

# 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 sleep 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 miles 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 chamerz comin' at ya!, a 62nd Assassinater, strap into ya staminer  
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?, yehhh!, 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