

## **Ol' Dirty Bastard f/ RZA**

### **"Skrilla"**

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[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard, RZA] When you get that skrilla, nigga, act familiar When you get that skrilla, nigga, act familiar [Ol' Dirty Bastard] When you get that skrilla, nigga, act familiar Own family will kill ya, damn it be a skrilla Box of bullets in flavors, like Mike & Ike Friday night, I'm in the bed, with a bitch and a dyke Ol' Dirty, 7:30, got the thirty-thirty Caught a mouscope, ain't aimin' at no birdie My name plate, travel through the interstate Glock in the stash box, my drop top ventilate Permanent A.C., use to boost at Macy's Smoke out Mr. Spacely, and still Dick Tracy I blind dunk a base, make ya chest inflate I'm at the herb gate, watch my money bake Disrespect me, where I lay my head, my hammer spray My cybertech nylon suit, reflect gamma ray When I speak, ears open to the size of cymbal Make you tremble, watch what the fuck my gun do [Chorus] [Ol' Dirty Bastard] A moment to pray, a second to die Take your hard ride with the bulletproof high Nigga, check ya logic, Ol' Dirty's out the closet I return you niggas for a five percent deposit Beer belly, I chuckle like Kris Kringle Put four grams of cocaine, crushed up in the single Everyday is Saturday, everyday my gats play When shit get bad, I'm looking for a badder way Ol' Dirt McGirt, in concert the bomb burst To set it off, shoot him in the arm, first Let him off? Nah, kidnap his mom, first Told you, when things get worst, nigga, things get worst Cats be saddling, when the gats splattering Ol' Dirt, caught one through the lower abdomen Straight through the back, like the javelin Word, son, it had to be, still here, battling [Chorus 2X]

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