

## Monica F/ OutKast "Situation on Dirty"

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

V-Town in the motherfucker, situation dirty and shit  
Killa, yeah  
Today's out to be recognized

### Verse 1

I got that nigga for about 4 zones, had to get dirty  
though  
Left him in his driveway soakin wet sold his 6.4  
Couldn't keep it no mo' that motherfucker was filthy  
Mo' bodies done been in that trunk  
than in the cemetery and the mortuary  
Had a bullethole by the gas tank, put 1500 in the bank  
Drig the bitch for 18 but spent 300 last year on some  
dank  
Shot to my brothers house and got them niggaz high  
It was the Man Klan, 3 Deep, and the nigga six  
we was off that chocolate thai  
And all that time that 187 was on my mind  
Shot the man in cold blood  
and I knew his momma saw the drive-by  
Design, and there ain't no tv until you see me  
On Americas Most Wanted fucked up gettin snatched  
out my teepee  
Nigga we in the back of the 69 Cut', and it's so foggy  
Paranoia done got me on my strap and I'm a fiend for  
raw meat  
They say all niggaz talk about is murderin and gettin  
high  
But situation gettin filthy and I gots ta have mine

### Chorus 2X

With me it's like American Express, I don't leave home  
without my  
Smith-n-Wesson bulletproof vest  
I done dug myself a hole, now I'm trying to climb back  
out  
Ya fuck with the wrong nigga, I wish my brother was out

### Verse 2

Now it started back in SouthSide sack, I was with my  
momma  
Drinkin' inches of the Old E, hittin chronic ever so often  
Often in another world trippin', while he was on another  
room stickin  
My click think sick I got that 12 guage pump started  
trippin  
Kick the door open, blood stains cops came  
Quietly I had to remaintain thang, same thang  
My love don't fit you, I got that US military issue  
Had to plant one in your brain, get away, if a cop plead  
insane  
A couple of down ass top notches I used to know, had a  
spot  
I was good for 4 days off yack and chronic and makin'  
a plot  
Cause murder was the case, when I saw his face  
Took his life, left his brains all over the pillow case  
What would you be thinkin of when your momma's  
yelling STOP!  
My first thought was cut him in half and drag the other  
half to his stash

They say all niggaz talk about is murderin and gettin  
high but situation  
real filthy and I got ta get mine

#### Chorus

With me it's like American Express, I don't leave home  
without my  
Smith-n-Wesson Bulletproof vest,  
I done dug myself a hole, now I'm trying to climb back  
out  
Ya fuck with the wrong nigga, I wish my brother was out  
( fades )

Visit [Monica F/ OutKast](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.