  
Go fly a kite or somethin, make some muffins  
I come up bad in the town like Charles Bronson  
Now set your speaker and I'll do you for that reason  
12 is no joke I bring wreck through the seasons  
Solomon, contend, many more but just when  
That Joker act you can save for Jack Nicholson

One two and three, through your rap fatigue  
In the MC world, is a minor league  
What you speak, you swear it's unique  
It's just a peek, physique, of an old antique  
Don't expect a project, then it's bound to freeze  
Your whole head is stuck and stiff  
Next Siamese, I never liked rhymes  
That's incomplete, then again obsolete  
I shall repeat, there's an Easy Street  
For niggaz who earned, then learn your sojourn  
Then you return, as an intelligent, positive, messenger  
Not an experiment negative Lucifer  
With a tittling gloss of crafted skin  
Nothing like spring sauce, of the true origin  
Who would score, the wizard of war  
Came in best man was a god damn dinosaur  
No more jungle-like living, from the Blue Lagoon  
It's not an Animal House, National loon Lampoon  
If you understand the what when  
Why how, are you fellas who exempt  
Or to disallow, a fresh MC, that will knock you down  
I gets dizzy spellbound like a merry-go-round  
While I'm freaking, shall I expose

You take a subject, and then you decompose

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