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Ol' Dirty Bastard "Brooklyn Zoo II"

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(feat. Ghostface Killah)

[Intro:]

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One two, one two -- you taping this? All types of shit yo let that shit ride Word to mother, turn up the microphone! Get all that good shit, get all that good shit (one two, one two) One two, one two, one two... one two Now niggaz know Ssssshhhit, yo yo check this out, check this joint This is strictly for the radio, yo I just want all y'all to know The reason why I curse is because my momma and my daddy They grew up cursin So please respect my style, please!

[Verse One: Ol Dirty Bastard]

I'll grab the mic and now I damage you, cut your whole stamin-u Ohh, sssshit, nahh I'll grab the mic and now I damage ya, cut your whole staminuh Here comes the medical examinuh One verse then you out for the count Bring the ammonia make sure he sniffs... the right amount Ya yo, I'm sorry, un-gah-e-gas-e-ya I'll grab and the mic and now I damage you, cut your

whole stamiNUH Here comes the medical examiNUH One verse then you're out for the count Bring the ammonia, make sure he sniffs the right amount Wake you up and then I ask you How do you intend this --Competition to get an asssss kickin sooooo tremendous, RARRH!

You shouldn't bother this Leave me alone like a son he'll be fatherless! I got the asiatic flow mixed with disco Roll up on the scene like the Count of Monte Crisco And MC's start to vanish I rolled up on a jet black kid the nigga started speakin spanish Yo! You wasn't from Panana!! I asked you how you get so fuckin dark, you said suntama He responded so fast, you made me laugh Ha-ha-ha, HARARRRH scared-his ass! Kick the hundred strongest rhymes Then I brought out the punk in him Roll up with the strong five deadly venoms Told HIM! Enter the Wu-Tang! Witness the Shaolin slang, that crush any shit you bring I watch your ass take a big fall, why?! My Main Source, is like a friendly game of stickball

And as you step up to bat man, I play the riddler You try to do me for my nigga I'll change to Hitler I'll go out like Nazi, wish your fuckin ass stayed Home and play Yahtzee! Or watchin Happy Days sweatin Poxie With Ralphie and Cunningham, Joni and Chachi

(Yo Unique, yo kid Check this shit out! Yo, yo)

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killer]

Ninety-five niggaz is wasted

Keystone capered, and Wu kept the rap fiends basted Foamin out the mouthpiece, heads blown like geese Murderous police, I do shows and perform in Grease It's not magic, gaming is the gadget World classic big national high attracts dear graphics Lampin in my own zone, my physical show Inhale bones Tony stuck, for the diamond in Rome He's convincin, labelled one man rap convention The nigga that'll gun down, eighty frenchmen Lead vocalist, music specialist, rap arsonist I deal with sharpness plus spark the hardest individual I plant crimes inside vocals My rap's like my passport, my life's my proof Hit the sun roof, be out like a wanderin dream Shuttle, and get startled off the verbal hygiene, my nigga

[sample of Stamina]

[sample of Baby C'mon] [sample of Brooklyn Zoo] [sample of Drunk Game (Sweet Sugar Pie)] [sample of The Stomp]

Shame on you when you step through to OI Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo! Shame on you when you step through to OI Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo! What?!! My nuh Shame on you when you step through to The OI Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo Shame on you when you step through to THe OI Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo To the West coast! To the East coast To the North coast To the South When you take North, East, West, South Put it all together and it spell NEWS! Then you got the ol rhythm, bastard blues And ya don't stop So keep your shit, motherfucker, fucker, fucker!

[live concert]

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