

## **Ol' Dirty Bastard "Run Dirty Run"**

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They see me rollin'  
They hatin'  
Patrollin'  
And tryin. to catch me ridin. dirty.  
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Police think they can see me lean;  
I'm tint so it ain't easy to be seen.  
For me to see me ride by, they can see the gleam  
And my shine on the deck and the TV screen.  
Ride with a new chick, she like "Hold up."  
Next to the Playstation controller  
There's a full clip in my pistola;  
send a jacker into a coma.  
Girl, you ain't know, I'm crazy like Krayzie Bone;  
Just tryin' to make you horny, ain't tryin' to have no  
babies.  
Ride clean as hell so I pull in ladies.  
Law's on patrol; you know they hate me.  
Music turned all the way up and to the maximum;  
I can speak for some niggas tryin' to jack for some.  
But we packin' somethin' that we have  
And, um, will have a nigga locked up in the maximum  
Security cell. I'm grippin' oak.  
Music loud and I'm tippin' slow.  
Twins steady twistin' like hit this dough;  
Police Pull up from behind and im sittin low.  
Windows down, gotta stop pollution.  
CDs change; niggas like "Who is that producin'?"  
This the Play-N-Skillz when we out and cruisin'  
Got warrants in every city except Houston

But I still ain't losin'.

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I been drinkin' and smokin'; holdin' shit  
'Cause a brother can't focus.  
I gotta get to home 'fore the po-po's scope  
This big ol Excursion  
Swervin',  
All up in the curve, man.  
Nigga been sippin' on that Hennessey  
And the gin again  
Is in again;  
We in the wind.  
Doin' a hundred while I come from the block  
And rollin another one up;  
We livin' like we ain't givin' a fuck.  
I got a revolver in my right hand;  
40 oz on my lap, freezing my balls  
Roll a nigga tree, green leaves and all.  
Comin' up pretty deep, me and my do-jo.  
I gotta get to backstreets;  
Wanted by the six-pounds  
And I got heat.  
shots to the block;  
We creep-creep. Pop-pop.  
Hope cops don't see me;  
On a low key.  
With no regard for the law,  
We dodge 'em like fuck-'em-all.  
But I won't get caught up  
And brought up  
On charges for none of y'all.  
Keep a gun in car  
And a blunt to spark,  
But, well, if you want,

Nigga, poppin' you dark.  
Ready or not, we gon' bust shots off in the air  
Krayzie Bone and Chamillionaire.

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Do what you thinkin' so,  
I tried to let you go.  
Turn on my blinker light  
And then I swang it slow.  
And they upset for sure  
'Cause they think they know  
That they catchin me with plenty of the drinkin' drough.  
So they get behind me,  
Tryin' to check my tags.  
Look at my rearview and they smilin',  
Thinkin' they'll catch me on the wrong; keep tryin'  
steady denyin' it's racial profilin'.  
Houston, TX, you can check my tags;  
Pull me over, try to check my slab.  
Glove compartment, gotta get my cash  
'Cause the crooked cops'll try to come up fast.  
And bein' the baller that I am, I talk to them,  
Givin' a damn 'bout not feeling my attitude.  
When they realize I ain't even ridin' dirty  
Bet you'll be leavin' with an even madder mood.  
I'ma laugh at you  
And then I have to cruise.  
You're a number two  
On some old DJ Screw.  
You can't arrest me plus you can't sue.  
This a message to the law; tells 'em "We hate you."  
I can't be touched and tell 'em that they shoulda known.  
Tippin' down; I'm sittin' crooked on my chrome.  
Bookin' my phone; findin' a chick I wanna bone.  
Like they couldn't stop me I'mma bout to pull up at your

home  
And it's on.

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