

## Dirty & Stinkin'

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Yo, this ain't a Wu-Tang type slang, know what I'm sayin?

I wanna just represent the whole Clan

you know what I'm sayin?

The GZA, Prince Rakeem, you know what I'm sayin?, Ghostface Killah

Shallah Raekwon, Inspectah Deck, Baby-U, Method Man, 12 O'Clock

Dirty O', 62nd Assassinater, know what I'm sayin?, style is coming

Boom

This recorded and it's dirty and it's stinkin', funkier than regular Abuse, so I was thinkin' - about, droppin' this single on the charts lettin ya know, hey! - the kid has heart, I never deny myself as being Dope, but in my last jam, didn't slep on my notes

You thought that I was weak, huh?, let me speak

My rhymes come funkier than ya grandfathers feet, so listen mister

Don't you ever forget the rhyme is dirty, you couldn't even clean it

With Comet, for even more axe, some try Ajax

Only mix with the best, 48-tract-ya

I get down with the 8 sole sounds

Lyrics that be flowin' from miless around, so let the music

Shut ya ass up, then feel the uppercut, now I make ya fall to ya rutt

Cabush!!!!, can I get up? - Oof!! - Crazy Stouf!!

Mad chammerz comin' at ya!, a 62nd Assassin, strap into ya stamener

A hardcore freakin' avenor, tearin' up the vibe for set

Wit the mystery of Chess, -Boxin' at your mutherfuckin' text

Then ya slip, when I flip, only on that combatic shit

Rhymes comin straight from the fuckin' pits, so toggle up

Don't puddle up, better yet just duck, I'm callin all earth-forms

Huh!, I don't play games, I make pain, or migraines

Stick it to ya ass like pain's, who in the hell did, ever drop shit

Rammin' the mic, with 5 fingers of death, then bombed shit

Like big momma, ya long gone, along with desert storm

But have ya not heard, Word is bond

62nd Assassinator, comin' at a theatre near you

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin', Yeah

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin', Yo

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin', Yes

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin'

(I wanna tell ya somthin')

Yo!, Let me continue, verse number 2, style is wild, dirty stinkin

Like (? - doodoo), If ya hangin' around, ya change ya mind

It is a bad influence, but yo!, it's my rhyme

I sit down and I say to myself (self), yo

are you ready to top ya self?

I drop the single for you to get a dose of, As I lay back

Like a pillow on a sofa, gettin' paid?, yehhhh!, right, would it?

Why asking me, G? what, what, what, what, you know me

My mouth is sugar, sweet as a honey bee, taste like a forty

Stinkin' like Old-E'!, but I drink Ol' English so I speak Ol' English

You gotta be Dirty and Stinkish, and if it's not, well I guess I'm not

The A-S-O-N my friends

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin'

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin', Baby

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin', Yes

It's Dirty and it's Stinkin', I said  
It's Dirty and it's Stinkin'  
It's Dirty and it's Stinkin'

Over and over  
Wu-Tang comin through ya town