

# Ol' Dirty Bastard "Last Call"

Visit "[Last Call](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

(featuring Master Fool)

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

This recordin is Dirty and it's Stinkin  
Funkier than Peppi Le Pew so I was thinkin, about  
droppin this single on the charts, lettin ya know  
hey, the kid has heart, I never deny myself as being  
dope, but in my last jam, niggaz slept on my notes  
You thought that I was weak? Huh? Let me speak  
My rhymes come funkier than ya grandfathers feet  
So listen mister, don't you ever forget  
the rhyme is dirty, you couldn't even clean it  
with Comet, for even Wolrex, some tried Ajax  
Only mix with the best, forty-eight tracks  
Yo, I get down with the Ason sounds  
Lyrics that be flowin from miles around  
So let the music shut ya ass up, then feel the uppercut  
Now I make ya fall to ya butt

[Master Fool]

Ho-ho-hold up, Master Fool  
Takin' it on down, jugga-jugga-ju  
Fall on ya butt, ya ass gon' hurt  
They call us WINGWORM 'cause we mastered this dirt  
I act like a drunk but I'm out for the dough  
I mastered the funk, Dirt mastered the ho's  
Only Master play the Fool, I worked hard and paid my  
dues  
Tony Snatcher played the fool  
And man meater eater played the bone  
I come in the club with no ID  
They gon' have to close the club up messin wit me  
Up.. Dirty and Stinkin stuff  
It's that Dirty dick NUH with the Stinkin nuts  
Last Call now drink it up  
Me and Dirt want a pound for some Stinkin stuff

[Chorus x2: Master Fool]

Last Call for alcohol, everybody out the bar  
Get ya back up off the wall  
People.. ohh.. ohh.. people.. ohh.. ohh

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yo, let me continue, verse number two  
Style is wild, dirty and stinkin like doo-doo  
If ya hangin around, ya changed ya mind  
It is a bad influence, but yo it's my rhyme  
I sit down and I say to myself, "Self  
yo, are you rated top the shelf?"  
I drop the single for you to get a dose of  
As I lay back like a pillow on a sofa  
Gettin paid? Yeah right, Willy  
Why askin me, G? What? What? What? What? You know  
me  
My mouth is sugar, sweet as a honey bee  
Taste like a forty, Stinkin like Old-E

[Master Fool]

Fool in this bitch, where the fuck is the drinks?  
No open bar!?! Where the fuck is the drinks?  
That bitch over there with her man tuckin his link  
All strip club bitches straight clutchin his mink  
Niggaz official, big guns, wavin the pistol  
My dogs lookin for the brew now we bitin the gristle  
(Stop fuckin with them guns son you playin too much)  
Catch a charge drinkin bro', I ain't playin too rough  
Fucks! Lay in the cuts and hug the butts  
Grab a big five whether you a scrub or not  
Robbery, robbery, pop, pop, poppin like a glock  
Robbery, robbery, drop, drop, drop it like it's hot

[Chorus x4]

[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo  
Heard Master singin that shit?  
Stinkin blue Palmaid..  
Doo-doo, doo-doo, doo-doo..

Visit [Ol' Dirty Bastard](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.