

## **Bobby Pickett % The Crypt-Kickers**

### **"Desperate Man"**

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[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Give me the muthafuckin' cue, I'mma pop this shit  
We desperate men, muthafucka, we need this  
muthafuckin' CREAM, muthafucka  
Ain't nobody out here tryinna give us shit, muthafucka  
Fuck all that shit, fuck all you hoes, fuck all you  
Hype ass muthafuckas, all y'all can suck my dick

[Diesel]

When I rise, in the morning, I thank the God that I'm  
breathin'  
Cuz all the population's risin', y'all muthafuckas be  
leavin'  
And I don't wanna be, one of those, who be singin'  
Shot up on your local newspaper, then later on this  
evening  
Some say they ready to die, nah, that ain't the fly guy  
All I wanna do is make CREAM and just get high  
Some wonder God is he gone, til his jewelry stop  
But I can handle that shit, no way can I not rock block  
I just let the section know that I do, to be respected and  
matured  
I refuse to leave Bush, that's kinda home like the worm  
And past my reflex, duck shit, I'm like sperm  
My radio frequency, now go against the grain like  
Howard Stern  
East to West, niggaz need to clean it out their ears and  
Now who rockin' Biggie, and fake Ice Cube's ??  
In the hole, we need it get it again  
On the mic, now Dino rap shit next year  
From a not born, to a born don, rap armageddon  
Is there a light at the end of the tunnel, or just a dead  
end  
To get it back like a light packerback, move the way,  
and yo  
Nigga roam, I pack the track

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yo I never underestimate a desperate man  
Yo, get splattered in the paper like a desperate pen  
friend

Yo, sippin' on it, I peep the hooks to end  
And if it's war, I'm goin' out like a sinful friend  
Why don't you, get on the mic, a little my friend  
Why don't you, get on the mic, a little my friend  
Why don't you, get on the mic, like respect in my hand

[The General]

Aiyo, the beef is on, y'all niggaz brought the heat to my kitchen  
So when poison switch in, snitchin', in my ear bitchin'  
Knowin' damn right, you runnin' around like a clown  
In and out of town, snatchin' niggaz for G's and pounds  
One of the first niggaz tell me, I had a fluke  
Now you come around, trynna sing to me, is that you know  
I got a full clip, nigga you need to get off that bullshit  
I stay strapped wit a gat, I'm Alert, ready to pull shit  
Aiyo, aiyo, way back, like roosters ready to gat  
Now the tendency, sippin' Hennessey, sellin' crack  
For the avocado son, now you turned desperado  
Know no Gravato, or Crystal out the bottle  
Trynna swoop me out the game, but I'm in like Rado  
Sweatin' like Pablo, while I'm pumpin' on diablo  
Wanna get me, I'm takin' muthafuckas wit me, that's my motto

[Chorus]

[Xzibit]

Big bad, insane, black child to blame  
Pay attention to third, I serve words to the suburb  
Neighborhood and projects, son, let's break these checks  
Well not just yet, it's still bigger things to get to  
Hit them before they hit you, believin' me, huh?  
I grab the grease to the first, you get burnt when you touch it  
Fuck it, like the dick bitch, learn how to suck it  
I rock the master plan, I need to lay low in Amsterdam  
Finer weed take your hand, to measures of a desperate man  
I'm here to do ill things like Don King  
Step into the ring, ginseng make me swing  
Got me on the third on, no runnin' this year  
But I can probably burn some, Japan, I don't make friends  
Just associates, only shake hands when appropriate  
Only the holy get, for comin' off of sendin' it  
Stayin' sucker free, never sleepin' wit the enemy  
Xzibit, I'm unexplainable like the trinity  
Mountain, fourty ouncin', I'm announcin'

The end of war, bitch strained, the crew that can't fade,  
it's a..

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Muthafucka, what, what, bitch ass niggaz  
We rollin' rock hard like a C.I.A., gun shot done and pay  
I'm the water and the rain, only the ducks suffer green  
and lust  
Get high on the yo-yae, third jaw, third wheel  
A hundred dollar matrix, half naked, get half American  
I love pussy, I get pussy, the water, I eat it, bitch, the  
wet supporter  
Don't give a fuck about whatever I say  
Muthafucka, I'm here, to gettin' money, get it on, til the  
break of the dawn  
Muthafucka, Ason, roll up jay and nut, what, desperate  
man, muthafucka

[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

And that's real, that's the real to real  
My nigga puff weed on the wheels of steel  
And that's real, that's the real to real  
Muthafuckas better house to end of my appeal  
Yea, I'm bout to fuck my kill  
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man  
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man  
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man  
That's why I never underestimate a desperate man

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