

Dandy Warhols

"Out Wit' Da Old"

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[Intro]

Ha-ha-ha-ha...

No Mercy, No Remorse

Picture that

He-he-he-he...

Take an eerie ride

You always remember, to give respect too

Yo' foul?

You remember when you was locked up in the clink?

Fa sho!

Didn't none of them bitch-ass niggas wanna help you
get out?

Ha-ha, fa sho!

Look at that ???? god damn thing

Yeeah Ninja Boy, now we better get them bennies baby

Forget about it, you niggas can't see me

Forget about it

Forget afuckingbout it

[Verse 1]

'94, to listen, to narrarate the blessin'

Passisus insists that you fools to start guessin'

X, is the teacher in this hold of Fort Knox

And my students blast like college mind

Heavyweight BOOM! now press be mine

Rat-tat-tat-tat

He just lost from the 9

Upward, this barn, indeed X-A-Rus

Hotter than thrush, you best X-A-Dus

Fool, you gets nothin', but draw ??

And I see through rich niggas like ?

X-ecution style, or behind the ear

With a twenty-two, i do, what i do

Done, what i did, the crowd screamed "Ooh!"

X ?? step without a clue

I once was stranded, but went A-Wall

Hot left buck when I lyrical gang-bang

Rat-tat-tat-tat, now y'all remember that

Smoked-down to the roach

And the chronic was phat

Left a ride, 'cause I wrote that for Dre

Never fear a Devil, cult, they don't pray
Have my newton motto is "Fuck what they say!"
Is the brand new dollar, for my brand new day
Out with the old, and in with the new
Hit 'em with the heavyweight boom

[Chorus 2x]

Out Wit' Da Old, and in with the new
We always remember to give respect too
Those that battle-battle if your crude to pursue
I'll hit'cha like *BOOM* and I thought you knew

[Verse 2]

Yo, I tell 'em like this 'cause most niggas don't know
But X, was the backbone of Death Row
Snoop was the front-man
Dre was the beat
Show, was the nigga that made shit complete
Rage, was the lady
Kurupt was the mental
Daz, Dillinger blast with instrumental
All you other fools we consider secondary
Let a twenty-four over the rhyme primary
My contemplated skill and ill to the little
My flex does a little, helps if you like the one in the
praire
Feel the intense dry heat
That's when I add moisture
And lubricate the beat
An aquaduct force, or more than I construct that poems
Then I, swing my nuclear arms
And you *BOOM* blow up
Throw up your hands and form the X
Indeed I invisioned your flex
Quit fakin' a fall
But nowadays, these M.C.s be playin' the role of O.G.s
Listen as the awkward styles, like Robbie Brista
And written concepts top-up your transmistor

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

They slept when I rocked
But that's not on a jewel
They stood around and jocked screaming
"X, go wousy, woo-woo!"
Thousy, we go throw brand new
Stampeding through, like wild Caribou
Ooh, far from doo-doo that's shitty
First and foremost, from the Long Beach City
Never honorary, born and raised as true

I roll like a twenty, plus, I'm insane too
Creeps, I ain't dissin' none of my peeps
The first one to jump, is the first one to sleep
X, I drop the bomb, you remember
I put that on my Mama, Emma, drama

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Noo...indeed
And forever andibly, you shall feel the strong, rage
Neretal all E, X
Indeed...ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-haaaa
BOOM

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