

## Back In The Air

### 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, I'm never known to drop the clip  
You copped the Fifth, nigga, I'll pop the fifth  
I show no mercy, dunk like a bar of Hershey  
Call my gun, Lil' Seymour, 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, ho, 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 p\*ssy 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!

Alotta niggas wanna dust me off  
Bad bitches wanna suck me off  
Rockafella 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, muthaf\*ckas, you strapped?  
And bitch betta have my money  
Aiyo, the bitch better have 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, y'all niggas be frontin'  
And most of y'all 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 utmost 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 dust-head men, we got good credit

Notorious Glock buster, cap peelin', block hustler  
Who slap hoes, who lack feelings  
Black building, crack dealing, black villain  
Had a taste for blood spillin', 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 Moms 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 steel