

## 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 standed 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-ha-ha-haaaa  
\*BOOM\*

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