

Ol' Dirty Bastard f/ N.O.R.E., Swizz Beatz

"Dirty & Grimey"

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[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard] "It's the Ol' Dirty Bastard" -
scratched up throughout Hold on, muthfuckas, ya'll
know Dirty? [Ol' Dirty Bastard] It's the Ol' Dirty Bast' Cut
ya face, with a piece of old dirty glass Bitch, shake ya
dirty ass Run up in your stash house, on a dirty mat It's
the Dirt McGirt, a/k/a Osirus Spread my bullets around
like a virus Nigga, from the Wu-Camp, nigga Slap ya
face with a wet food stamp, nigga I'mma make the
world, do my dance Try to lock me down, but I'm back
in my stance Wave my gun around, like it's part of my
hand Bout to take this game, like, 'pardon me, man'
Dirt McGirt, I'm a family man But I still hold tools like a
handyman Say my name three times like Candyman It's
the what, what, what... [Chorus: Swizz Beatz (N.O.R.E.)
w/ Ol' Dirty Bastard acting wild] Cuz we can do it like
this (Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt McGirt Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt
McGirt Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt McGirt Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt
McGirt) Cuz we can do it like this (Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt
McGirt Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt McGirt Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt
McGirt Yo, yo, yo, yo, Dirt McGirt) Cuz we can do it like
this [N.O.R.E.] Who get drunker than, N.O.R.E., on a
Sunday And on the way to Sunday school, intoxicated
See ah, lord forgive me, I'm a ex-coke flipper And
skipped on that good ol' bitch, she got a strip of these
Niggas is bitch-made, I got a switchblade And I pack
guns, shootin' niggas since the sixth grade Mac Milli,
Millitainment, it's La Familia, now Guess it's niggas all
in your rap, ain't gotta kill you now Nore never slack
off, I smoke a pack soft And I run deep in this bitch,
and let that mack off Bing, Nore got a whole lotta
bitches Out of character, and eating out a whole lotta
dishes In my lifetime, sippin' on white wine, caveza
Nore ran twiz, got a whole lotta cabesa Ching, simple
like uno, dos, tres, ah' And I leave the crib, and grab
the tech, cuz I'm the drastic [Chorus 2X] [Ol' Dirty
Bastard] Oh shit! Oh shit! Ya'll remember when me and
Mariah I'm back with the kid, spit fire Dirt McGirt, I
break up the earth My ice is white and blue, like Papa
Smurf Stash niggas like crack, throw them under the
earth Then past the dirt pound, and ask 'em "do it hurt,
now?" Ya'll gonna make me back the truck To the Dash,

O.D.B., that's what's up [Chorus] [Outro: Swizz Beatz]
Cuz we can do it like this

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