

Ol' Dirty Bastard "Stomp"

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{I'll be next shit
Party we will party along with me}

Sing the song, sing the song with me
Sing the song, sing the song with me

B-b-baby, tell me why, tell me so
I ask you to go high, you tell me to go low
So I go low taste the shit
Taste it again, I like it

I'm the original G O D
Making young ladies scream's my specialty
When I go dun dun dun duh, girls get hype
From the funky fresh music that was stereotyped

When I kill, that ol' mad funky flow
Not sayin' a son, duck duck disco
Or disco duck, strictly hip hop
Baby, baby, I can't stop

Wu, gots ta like come on through
So, that's the call for the Wu
I came here to rectify
Brooklyn zoo, terrify

Why niggas wanna get up and rap and rap and rap
Man fuck that, shit that I make it's the skit
I wanna see ya hands in the air can ya dig it, let's sing
the song
Come on party people all in together now sing along

Have you ever, ever, ever
In your long legged life
Had a bald headed bitch
For your bald headed wife

{Gimme dat}

Who's the baddest motherfucka in the Brooklyn town
And also representer of the Wu Tang sound
If you wanna get up and get fucked up

Last nigga got up and got shot up

But you's a gangsta, on the boards I'll bang ya
Mess with the Wu Tanager, I'll bang ya
You'll get shanked and spanked and alley ooped
I admire true niggas like Dre and Snoop

Chamber number 9, verse 32
Only speaks about Brooklyn zoo
That a true nigga shall come through
No one is available to be compatible

Yo, this is chamber number 9, verse 32
is what we call The Stomp

(Stomp)
The stomp is down
(Stomp)
Get down for your crown
(Stomp)
The stomp is down
(Stomp)
Crown
(Stomp, go, go)
Stomp

Brothas always playin' with the microphone
When it blows up in your face, you leave it alone
You couldn't touch, this style is too much
It's the rhymer, I don't give a crippled crab crutch

Any nigga or niggerette
Get burned to the brimecell like a cigarette
Straight up and down, I get dirty to the ground
Rhymin' gets me paid mad bread by the pound

Shout out to my crew, tight as a belt y'all
Go by the name big A, from the shelter

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