

# The Neptunes Present Clones "Pop SH\*T (Dirt McGirt Ft. Pharrell)"

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1-2, 1-2, 1-2 (guess who's raw?)  
Yeah mothafucker, you know who it is  
Ol' Dirty Bastard a.k.a. Dirt McGirt  
Killin' anything that moves [x2]  
You know what time it is  
Neptunes mothafucker.. The Neptunes  
Yo 1-2, 1-2 (yeah this shit don't stop!)

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]  
Plug it up, cocaine make ya speakers blow  
Party amps gettin' sniffed up now wit it too  
When there's somethin' in my camp, a wireless amp  
High as a ramp, speak to Wu like stamp  
The wet got me damp, pussy darker than lamp  
Moses you don't wanna 'ttempt, I see all fans  
I'm too drunk too, now you like "Move!"  
Coked out in Peru, in hair/here like shampoo  
Small like snubs, camera to you scrubs  
Kinda like stubs, confidential at the club  
Sniff buds like Rule, I fast Ghost like Wu  
Get CREAM like tube, burn ya fast food  
Appeared in rude, we'll take ya panties off nude  
Yes and renewed, big guns and clued  
Bitch I'm loose like Lugz, Dirty to the litter bug  
Girls you like hugs? I don't like thugs

[Chorus: Pharrell (ODB)]  
Pop shit, bitch what's wrong?  
Pop shit, nigga what's wrong?  
(Take my drink it's about to get..) OOH!  
(Take my drink it's about to get..) OOH!  
(Me and my niggaz about to get...) SUED!  
(Me and my niggaz about to stop..) YOU!

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]  
Aiyó all this shit is from the ghetto  
Smoke Palmetto, sing like Penó  
Carry the Heathrows, scared of police though  
They tried to kill O. in prison yo!  
Had me turned out, drunk is all about  
I got this money pourin' out the stout  
I'm a loud mouth, drunk party is out

Play this music on every route  
Follow Dirty, I'm the WhiteOut  
Catch bitches like trout, get drunk, won't stop  
I'm gettin' this money, called gettin' honey  
Streets of Brooklyn and ain't a damn thing funny  
Have a day sunny, bitches put me in ya tummy  
I'm the nigga on the cross burnin' about 20  
Go me a bunny lookin' good and funny  
All you niggaz, is straight crash dummies

[Chorus]

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

I was checkin' out my melody before The Blueprint  
Felony, a nuisance, huggin' me and my two cents  
Don't double the six takes, never did a mixtape  
But rather a chick take but waste any weather we get  
cake  
I let rats have it, fuck these rap faggots!  
Everybody want the kid dead like Pat Garrett  
I'm a goon, speak with a mellow tone  
Rock yellow stones, gun longer than a broom!  
'cause felon on the ride is long due and soon  
Out again like boom, government comin' soon  
Anything less is uncivilized like it tastes mad  
I'm a shoot a youth's Sajak, cooler than a mayback  
Arubu known to collect, twistin' up that haze black  
And Backwood on that, hoodrat, I stay strapped  
P.P., don't carry that weight  
Nigga redhead, fuck with chicks if their head straight

[Chorus]

[Outro: ODB]

Yeah you know what time it is  
It's that new shit  
Dirt McGirt, Neptunes

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