

# Dirty Dirty

Haystak

Bout to do the damn thing you know  
1, 2, it's live  
I'm about to take these boys back to the dirty  
Back to the mud  
Some of these old country ass here  
But first let me hit that boy  
We blazed to haze  
And drift away to encampment  
Get my mind right  
Then escape to the basement  
We spent many moments  
Minuets turned to hours  
Motivated by the money  
A passion for the power  
Cowards talked very seldom acted  
Bitches with nothing  
To do but hate on staks shit  
Worked my ass off  
Stayed focused and made moves  
Thus began the voyage from  
Lebanon to Baton Rouge  
I've been commin iced out  
Jumping out of limos  
Walking threw different wards  
Giving away my demos  
From Houston to Brooklyn  
On tight ass beats  
Flying coach man  
I hate these fuckin  
Tight ass seats  
I knew the ride was rough  
But I ain't scared to fly  
I'm at piece with my self  
And I'm prepared to die  
I come back off tour  
Covered in mud  
After walking threw neighborhoods  
Full of Cribs and Bloods  
I'm  
Dirty dirty rough and raw  
Kept it real with my people  
Never fucked with y'all  
Say fuck the law  
Fuck the brauds  
Live my life to the fullest  
And I did it because  
I was a turnout raised on some big boy shit  
I love fully automatics and red nose pits  
I love clubs when there crunked rowdy and wild  
I love rappers with their own original style  
I love big boned brauds down home cooking  
I love to retaliate on the blind side when the bitch ain't looking  
I see a lot of wannabes but I can't let that bother me  
Thinking it will be their downfall that's my falsify  
Honestly this whole shits and atrocity  
Quote me  
H-A-why-S-T-A-K apostrophe

M-A-K apostrophe M-I double L  
I-O-N he who blaze new trails  
I've been cuffed and took to jail  
For possession and sale  
You know I ain't gonna tell  
Go-on get me a bail  
So I can go and grab these Ls out of grannies and paws  
I got them hid way back deep in the garage  
That's

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Never fucked with y'all  
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Fuck the brauds  
Live my life to the fullest  
And I did it because  
Way back in the woods where the weed plants grow  
Where the bulldogs fight till they can't no more  
We smoke that dodo, that straight dro  
You talk that big shit and still blow that Pedro  
Make 'do before you come here bumping your gums  
You had me standing over your body like  
"What have I done?"  
I mic becomes a smoking gun before the time that I'm threw  
A murder weapon used to do every fool in your crew  
I get a rush when I just pick it up and hold it  
Check check, stak be careful that's loaded  
I exploded on the scene like napalm  
That white boys the bomb  
Every word was as holy as the Curran  
Or the King James Bible  
The book of Mormon  
I done seen homies turn to confidential informants  
And that's  
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Live my life to the fullest  
And I did it because