

Ol' Dirty Bastard "Zoo Two"

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[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

I'll grab and the mic and now I damage you, cut your
whole stamina
Here comes the medical examiner
One verse then you're out for the count
(Bring the ammonia) make sure he sniffs the right
amount
Wake him up and then I ask him
Why did he intend this --
competition to get an ass kickin so tremendous
Boy you shouldn't bother this
Leave me alone like the (son said G or he'll be
fatherless!)
I got the asiatic flow mixed with disco
Roll up on the scene like the Count of Monte Crisco
and MC's start to vanish
(I stepped up to a jet black kid, started speakin
spanish!
Yo he wasn't from Panama
I asked him how he get so dark, the nigga said
suntama!
He responded so fast, you made me laugh)
Ha-ha-ha, HARARRRH (then I scared-his ass!)
(Kick the hundred strongest rhymes
I brought out the punk in him
Caught him with a strong five deadly venom
Told him enter the Wu-Tang
Witness the Shaolin slang, that'll crush the shit you
bring)
I watch your ass take a big fall, why?!
My Main Source, is like a friendly game of stickball
And as you step up to bat man (I play the riddler)
You try to do me for a rhyme (then I'll change to Hitler)
Go out like Nazi; you'll be wishin your fuckin ass
stayed home and played (Yahtzee!)
Or watchin Happy Days sweatin (Poxie)
with Ralphie and Richie Cunningham, Joni and (Chachi)
Wu, who? Me gettin wreck so I'm through
Like a ten and a half foot, gettin in a seven (shoe)
(Now picture THAT with a Minolta)
Have your ass doin some Night Fever shit like John
Travolta

I come strong I make knowledge born, I flip the script
and rock on from P.M. (past the fucking Dawn)
Pass the Hammer you're broke down, niggaz grab my
what what
Can't understand it here's the panaroma
(A complete view of how I defeat you)
Should of stepped to those fuckin kids who tried to
(beat you)
Yeah I bust that ass before
(You ran to Texas and came back but forgot the
chainsaw!)
And want to perform a massacre
Better be coming with some motherfucking shit that's
spectacular
Crush the person who did em, well you just better
So I'm stepping to your (raggedy ass jetta)
Put the pedal to the metal
You and your DJ change your name to Ma and Pa Kettle
as I (pass the bone, kicks your every measure)
It's not a Newport but it's still live with pleasure
(C'mon don't be silly, just a bag of sensimilli
Rolled up in a) Motown Philly
(I used to write all the time when I smoked
Grab the mic, then I kinda like went for broke
With visually concepts strongest rhymes and biceps
Lyrically speakin, three to four rhymes then choke
Some think they be harmin this, claimin they be bombin
this)
But they still remains a-nom-ynous
I pull strings like Jimi Hendrix
Ride more beats that go backs to the days of Eddie
Kendricks
I teach the truth to the youth, I say (hey youth)
Here's the truth, better start wearing (bullet proof)
Arm yourself with a shield
(Before you get trapped up) just like the Children in the
Cornfield

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