

Devin The Dude, The Dude

[Intro:]

Devin on the answering machine:

What's up? You've reached 7-6-5-0-8-6...ahh well hell you know who you called. So I don't have to tell you that.

Bitch what do you want?

Nigga what do you need?

A rock hard bone?

A dime of weed?

Whatever it is just leave the message at the tone

Or better yet, fuck it you can call me at home

At 9-8-8-1 naw I ain't gonna say all dat

Just leave a number I'll call ya back

[Answering machine:]

You have two messages.

[some chickens talking]

[Verse 1:]

Bitch what do you want?

Nigga what do you need?

A rock hard bone?

A dime of weed?

Whatever it is hoe you can hit him from a phone

But if ya don't want nothin' leave him lone he be gone

See he's known for smokin' skunk and gettin' drunk without knowin'

He through about twenty bitches and hoes and he probably fucked yours

But the Dude don't disrespect but then he takes no shit

But if your bitch is in his ride then shes gettin' some dick

He moves quick real slick never been to the pen or the forum

They got stories bout the Dude the kids bragged when they saw him

And them laws he don't bomb

That nigga just keep dippin'

Early in the morning flippin'

Coffee sippin'

Dont be trippin' on niggas they see him walk in the sto'

Get him some cigarettes, cigars and a Colt 4-0

Without payin' walk out that hoe so calm and so cool

(Who's that?)

Man that's the Dude and he's a God damn fool

[Hook:]

Who is it?

Not too often seen in public (that's the Dude)

Who is it?

Smokin' on Sweets while he's gettin' his nuts licked (that's the Dude)

Don't come talkin'

That nothin' shit

Round the Dude

Don't play no funny games

Don't talk shit no

He'll tell you to suck a dick

He's the Dude

Hey hey here comes the Dude

[Verse 2:]

Da da do dap

Bla do blap dap

Bitches front 'em at the club they gettin' jab slapped

He don't cap

To him that bring too much attention

Keep his eyes open for premeditated lynchin'

Countin' inches on his hard dick

You might need a yard stick
He makes bitches suck it and make them niggas get off it
Don't start shit with the Dude
You wouldn't want him to finish
Cause hoe you know it be on in a minute
You need to thank him for ya gal he made her suck a little better
He love makin' trash outta another niggas treasure
Cause bitches for dude dog, come a dime a dozen
Fuck one let one suck his dick then find another
He don't debate he concentrate on survivin'
He don't like to drive if he's been drinkin' but he'll drink while he's drivin'
But he's higher than a fuck, you'll never catch him sober
All his women quit him cause they got fucked over
But all the pussy he got was pussy he earned
He'll fire up a Sweet before you'll fire up yearn
Some say he's nice and friendly but the niggas no fool
He's so swift he's so smooth he's so calm he's so cool
He's the Dude

[Hook]
Who is it?
Who is it?

[Bridge:]
Hey hey hell yeah can't you tell?
The Dude been through Hell
See the smoke in the air?
Shouldn't do the shit he do but see the Dude don't care
Empty bottles of beer and empty rubbers everywhere

[Verse 3:]
He jam old school music in his low slightly bumpin'
Saw him last Tuesday in an old white somethin'
Half naked bitch with him with plenty of ass
He threw the ducers at your boy and continued to pass
People spread rumors about him to bring him down
But if ya know him like I do you know he don't fuck around
And he clowns and he jokes and he smokes and he hangs
But don't fuck over the Dude one night he showed me a brain
No name
I ain't gonna tell you all of his biz
He's down to fight for his friends
Die for his mamma and kids
Niggas be placin' they bids tryin' to do like he do
Try to be where he's been but they get folded in two
He's the Dude

[Hook]