

Ol' Dirty Bastard, Intoxicated

(featuring Macy Gray, Method Man &&& Raekwon)

[Chorus: Macy Gray]

Intoxicated and I'm faded, by your honey
Why, we finally made it, got to lovin'
Money, seeds and shine
They wanna hate it, try to break it
But it's yours and mine
Nothing can change it, finally made it, so divine

[Raekwon]

Yo, I sat around the illest villains
Campaignin' while we all G off
Automatic mayors, now we ain't playin'
Wolves start scheemin', violate me in the rain
Get more respect, rob Marvin Gaye on 'em
Gold, black, beige on 'em, heavy gauge
Gettin' blazed, all that money, but he ain't even shaved
This a new flavor, bigger vets, bigger begets
Bigger papes, god damn it, nigga got saved
Three or more, two thousand four Blazers
Lookin' good, it's all hood, just analyze amazed
Peace, let's mozy and swaze', y'all
Then count real bank and thank 'em, hit me on the page, what

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Yo, I was born on the same day as Dr. Seuss
Plenty of friends, henny and gin, who got the juice?
Let's get drunk, in this motherfucker, let's get pumped
I need that funk, like I ain't took a bath in a month
You can find me where the thugs be at, club be at
A fact, I love women, cuz they love me back
The name's Johnny, they used to call me sucker for love
But now I'm grimey, cops searchin' motherfuckers for drugs
Give me that buzz, that calm a nigga, dimes and doves
At four twenty, when niggaz knew what time it was
A shot of Remy, in my system, I'm buzzed
Then baby, I ain't just a little war from unplugged
Haha, you know I, crack myself up, sometimes with no excuses
Like every nigga that done time, I didn't do it
Meth the Magnificent, not Jeff
I see the game done gone imputent, soft and suspect

[Chorus]

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yo, silence on Smith with six shots, lick shots
Leave ya head like a Shaolin monk with six dots
Hit a gush, twistin' a sweet switcher
In search for Bobby the Digital, bitch, not Bobby Fisher
Head full, with a Grey Goose and Redbull
I came for, a beer, weed, plus a bed full
Of dimepiece, model type bitches, who mind they business
Blow my dick, like birthday cake wishes
My warrior's scornful, hard to respond to
Dirt McGirt, be sailin' boat and in Honolulu
Brooklyn Zu, wild like Chaka Zulu
Brooklyn Zu, shots will go right through you
Touch me in Cali, or the streets of Mauwi
In the two thousand six pitch black Audi
Drivin' by bitches, I'm like howdy
Doody, to you some beauty bitches crowd me

[Chorus 2X]