

The Neptunes Present Clones "Pop SH*T (Dirt McGirt)"

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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]
Aiyo all this shit is from the ghetto
Smoke Palmetto, sing like Peno
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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