

Ol' Dirty Bastard f/ Ghostface Killah

"Back in the Air"

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[Ol' Dirty Bastard] We used to sleep in the staircase,
smoke weed in the staircase Friday night got drunk,
used to pee in the staircase Hopin' a cop might slip,
and never known to drop the clip You copped the fifth,
nigga, I'll pop the fifth I show no mercy, dunk like a
bottle of Hershey Call my gun, Lil' Seymore, bitch, or
Big Percy A Dapper Dan fan, who will clap a man For
five grand of small bills, wrapped in a rubberband
Then lay up in a fat pair of titties, my bitch is so saditty
This is Dirt McGirt, hoe, not P. Diddy All we got in
common is the money, the only thing I want is the
money You see my face on the wall of every precinct
Bitches keep your pussy decent, I'm juvenile
delinquent For guns that I creep with, they whisper, in
secret Only bitch that peepin', is the one that I sleep
with, nih-huh! [Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard] Alotta niggas
wanna dust me off Bad bitches wanna suck me off
(What, what) dropped a million here And Dirt McGirt
back in the air All my gangstas, where ya at? Throw
your guns up and make them clap Tell me now,
muthafuckas, you strapped? And bitch betta have my
money [Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, the bitch better your
money and mine Cuz if she don't, we both gon' double
team that bitch from behind And for them niggas
outside screamin' that 'Somebody gotta die' shit, same
dudes on the cop's dick This is Tone, ya'll niggas be
frontin' And most of ya'll niggas don't got no guns
Borrowed your man's shit, how's that for a bum? Dum-
dums emptied out of pun son, so see man, see Ach'
run See spots over my Reebok's, cuz he got done
Cheap shots fell out his weak glock and he got stung
My cheap gun is a gangsta's protein Treat bitches with
the upmost respect, like get 'em wetted Tellin' to, drink
the milk, boo, don't even wet it This is Starky, I got a
foot fetish, loot fetish With the dusthead men, we got
good credit [Chorus] [Ol' Dirty Bastard] Notorious
glock buster, cap pealin', block hustler Who slap hoes,
who lack feelings Black building, crack dealing, black
villain Had a taste for blood steelin', love stealin' Any
thing that twinkle bright to my eye sight Many nights I
used to stay up, at the twilight And wonder to myself,

if's there's a Heaven or Hell Been alone in these
streets, since eleven or twelve On my own, I run
buckwild in the West A knucklehead nigga, used to
sleep in my vest Had no home, my mom used to show
me no lovin' Burn the crib down, try'nna dry my shirt
with the oven Now I'm exiled, destined for penal
Hyperactive off the cocaine, got me senile Back on the
block, knowledge to build, knowledge to kill Intent to
put a dent in your grill with the steal [Chorus]

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