

## Da Brat "Dirty B Side"

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B Side, B side, ha, check it  
So, So Def Bad Boy collaboration  
The Notorious BIG in the house  
We got Da Brat in the house  
And me, y'all know who I be  
Check it

I got that shit all you niggas just love to ride to  
Funk for your trunk is what I provide you  
So slide through your hood with me in your deck  
'Cause your correct way to get your groove on flomps

And I paid the costs to be the boss as a kid  
Fucked around and made some shit you can't fuck with  
They thought luck did it, but it didn't 'cause I'm back  
again  
Back with the Big and my new-found friend

Sliding in from the front, never way behind  
Niggas wonder how I came with this style of mine  
Remain in your seats as I release the clip into yo' hip  
Brat and Biggie Smalls

Aw, shit!  
On top of all that, I'm so, so remarkable  
Flow to make you motherfuckers know  
Ain't an MC coming close to touch  
Bitches I like to fuck, guns I like to bust, so

Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want  
Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want

I never knew, niggas had a clue  
On who was the king of the street  
More deep than a Range Rover jeep, guns under the  
seat  
And my nigga just came home from work, release

Cristal in my lap, chronic in the air  
(Nigga, pass that shit like you just don't care)

Yeah, you on my shit list, Biggie burns spliffs  
when I'm pissed, release the Rolex from your wrist

Nigga, no human being, Korean or European  
Be seein' what Big be seein', I leave 'em peein'  
In they draws, be'cause Biggie Smalls  
Is far from weak, Brat, tat, tat, please speak  
(Nigga, close your eyes, 'cause you already see  
The Notorious B, R, A, T)

The raw combination, the destination  
Number one tote a gun with no hesitation  
Live with the funkdaified cutie pie

Gat by the thigh, the Smalls by her side  
If you fuck with her you got to fuck with me  
And we'll be rapping at your motherfuckin' eulogy, so

Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want  
Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want

Brat, tat, tat, tat, please speak

I got the funk in my pocket, shit stay locked down  
The nigga you know who represent them platinum  
sounds  
Now baby Biggie, I done heard that Juicy  
Didn't find nuthin' but truth, in the hook B

You're pledging to wreck with a notorious nigga ready  
to die  
Jump in the Benz, took me a little ride  
Round the mountain, broke a left, hit So, So Def  
And told the nigga JD I was the one, fuck the rest  
We Funkdaified, kicking it live

Robin Leach teach a nigga how to really survive  
Whether it be track or blunt, ain't no need to front  
Got what you need, and I take everything you ever  
wanted, nigga  
We comin' mass, his pimpin' ass, his glass is full of  
Moet  
The Rolex is bar-bayed, parkade, B to the R, A, T  
Rolling off swoll on chrome seventeen

Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want  
Lay on back, light up the blunts  
As we give you motherfuckers just what you want

Lay back, listen to the B Side  
Slide, glide, do whatever you want  
Get out your lighters  
We be the rhyme writers  
Starters from the heart of College Park  
New York, Chicago  
Wherever you wanna go

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