

Ol' Dirty Bastard

"Out Of Control"

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[Intro: Chops]

You listening to a Chops production

And MB's the click, ODB, Dirt McGirt, tell 'em

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yeah, roof is on fire, bitch, put it out

Out of control, flames spinnin' out

When you get real deep, dig it out

When you rollin' up the L, pig it out

Pop the cork, respect, pour it out

White Horse in the house, roll it out

If it's goods on the wood, throw 'em out

I'll be there, pop, you can dig it out

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Dirt Dog, want the red rug, roll it out

You saw the grip, and I ain't ashamed to pull it out

My fault, cuz you said you gonna bring it out

And you know it ain't comin', til I'm singin' out

Oh, don't stop ma, got my legs shakin' here, don't stop
ma

You're a real freak girl, gotta give you props

Cuz I feel the bam bam when my bed rock

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Rollin' on your stair, bitch, pick her out

Out of control, and can't slut her out

Big girls, you can get it, no doubt

You jumpin' off, with the pretty little mouth

Don't expect to trip down south

Uh-uh, and relay in my baby mama house

Let's fuck, girl, time's running out

Mama be home at five, on the dot

[Chorus]

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Fuckin' up my party, bitch, throw 'em out

Out of control, my name, wide 'em out

Fill the arenas, the Roc, sell 'em out

Get mad shit on the curb, and pout

When I left the Billboards, what drought

Serious thought, for those who wanna doubt
Move with felony niggaz, that just came out
And thunders that be spittin' in heavy, like four pounds

[Chorus]

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