

Priest "Hit The Dirt"

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Yea, ya boy Priest on the track,
flow so dope shawty, call it ear crack,
this the type a beat make ya booty go smack,
this shit so sick it done had a heart-attack,
I spit so fresh I bet I could sell a mill,
but because there's too many Slim Shadys I can't get a
deal,
so I gotta rob, gotta cheat, gotta steal,
there's too many fakes out here so I gotta keep it real,
when I'm talkin' to ya girl, gettin' up in them panties,
youse a lame ass nigga, and that's why you can't stand
me,
find me in ya shawty's crib, layin' back while she hand
me,
nigga I'ma take ya bitch, what you can't understand
me?
you by yo'self, me and yo' bitch,
she on my dick while you light ya spliff,
and I'ma do ya girl till she go stiff,
I'm a real ass nigga nigga that's the diff',
yea nigga fuck you and ya whole damn crew,
fuck niggas gone do what fuck niggas gone do,
so hit the dirt when I slide through,
'cause I got a pack of doggs that will find you,
so go ahead and try me if ya wanna see if it's fake,
and I will bust ya head nigga, take it on faith,
come and find me homie amd I'll show you ya fate,
stuffed in a oil drum in the bottom the lake,
'cause I'm trill my nigga,
can't sit still my nigga,
ask about me in the A,
I'm a real ass nigga,
what's the deal my nigga?
how ya feel my nigga?
oh, for real? let me go and grab the steel my nigga,
I aint talkin' 'bout guns homie, talkin' 'bout my knives,
I like it slow and painful when I'm takin' niggas lives,
matter fact the same way as when I'm takin' niggas
wives,
shit the bitch set him up, that's why I fly her to St. Ives,
might be a D-Grade nigga, but I do Grade-A shit,
find ya girl in the club booty-poppin' on my dick,

at first you might be thinkin' who is this trick?
when ya realize it's ya baby mama this shit makin' you
sick,
all the hoes say I'm cold, that's why I carry two heaters,
white wife beaters, blue Addidas,
we ride big trucks, don't do two seaters,
pack my girl like a lunch, now it's time to go eat 'er,
can't turn her to a housewife, so why take her to dinner,
I got more chicken-heads than the trash at Mrs.
Winners,
still chokin' on my shit, baby girl you a beginner,
used to be a good man, ya throat game made me a
sinner.

You hatin' on me 'cause I'm a diamond bitch,
you a dirty ass broad and I'm shinin' bitch,
don't be mad at my hustle 'cause I'm grindin' bitch,
aint my fault you make your money ridin' dick,
and stay away from my nigga 'cause our love is true,
you can stop begging bitch, he don't love you boo,
you need to get a tool kit to tighten all your screws,
'cause everybody did you and that's why you loose,
bitch how you gonna be a hoe, don't even swallow,
"Don't lose a drop", that is my motto,
now you getting mad, face red as a tomatoe,
hatin' on me 'cause ya man hit the lotto,
and I was first prize, I can see it in your eyes,
don't know if it's the money or it's me that you despise,
when I'm with ya nigga all we do is fantasise,
about all the positions he can get between my thighs,
and you call him a thug, bitch what's wrong with that?
his lovin' last long and his dick is P.H.A.T.,
I'm addicted to this nigga like the boy was crack,
you aint gotta worry girl I'll pick up the slack,
'cause you aint hit it right, or he wouldn't be in my bed,
with my ass in the air, my legs up behind my head,
while he working that tounge down between my legs,
he say when it comes to pussy shorty mine's the best,
that's because I keep it clean, my kitty stay fresh,
your shit like a skunk and been beat to death,
I only fuck one nigga, you fuck all the rest,
you trickin' ass hoe better get the test,
you behind home plate, catching all kinds of shit,
then you fuck another nigga, play pass the sick,
and when he piss in the morning his shit go drip,
and he got little bumps growing on his dick,
yea, you need to kill yaself 'cause you worthless as a
person,
your good for a quick fuck, other than that bitch you're
nothin',
you make me so mad bitch I'm gonna blow a gasket,

can't wait for you to die so I can piss on your casket.
Bitch hit the dirt!

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