

## Kansa Tapani

### "Who's the Dirtiest?"

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[Verse One: Party Arty]

Straight like that.

I'm the dirtiest nigga here

What you don't know, nigga yeah

I'm the one niggaz fear, my niggaz care

About nothing, but you? About frontin

When me and the track meet, it ain't about runnin

Gunnin, verses at you, leave you stiff like a statue

Riff and I'ma clap you, flip, son 'cause I had to

Get at you dog, like DMX, leave you bloody like BMS

Leavin in EMS.

[Verse Two: A.G.]

I'm the dirtiest nigga here, and we can bet

See me vibe with the niggaz we respect

And see the rest, peep the sketch

It's seventy-four, raw as ever

My design is to shine in any era

My-I, fucks with G.I., the hood is crazy

Got a nigga drinkin Dany and smokin ceejas

Checkin my closest peeps on V.I.'s

Giuliani and that RICO shit, and me don't mix

[Verse Three: D-Flow]

Flow the dirtiest nigga here

Blow Hershey in the air, you scared nigga wipe ya tears

Even got snipers scared, tryna drink lighter beers

Blaze more trees, play more freaks

Rubbin they cheeks, nut on they sheets, fuck on they  
beats

Flow boo, you should know two things

It's like I got two brains the way I do things

Move 'caine, always wanted to fuck a chick name

2Swing

But I tell you about her later dog 'cause it's a group  
thing

We up in blue flame, spittin shit, chair me on

Drink more beer than all, nigga fear the storm from  
here's on

Who the dirtiest?

Who the dirtiest?  
Where you at my nigga?

I'm the dirtiest nigga here  
Rhymes never been washed, crimes never been solved  
G.D. is better than y'all  
Filthy, is how I be on a song  
I get dirty nigga so fuck it, now I'm the Dirty Don  
Freak nigga, lookin hunt at her stairs  
Dick so hard feel like I got a gun in my pants  
If you fuck me, you got to fuck one of my mans  
Catch me runnin out a bank, with a gun in my hands

[Verse Four: A.G.]

I'm the dirtiest nigga here  
And I'll get grimy just to prove it  
Take your track and loop it, use it just to use it  
That's what you say, but I say  
That's not the way we do our music  
Love this shit here, and won't abuse it  
Exclusive, on some Funkmaster or Clue shit  
Move is like Eric Wright, can't write to no smooth shit  
They lose it, when they hear me rap  
Roll deep, hold heat, Show beats is off the meat rack  
And all I know is crime and rhyme  
Hot like '97, drop in '98 - so I'm straight for '99

[Verse Five: Party Arty]

I'm the dirtiest nigga here  
And you can hear it from a mile away  
I be around the way, drinkin Bacardi and Alizã©  
In the black Benz pumpin Biggie shit  
Get dirty, fuck the jiggy shit  
Straight from New York, my whole city spit  
See me on fifty-fifth, drinkin St. Ide's  
We call it Ide-it, still the same guy, G.D. affiliate  
While I'm in this game I got a mil' to get  
Filler shit, Party Arty still'a spit  
Realler shit, iller shit, killer shit  
Hit you with three, on some real Reg' Miller shit  
Just to let you know what I'm dealin with

Who the dirtiest? I'm the dirtiest  
Who the dirtiest? I'm the dirtiest  
I'm the dirtiest, I'm the dirtiest  
Who the dirtiest? What.. I'm the dirtiest!

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