

# Chris Rock, Me And Odb

Yo, yo, this is Chris Rock  
You heard my man  
He ain't on no commercial shit  
The O.D.B.  
It ain't the Young D.B.  
It's the Ol' D.B.  
That old shit  
This ain't the Embryo-O D.B.  
This is the Ol' mothafuckin D.B.  
I'm Chris Rock, I'm chillin with the O.D.B.  
So I'm the wrong place, at the wrong mothafuckin time  
with the wrong mothafuckin man  
The O.D.B., baby

(Ol' Dirty Bastard)  
All y'all niggas talkin bout commercial song  
This ain't no commercial song  
Straight up, nigga, what?  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me  
All y'all niggas lovin me

(The Neptunes)  
Mister courageous O.D.B.  
You need to recognize he's a P-I-M-P  
You need to recognize

(Ol' Dirty Bastard (Neptunes))  
Yo, what's my name? (You need to recognize)  
Shut the fuck up! (You need to recognize)  
I bring the mothafuckin ruckus  
(You need to recognize) C'mon punk ass niggas  
Uh, nah, nah, I'm just fuckin wit'chall  
(Uh-huh)

(Ol' Dirty Bastard (Zu Keeper))  
Who get drunk at night till the early morn'?  
Tap dances at the party like it's goin on  
Bitches and niggas all around scopin eachother down  
I'm takin pictures at y'all at the fuckin lounge  
Mad niggas was, gettin drunk at the bar  
I'm throwin Moet bottles, HA HA HA HA HA  
It's rowdy outside, I ain't signin shit  
Don't flow bitch, I take your microphone  
You party bitches fallin in line  
with your fat ass stinkin behind  
You don't know who the fuck is here  
I back smack your ass, make pressure appear  
Cuz cold Lucky knockin at your door  
I dedicate that to your source  
Cuz this (Nigga please) is dirty and it's stinkin  
Funkier than (Peppi Le Pew, so I was thinkin)  
I drop you mothafuckin niggas on the (weekend)  
(Lettin you know that) bitch nigga don't start  
You thought that I was weak? Huh, let me speak  
My rhymes come funkier than your grandfather's feet  
So listen mister, don't you ever forget  
Rhyme dirty, you couldn't even clean it with Comet  
or even Worex, some tried Ajax  
Only mix wit, the back get this track

Y'all niggas can't fuck with me  
All y'all niggas lovin me

(The Neptunes)

Mister courageous O.D.B.  
You need to recognize he's a P-I-M-P  
You need to recognize, you need to recognize  
You need to recognize, niggas need to recognize  
Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh, uh-huh

(Ol' Dirty Bastard (Zu Keeper))  
Sweet girl, sweet girl  
Each and every day-a, each and every way-a  
See you niggas, most of your strayers  
Stray off from a thing, civilization-a  
Don't understand the true nation-a  
Go back like cold ovens and ice boxes  
(Murder Avenue L trains, Broadway blackouts  
Brooklyn Zu keep history, fam shake the trends  
Five years of workin bodies, voice box hits the shotty  
I move in parties, stickin hotties  
And all you fake mob Gotti's, I push your skirt up  
My shit's so bad I wipe my ass with a burner)

I said, y'all niggas can't fuck with me  
All y'all niggas lovin me

(The Neptunes)  
Mister courageous O.D.B.  
You need to recognize he's a P-I-M-P  
You need to recognize, you need to recognize  
You niggas need to recognize, uh-huh, uh-huh

(Ol' Dirty Bastard)  
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me  
All y'all niggas lovin me

(The Neptunes)  
Mister courageous O.D.B.  
You need to recognize he's a P-I-M-P  
You need to recognize, you need to recognize  
Bitches and niggas'll recognize  
Look, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh  
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh