

Ol' Dirty Bastard "Reunited"

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[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard (singing)]

Reunited cuz it feels so good
Reunited cuz we're understood
There's one perfect thing
and children this one is it
We both we're so excited cuz
we're reunited, hey! hey!

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

I'm known on the microphone as the rap professor
Casual dresser, you may dress fresher
The way that I speak this shit is energetic
My physique of meat is quick athletic
Remove all MC's who disapprove
that my funky fresh particle always have the groove
You're jealous over me because you're not a
competitor
You're just a donor, I'm the rap editor
Tryin to rock the mic when you get an appetite
All negative on the mic, I dislike
Try to rock the mic but only will reduce
Try to get loose, you juice as a youth
Not knowin to yourself that you shall be frozen
I'm the MC warrior, who has been chosen
to rock and shock beats, polite when I recite
Sulfur MC's, you are down right, out right
Try to be talkative, there's no alternative
Hide until I forgive, this motive
I am unique with the perfected physique
The objective of my rhyme is my own technique
I maintain the paradise on this Earth
with the shut the fuck up style for what this shit is worth
Watch a nigga catch a purse
Super-hero niggaz die
Do my dirt, get away and multiply
You bitches, ya nice guys
Always want bitch, because ya need mine
I pleased on how I get up on the stage and fuck up the
show

Cuz nobody can't fuck with me!
You bootleggin buyin motherfuckers, don't do that with

me
with all these child-support cases I got, I needs my
money!
Earl for ages, a 100 and down, sacrifice ya baby to the
underground
The best kept secret, how does it feel to be
boxin in like a skeleton, growin back ya skin?
When I was young, I was taught how to produce
the science of babies gettin loose
I turned white boys to Springsteen spruce
Black to spooks, gave the Chinese Bruce
I can't help it if my style is foggy, monster boogie
Get ya high on my patio, all come to see me movie
Bicthes, you're walkin on my dirt
We ain't sayin nuthin
I whisper in ya ear, make ya blink cold Pert
Love potion, plenty bones I put up
What!? What!? What!? What!?
You know what time it is,
mothefuckers!

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

I want to give a big shout out to the Wu-Tang Clan
We holdin it down. Youknowl'msayin?
I also want to show mad love to Puffy cuz you holdin it
down
Master P, you holdin it down
Knowl'msayin? Dr.Dre, you holdin it down
Give Snoop my love, E-40
MC Eiht, West Coast, word is bond
This is family, I don't give a fuck!
Striaight up. It's Dirt Dog, nigga!
Y'all niggaz know how the fuck I get down!
knowl'msayin? I'm here to represent this shit!
Knowlmean? I love y'all niggaz!
Motherfucker, my stomach hurts!
Bitch, I got to go!
(ah, Wu-Tang motherfuckers...)

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