

Alice

"99.9 Pa Cent"

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You wanna front WHAT?? Jump up and get bucked
The original, Dirty Rotten's fuckin shit up
Empty your clip of lyrics, in your chest and gut
All punks play the floor, it's raw and hardcore
Hotter than a meteor, scorching ego's
Fake ho, gangsters and super heroes
Cops pull me over like you under arrest
Some niggas I know act like bitches without breast
Dick riders, I hope you got your latex
Cuz flesh gets burnt up during the pro sex
The arrest echoes through your project
Met Billie Jean, had safe sex
Some MC's get caught up in the vortex
Mixing crack with sex, so they sold for fat checks
Listen to the words I manifest, The moment of truth
have cats stressed
Everytime you in the east, they snatch the chain off
your chest
Actin like you want some, but wan't none
Quick to make your finger like a gun, but faggots
never bust none

Chorus: repeat 4X

99.9 Pa Cent of these niggas ain't shit
And most of these niggas suck dick

Amateuristic martial arts is the number one cause of
injury
Biters try to imuliate my outcomy, you poisoned by the
chemistry
99.9 Pa Cent of these niggas suck dick in the industry
Swords in my back, all for the benjies
I'm screamin off key, another body? No I'm back in 3D
Plus I can take the weight, I make the Earth rotate
Dick riders suply the gas, watch niggas head inflate
Wantin respect, bust suspect hit the deck
This ain't just talk, Brooklyn East New York is on the set
Friendship vs. B.I. I keep my thoughts,
Laser sharp jagged edges bust your third eye
Vessel of the most high, bullshit, they demand you

supply
but don't get caught the same nigga'll testify
Switch like a bitch, you not from East New York
Youse a motherfuckin snitch

Chorus

Hip-Hop, Jim Kelly, leave the mic dead and smelly
Freak show, flows and hoes back at the telly
Not your average nigga, gets more nasty than Dirk
Diggler
I'm back like the night, swoopin down on The Riddler
Fake thugs talk tough, but he's off the trigger
So shook ya shiver, poison verbs like alcohol destroy ya
liver
Make ya volcanic hot, niggas got problems like Sir
Smoke-a-Lot
Cannibals bitin my dick, I need a tetnus shot
I'm the original, in cause your forgot, when it comes to
war
I get raw, add another mic to the one's I rip
Shootin the gift, when the East is in the house
You should come equipped

Chorus

Word up, peace I'm out
The original Dirty Rotten Scoundrel

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