

Originoo Gunn Clapazz "Dirtiest Players in The Game"

Visit "[Dirtiest Players in The Game](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[starang]

Word up, word up, youknowimsayin

It's like, niggas ask me why we ain't do that fab 5 shit
(I know I know what they ask you, when's fab 5 comin
out)

Knowimsayin it's like, what the fuck man, knowimsayin
Niggas always know man, for real for real man
(hennyville, william h., top d-o)
Heltah skeltah (sean price) sean p!!

[ruck]

Aiyyo I step in the ring weighing two-hundred and
twenty

'cause I do gotta get money, mad dudes wanna
confront me

But they can't, fuck wit my speed and my power
The combination'll fuck you up just like weed and some
powder

The iron mike of this rap shit, mad niggas appear
Spit some shit from my mouth piece that'll rip your
fuckin ears off

Leave you punch-drunk when I hit you wit bottles of
smirnov

Rap style is rusty, took too many years off
Wipe ya tears off ya cry baby, why should I save thee
Life as a trife nigga sayin "bye baby!"

Remember what the rapidness rappin, we make it
stackin caps

Chill, 'fore I pull out my steel and something real
happens

[top dog]

Why you wanna take my life kid, like it wasn't nuttin?
Had to put it down and show you where I'm from
Bucktown is the place and will be livin where me grown
Been to many places, never strayed away from home
Because my home is home, in a ditch still wit my bone
(fab 5 mad live!)

I'm at the three-point line no time wastin in case
There's another player up in my lane, and then I lace
him

The point is taken, drop the loss upon your board

I'm checkin all of y'all because your game is so fraud
Call me top dog, the big cahuna so what you know
Shaving all your points just like I told you to do so
And come on down, wit ya half-man team
I'll trade your half-man queen, and got you weezin on
your knees
Now spit it out, your game is weak man, shit it out
You're all up in the game and don't know what the shit
is 'bout
Wiggy-wig out, wig the fuck out nigga, what nigga

[starang]

Aiyyo fab 5 mad live, blowin up the spot
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got
Better drop that shit if it get too hot
Fab 5 mad live, blowin up the spot
This is the mfc, and double-d
In the ninety-now, we lock it down
This is the mfc, and double-d
In the ninety-now, we lock it down

[rock]

First of all, alcatraz I master my craft
Got the power to bomb that ass like I'm kevin nash
'cause every game the same, niggas is tryin to blow
If this was wrestling, we'd be nwo
The same shit, they started out havin the bullshit fights
Like we had the bullshit shows rockin the bullshit mics
Made a little cheese and left, and that shit ain't right
But had our monkey-asses back the same time the next
night
Starvin, finally they noticed niggas got talent
Get busy for dolo, plus a tagteam we be wildin
Step in the ring deep, let it begin
Peep, creep and jump all except for my kin
Those are the breaks man, we take wins
Buy hook-up by crook man
Smack you wit a chair if ever the ref ain't lookin
Winnin the belt's like goin gold or platinum
I swear this year, we gon' do it and we ain't playin fair

[starang] *shoutouts in background*

Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got
Better drop that shit if it get too hot
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot
Wassup wassup, wassup wassup
Ah-ha, wassup wassup, wassup wassup

Yo son I lace up my cleats, and then I step out on the
field

Look out in the stands, I see my niggas from the 'ville
I keep my eye on they qb, grillin em, thinkin 'bout killin
em
Simply for the fact that we ain't feelin em
Word up them faggots on the other side don't know
starang
Sacrifice myself just to win the whole game
Sack ya ass, dance like I'm on soul train
I'm just hype, they testin me for the use of cocaine
Two minutes, gotta win it for my magnum force
Give me the chance and the ambulance'll drag em off
We blastin off, that crown y'all wore, pass it off
Ain't ya wifey a cheerleader? nigga her ass is soft
It ain't nuttin, we ain't frontin, fuck the fortune and
fame
Who will forever remain, the dirtiest players in this
game

[louieville sluggah]

Yo it's down and out, but really it's just beginning
Bottom of the eighth, and top of the ninth inning
Yo cleanup is up to bat, what you still runnin
One try to steal but chill, we only dumbin
But back to ya enter, pointin at the gate as he steps to
the plate
Makin that call on the ball, send that pitch over the wall
And frame it up, disappear car door
Hardcore wars, the fans demand more
Checkin me out, lookin on the big screen billboard
It's ville y'all (player wit the stats they kill for)
Don't wanna bunt up, 'cause all I think about is homers

[starang]

Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got
(where y'all at, where y'all at)
Better drop that shit if it get too hot
(where y'all at, where y'all at)
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot
Yes yes y'all fab 5, we the best y'all, remember that?
Yes yes y'all, fab 5 be the best y'all word up
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got
Better drop that shit if it get too hot
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot
Steppin in hotter this year
Let the brains blow, word up
Ah-ha ah-ha
Oh oh, word up
Heads ain't ready for the shit we got
Niggas ain't ready for the shit we got

Visit [Originoo Gunn Clapazz](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.