

## Rappin' Ron & Ant Diddley Dog

### "Dirty Work"

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(feat. Mr. III, Seagram, Too \$hort)

[Mr. III]

I beat repeat offenders, they end up with they back split

And ass-backwards, when I let the mac click

And "Aww shit" is what they say

Three strikes you're out apparently, you thought I was playing?

But I weigh in at a ton

A scuffle left you muffled cause I had to get my gun

And Mr. Snuffalufugus couldn't snort this

Cause Oakland, California got funk like shit

And it hits just like a Tyson blow

Well can't you see that Mr. III's got the nicest flow?

Well now you know, that hoes get crept up on to

So what you gonna do when I creep up on you?

Cause if I keep a few to myself, you'll never know

Repeat offenders get bent like fenders when I'm on the go, hide your dough

Or I'm a get my stab on, huh and leave you bloody buddy like some tampons

So get your ass on before I turn the gas on and get my smash on

Niggas better dash, holmes, before I get my blast on

Cause open arms will be waiting

Sin's my friend, and I'm kin to Satan, I'm debating

Whether or not you can keep your weight in, and tasting

MC's like bloods for dinner, I beat repeat offenders

They end up hurting for perping, so throw the fucking curtain

Cause it's straight Dirty Work, man

[Seagram]

Straight from the East Bay, home of the AK spray

Make way for the S-E-A

G, O.G. Baller

Late night night crawler, 69th shot caller

Body hauler, so label me the grim reaper

Play your dome, see the game

Lead it with the 60-shot heater  
The Seagster is back, you can't knock it  
Here to straight tax, you niggas that's outta pocket  
Clocking a grip is a must, and living plush  
Check me as I rush another buster to the dust, plus  
My crew has more Braves than Atlanta  
Uzi's got diarrhea, can't be stopped with Mylanta  
Not from Tampa, but from the Bay  
And I'm a Buccaneer, AK spray, so duck when I'm near  
Fear, or come up missing  
Listen when I catch you on my mission  
You'll be found by someone fishing  
Ain't no provisions or precautions I'm causing  
Havoc, tragic, terror, there'll be no errors  
Or flaws when I'm on the crawl, through all  
Weather, the ball wedger, making niggas pallbearers  
I dare a featherweight to fuck with this heavyweight  
Then I have to shake and bake and hit him with his mac  
AK  
In his face, paint the walls with his blood walking  
Over niggas like a rug, never dropping duds  
I'm from the hood of AK's and ski masks  
Niggas out of pocket ain't getting ghetto passes  
Blasted, is how you'll be greeted, from the  
Fully auto mag, niggas want some static  
Better call for help cause you gon' need it  
Cause I'm a unleash it, window down  
On the trey AK spit with minor jerk  
Better duck or get caught up in the Dirty Work

[Ant Diddley Dog]

I ain't got shit to lose, cause five-oh sweat me anyway  
So I use my survival techniques in many ways  
Shit if a nigga ever hustles, why not cut some rocks?  
And if ever a nigga try to show some muscle, why not  
bust some shots?  
Yeah, I got some sinister thoughts, in the back of my  
head  
Ready to stack 'em up dead, I hate leaving the house  
without packing a bled  
I got the heart of a killer in me  
I've inhaled so much bomb smoke that I can fill a  
chimney  
Man they should have never let me loose  
Cause that crazy shit don't faze me, bitch, it just kept  
me juiced  
Crack selling, blackmailing and making presidents  
And I ain't hesitant to burglarize your residence  
Yeah it's that villian and I'm thinking of jacking tonight  
Another killer cause my money ain't stacking too right  
Down on my luck, I'm stuck cause my pockets is flat

Yeah I got my gat, so why the fuck do I have to stop  
why I act?  
I got one motherfucking chance, buddy  
And my intentions is to get my damn hands muddy  
Her man's bloody cause I'm nutty when I start  
searching  
Killing niggas is my job and I'm hard working, fool  
I'm up all night with an early rise  
Waking up, twisting up motherfuckers like some curly  
fries, yeah  
I'm trying to ride drop-top Vettes slamming  
Utilizing these bitches with high credit cards that be  
check scamming  
Yeah, some motherfucking Eastside thangs  
So blaze up a fat sack and let your G ride swang  
I'm in the game from the town and I'm stacking plenty  
A gangsta-ass nigga with that macking in me  
So if a nigga try to run up, I'm a hurt him first  
And let him know I'm a G at this Dirty Work

[Too \$hort]

W-O-R-K, I got a gang of hoes that like to work all day  
And if you think that shit ain't all right  
I got some more hoes that like to work all night  
But that's not the point, I'm trying to make  
My shit is so funky, got you buying my tapes  
Year after year and I still ain't stopped  
Got millions of fans and I still ain't pop  
And I come so real, bitch, you can't stop  
My motherfucking track record, you can faint and drop  
And I wouldn't give a fuck cause I'm nothing but a dog,  
bitch  
And you're nothing but a slut, want all dick  
But this nigga named \$hort don't fuck for free  
No punk-ass bitches coming up on me  
And no nigga can tell me what to do with my life  
Can't talk about \$hort, you're brand new on the mic  
Me and all my potnas got bitches, fool  
And I be spitting on the mic about the shit we do  
I be a broke-ass pimp on the 31st  
But tomorrow I be putting in some Dirt Work, bitch

[Rappin' Ron]

Ron's doing dizzert, leaving them niggas hizzurt  
Running up with that punk shit, thinking that booty shit  
work  
Fucking with them busters and you think that your  
back's got  
The only thing that's got my back is this 16-shot black  
lock  
And Ron is one of them niggas you can't fuck with, so

fuck that  
Every time you bust bitch, I duck quick and bust back  
If you want some motherfucking funk nigga, come and  
get this  
And watch your ass fall like the London Bridges  
You run with bitches, you just another sucker  
Run up and fuck with us and you can suffer,  
motherfucker  
And let me emphasize that I don't emphathize  
Straight to your brain til the pain intensifies  
And if the cops hit my block, and they stopping to jock  
Fuck it, then I'm packing a glock, and popping a cop  
and watching him drop  
I'm not finna stop, fuck 5-oh, fuck task, fuck the Feds  
All you suckers buckle cause you fucking with a  
knucklehead  
I kick your ass like Jim Carter  
And bust your motherfucking head wide open like a  
pinata  
And all them finks who ratted me off and tried to jinx  
Hit them niggas block with the street sweeper  
And now they whole crew extinct  
I ain't playing, what I'm saying is that I'm spraying with  
a gat  
Fucking laing my AK and lay him on his back  
Lay him flat, fucked up from the rat-tat-tat-tat  
See my straps is ready to buck, soo all you saps get  
ready to buck  
I'm giving a, fuck, Ron's about to fuck 'em up  
Buck a uppercut or buck, I'm leaving these  
motherfuckers stuck  
Cause I'm just a nut from the street leaving 'em deep in  
the dirt  
And as long as you sleep I'm a keep doing Dirty Work

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