

Take It Back to Brooklyn

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Yeah, ahh, yeah, baby c'mon
C'mon, c'mon... baby c'mon... break it down

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I get riggy diggy raw when it's time to get
On the dance floor, hot rhyme funky shit
Niggas always wanna step to me
Thinking is he really raw as he say he be
If I wasn't really raw, standing here on the floor
You be hearing "Boo; he ain't hardcore"
Then you play like you live up, won't survive
Coming in popping all that jive, but can't get a vibe
I'm an average man, G-O-D fam
Let it be known it's the jam, Wu-Tang Clan
Coming through, and threw you boys back
So throw ya hands in the air, and then you don't care
Who, the Ol' Dirty Bastard be or by
You be hopping on my shit just like a fly
Bzzzzz, all around, this dirty and stinking sound down to the g
round
What, what, what you wanna do, what you wanna do when I'm comin
g for you
I'm gonna give it to ya, baby, baby, baby

Wu-Tanging, flip and ah' scripting
You can test my skills, but niggas must be tripping
Coked up, I'm sniffing, clip and wanna piffing
I'm not old, peace, so save that old shit for Andy Griffin
You start to flip, now you slip, cuz you flipping
While you sleep, I be the God on pimp like Scottie Pippen
As I jump on stage, cold rip or flip a, show
Trip or rip a, ho, play like Bo
Jackson, while I'm taxing, I'm asking
Relaxing, flip backs in, laying tracks in...