

## **Ol' Dirty Bastard "Proteck Ya Neck II the Zoo"**

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See let a nigga come through with that bullshit  
Anytime you pop that shit nigga  
I'ma tell you you can suck a dick, you can suck a pussy  
I know, it'll come to what? Say what?

Now I'ma let all you motherfuckers know  
(See them knows that this is something you can't fuck,  
always)  
Whether you from Brooklyn, whether you from  
Manhattan  
You from Queens nigga, I don't give a fuck, where you  
be motherfucker?

Where you reside motherfucker?  
How you live? How you see?  
Sort the stack outs, this one's the blackout  
Three-fifty-seven to your mouth

Dunn can you hear me? Raw is how I'ma inflicting this  
It's that G type slang that makes this real sickening  
Ignite my styles I got my hand upon the trigger  
Starts from the smallest and hits the bigger nigga

Yo, straight actin' live about them hell fires  
A known mental killer, or thriller, assassin of terror  
The hot bloody fatal mixture of carbonate water  
Homicidal manslaughter, death is the order start the  
mission

Travel like the speed of wind, through the valley of sin  
I step to ville and murdered many man  
Serving justice in my vicinity  
This is, Brooklyn, Zu

I get down I get down I crack your fuckin crown  
Lay around and watch some real niggaz break ground  
I can't shop 'cuz every bro blowin' up the spot  
Hit rocks and niggaz know

Yo, niggaz grab the mic like the bites of a scorpion  
Nervous, that's why the zoo brought me in  
Now bring 'em forth, like the tortures at the courts

Before the case begin, first break me in his brain

And make sure he can't maintain the calmness  
Ya harmless, watch how I bomb this  
Stage like mail, pre hands that be the move  
Now your Posse is your fuckin' Platoon

Stale cells, just flows through the air  
I'm like a ninja, once I send ya down stairs  
Then I get furious, imperious, the lyricist  
With the cleverest rhyme erupt to deduct your fuckin'  
mind

Fuck, shit up on the hurry up  
Known for burying ducks through more styles than a  
muck  
Warning you chump, brain is out for lunch  
Given the power punch, soon to be paid like Donald  
Trump

Never fall victim to no bitch  
Jerked my dick, but still got more hoes than a pimp  
And score more points than Shawn Kemp  
Keepin' powerfully strong like the center on the Knicks

Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut  
O! Dirty Bastard live and uncut  
Shame on a nigga who tried to run game on a

Got more props than the President  
My hardcore represent, blowin' niggaz back who never  
had this  
'Cause I'm gifted, so you can get wrapped  
The shit I'm kickin', send it to your moms for Christmas  
And tell her, Shorty Shit Stain sent it

Soon to have more green than the Jolly Green Giant  
'Cuz niggaz rap styles just down is aspired  
You shoulda stayed home instead of picking up a  
microphone

But if you wanna run on up, like you tough  
I call your bluff, and blow you down with my hardcore  
Stuff, I shine like twenty-four carat

Roll and stroll with the party scene  
Nigga wanna know me as Mr. Clean  
Wza-wza-wza-wza-Wu-Tang, flip the script and  
Test my skill niggaz, you're trippin'

Drugged up from sniffin', you're the one who's riffin'

I'm not Opie, save that old shit for Andy Griffith  
Start to flip, slip, 'cuz you're slippin'  
While you sleep I be the God on point

With Scottie Pip pen as I, jump on stage, flip rip a show  
Strip and rip a hoe, way like Bo  
Jackson while I'm still taxin', maxin'  
Relaxin', sittin' back sellin' good tracks

And again and again when I rock the jam  
Wanna see 'em up in the air? Throw up your hand  
Introducin', one-man band in town  
It's wild, with the style couldn't stand nigga

When the jump, stepped, to the center  
Of the rhyme inventor, MC's come at the  
You get dap slapped, across the MC map  
Your ass that's your ass, on a whore shot

Come on through I black and blue your whole crew  
Then I get Rudy with the Hong Kong Foo  
O! Dirty Bastard, MC killer, money maker, Brooklyn,  
challenger  
That I lay down like towel, then I get higher

Here comes the ill, type ruffer  
Style be untouched I'm leavin' broken down grammars  
on the pen  
Who who what? What brings it? Tighter than your anus  
Chambers this name is for the deepest trainers

Keep it stainless, steel, on time it is the windmill  
Deadly venom kills, at the last of the Sam's Mill  
60 Second, nucleus, attack on your set  
Hit you with the blast  
(Yo, close the door)

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