

## **Mykill Miers**

### **"Straight Dirt"**

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f/ A.G., Ghetto Dwellas (G.D.)

Straight dirt (straight dirt)

Halloween Part 74 (we see you, we see you)

Myke Miers (yeah, Mykill Miers)

G.D. (G.D. yo) A.G. (A.G. baby)

.. Yeah y'all Myke Miers

Uh, yo uh, throwin some dirt

L.A., California (I see y'all, I see y'all, I see y'all!)

[A.G.]

It's A.G., legendary already, jewels is heavy

Bet every penny, go against us you'll get buried

Give the drummer some, watch these brothers come correct

Take shit from none of them, make hits like Run and them

From the Bronx where these nosy hoes be

I rep New York like Pat Ewing, shine in Cali like Kobe

Address every issue like my bitch do

And drop bombs like Terry Nichols

G.D. is the set to rep that make it official

Wack niggaz with hot beats - I should take it and diss you

My format is like makin a pistol

Bust it and reload it, bitches suck it and deep throat it

Rode the train on Elayne, we fucked, and we bolted

You ain't gangster, I called his bluff, and he folded

From the Bronx to Carson

My niggaz wear braids and rock perms like Sharpton

Either way the gauge'll blaze when I spark 'em

Me and Myke Miers, tight like pliers

And like Midas I got the touch

And after the show I got to fuck, we dirty

[Chorus: Mykill Miers]

Aiyyo who want some get some

The fo' of us we be all up in yo' shit son

You actin like you can't get it and you get done

It's G.D. and Myke Miers get yo' click hung

Aiyyo you want some get some

The fo' of us we be all up in yo' shit son

You actin like you can't get it and you get done

It's G.D. and Myke Miers in yo' system ("we get dirty")

[Mykill Miers]

Yo I'm the mad one with a magnum

I blast some - and leave the rest to ransom

The skills you have none, I have some, I have plenty

You ask any, MC that goin against me

and they'll tell you, "Dog you ain't even got a chance"

My vocal tone alone leaves you in a trance

Hypnotic, I gets it jumpin like hydraulics

Keepin you high like chronic, nigga who want it?

If you fronted you get haunted like October 31st

I kill wannabe MC's with one fuckin verse

And make 'em never pick up a mic again

I'm frightenin, Myke Miers strikes again

MC's bite like Tyson and, get suspended

And it'll be a year before they fight again

Then when asked if they'll fight again

say they went through counselin so they could pick up a mic again

Myke Miers and A.G., it's all gravy

Out for them "Dead Presidents" like Jay-Z, yo

[Chorus]

[G.D. - D-Flow]

Notice the pose by my DICK nigga

The shit be realer than jail life

Straight torture make a nigga yell twice

I reminisce on dead peeps, as the time pass

Instead of toastin it up, I break the wine glass

As my nine blast for the lost soul I spit

Colder than strip, Mo' is to sip and dough is to flip

I heard a bird flock, flow is the shit

Bitch you gotta fuck the crew cause you the ho in the clique

Me and Myke Miers, choke niggaz who spite wires

G.D. f'real about it, y'all niggaz be type quiet

[G.D. - Party Arty]

Y'all funny, twenty bars is car money

Y'all hungry, but your skills is far from me

Allah brung me, we get dirty but y'all bummy

Clothes all bummy, nose all runny

I hit you in the chest with this fo'-fo' money

Fuck trickin, these pigeons get no dough from me

Type to, murder your family, then plead insanity

My man's and me whylin on Fantasy Island, we plan to  
be

[Chorus]

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