

## **Ruff Ryders**

### **"Dirrty"**

Visit "[Dirrty](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody  
We call it the dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty  
Dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, Double R  
(Double R)

Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody,  
everybody, everybody  
And we call it the dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty  
Dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, Double R

Nigga let's get dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty  
I'ma let my pump go early, from Thursday to Thursday  
Eight o'clock in the morning  
That's why we go out on a cop on my corner, yes uh

Gimme that Lex', I'm gonna exit  
So I can pull up outta here, we gone  
Slow the shit down now so I can catch it  
I'm gon' catch it, catch it, catch it

Play it to the band 'cause Petey Pablo threw me a bone  
So I could fetch it, fetch it  
Me and Petey Pablo make you follow  
Put the gun in his mouth, make him swallow

Do a nigga like, Diallo  
I know I'm warm but now it's time to get wa-arm!  
Now it's time to turn up, hurry up, y'all niggaz best to  
be go-one!  
Left his head to be lo-long from the first day I was born

Pop guns like popcorn, s-s-stutter like  
Y'all motherfuckers ain't stabbin' shit like a butter knife  
That shit just don't cut right  
On my block all we hear is woop woop, niggaz it's time  
to run

Grab your guns 'cause beef with me and Petey P. hide  
your sons  
Double-R motherfucker  
Let me slow this shit down before y'all make us spit  
rounds  
Murder your block then skip town, nigga!

This gon' be the anthem for the clubs  
(Yeah)  
Code of the thugs  
(Yeah)  
Ripped it in the streets  
(Yeah)

Loved in the slums  
(Yeah)  
Who am I?  
(A Ruff Ryder)  
Who am I?  
(MR. North Carolina!)

This gon' be the anthem for the clubs  
(Yeah)  
Code of the thugs  
(Yeah)  
Ripped it in the streets  
(Yeah)

Loved in the slums  
(Yeah)  
Who am I?  
(A Ruff Ryder)  
Who am I?  
(MR. North Carolina!)

So, tired, these so-called drug thugs bust they gun  
niggaz  
Mean mugged, supposed to be the toughest in the club  
niggaz  
Watch out, motherfucker say somethin' I'll, I'll fuck you  
up  
Tie ya ass to the back of a pick-up truck and just leave,  
uh  
You a waste of good slug  
And I told the motherfucker I'd get him, so what?

It ain't like you hot  
It ain't like we got work, meet me at yo' block  
It ain't like we won't come through  
And take any motherfuckin' thing you do got

We done had you a strong shower, one-five-one, no  
raw  
I'm whoopin' them drawers off, takin' charge, play the  
bar  
You dealin' with the right one; if you want it, you sho'  
can get some

I ain't come to play, Double-R told me to come up to  
New York and I came

Drag-on told me to write tonight and God dammit we  
doin' our thang  
Dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty, dirrty whether you like it or  
not  
Me and Drag got this thang on lock and we about to  
change the game  
I'ma bring the rain, I'ma bring the pain, I'ma bring the  
wood and the grain  
Get back with ya motherfuckin' five-dollar ass, huh,  
'fore I make change

This gon' be the anthem for the clubs  
(Yeah)  
Code of the thugs  
(Yeah)  
Ripped it in the streets  
(Yeah)

Loved in the slums  
(Yeah)  
Who am I?  
(A Ruff Ryder)  
Who am I?  
(MR. North Carolina!)

This gon' be the anthem for the clubs  
(Yeah)  
Code of the thugs  
(Yeah)  
Ripped it in the streets  
(Yeah)

Loved in the slums  
(Yeah)  
Who am I?  
(A Ruff Ryder)  
Who am I?  
(MR. North Carolina!)

Drag, I can't lean lean this motherfuckin' track too hot  
This shit keep callin' me, still can't believe it  
These motherfuckers waited so long  
(Shit, me neither)  
Should've been like I slid right

But I bet you motherfuckers were scared  
'Cause this shit start shootouts and club fights  
The shit might jump off tonight

I done seen the nigga and this bitch that I don't like

(He gon' get it)

Ju-ju-just just-just-just as soon as I fit him

(He gon' get it)

Simple-minded motherfucker shouldn't have been there

Their role is to kill him, Drag what's wrong with them?

They must be crazy and deranged

Do I speak my ghetto slang, got a big chain

They say that was bad but I'ma show you what this heavy metal bring

That's how I settle things like what y'all want, what y'all want?

(You motherfuckers don't want none)

Roll that blunt, smoke that blunt

(You niggaz stay in the pub)

We gettin' high, gettin' by, me and Petey Pab'

Connectin' like, shit to a fly, clip to a gun, y'all clip better run

Pick anyone got plenty of it, y'all niggaz really don't want it

That's a hit boy, y'all fittin' to love it feel this clip up in yo' stomach, uh

This gon' be the anthem for the clubs

(Yeah)

Code of the thugs

(Yeah)

Ripped it in the streets

(Yeah)

Loved in the slums

(Yeah)

Who am I?

(A Ruff Ryder)

Who am I?

(MR. North Carolina!)

This gon' be the anthem for the clubs

(Yeah)

Code of the thugs

(Yeah)

Ripped it in the streets

(Yeah)

Loved in the slums

(Yeah)

Who am I?

(A Ruff Ryder)  
Who am I?  
(MR. North Carolina!)

Visit [Ruff Ryders](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

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