

Outkast "Dirt Work"

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[Slimm]

I'm about two and a quarter from rocking the bird
And about a G short from choppin' the third
Now I'm sitting at the light with ten pounds of herb
Uh oh, there they go, the Red Dogs swerve
Jumped out, "Man, damn, they got nerve."
Got the hell on, dropped everything including my word
Now it's off through the woods we go, here we go
Tossing the greens and blow, oh no!
Dipping through the trails, running from twelve
Everybody gotta lay low, shhhhhh!
Escape routes major, elite street rollers
Shit, we doper than cola, straight from Ayatollah
A-Town heat stokers, flaming like the devils poker
Two of the best wit it, hot shit, we'll roast ya
If it's beef I'll choke ya and leave you for the vultures
Or we can keep it cool playboy and I'll toast ya

[Hook]

Dirt work, nigga we don't play
I got a couple on the tool and a few on the way
(repeat)

[Big Boi]

Well it's the rippinest, wickedest MC, bustin hard up out
the ginseng
Tell more dope stories than a damn dope house dope
fiend
Fuck the police, you know me
These hoes blow me slowly, seems like they owe me
Show me the dope don't worry about the cash
Or your girlfriend's gonna be lonely, homey
These rich and these vegetables feeling bony
Don't make me open my book bag and you under
scaling on me
You understand me Tony, you look like you wanna go
on a boat
But you know I'll leave you bloating or floating
Like sailboats and LTD's. Private, please
I'm the nigga that earned his street stripes
And they've seen me in the Source Magazine
so you can't even pass me three mikes

You get three strikes and about a half of clip of bullets,
so run it
And we can go on and get our little prices up
And act like we was on that Teen Summit

(Hook)

[Slimm]

I'm about a four and a half into working these slabs
And about a hundred away from back in the lab
Now I done bust the next batch down and my face
looking drab
Uh oh, yep, this nigga done served me some bab
Me sad? Naw, mad. Quick to bust your ass
Playing around wit a hustler's cash, they'll find ya
stankin in the trash
And escape wit your Billy Jean and thriller, cause I'm
bad
Who dat, them niggas wit the juice pack, you thought
you had
Naw dad, I'm glad my niggas keep a few thangs, wit a
few mags
Down to toe tag, drop bags, switch tags, and haul ass
Smash till we out of gas, blast only if we gotta blast
Turn sunny days into an overcast
Abusive to the under class, when my tongue lash
And I mash out wit OutKast. Yeah...!

(Hook x3 to fade)

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