

Dirty, Sholl Iz

[Chorus]

Ain't y'all them boys who be hollerin' "The Gump"?

- We sholl iz

Ain't y'all them boys who smoke wood and stay drunk?

- We sholl iz

Ain't y'all them boys who be talkin' all slum?

- We sholl iz boy, we sholl iz boy, we sholl iz

Ain't y'all them boys who be choppin' that blow?

-We sholl iz

Ain't y'all them boys who be sellin' them hoes?

-We sholl iz

Ain't y'all them boys slammin' Cadillac do's?

-We sholl iz boy, we sholl iz boy, we sholl iz

[Verse 1: Mr. G-stacka]

Now first of all to set it off, we from the southside

So homeboy, don't be runnin' your mouth cause we'll ride

You probably say "Them boys Dirty so shiesty", you damn right

You took too long to gives up our props, so gon' ni

We represent them pimps, them gangstas, them dirty guls

I'm down for all the thugs, cause nigga we run the world

Ain't nothin' y'all can tell me, I stay gone off that dope

And when I'm with my Folks, aye mayne, we act a Billygoat

They ask me what's my name, I tell them That Boy Nutty

No, he be not your buddy, cause he'll leave you bloody

They love to call us county, hell we from Alabama

But I'm gon' bet you this, we got some shit your clique can't handle

But never mind them, cause we know we from the slum

And no matter how you take it, we as filthy as they come

No need to bring your guns, you best be tryin' to run

Cause lyrically, we bring the heat, spit bullets off our tongues

Some niggaz claim they dons, but we just claim we tight

'Fore you get off into this game, be mo' precise bout what you right

So tell me how you feel, to know that we so cold

You can't get mad, you knew that when we made y'all "Hit Da Flo";

So tell me what y'all know, see y'all gon' always say shit

But if you do not spray shit, then y'all be bout some play shit

But I'm about to lay shit... down, nigga hit the ground

Dirty Boyz, y'all the real, you so goddamn trill

We sholl iz

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Big Pimp]

Now you might catch me in my '84 Fleet Brough-ham

Or '68 Chevy small block with the cam'

Forever pimped out, cause that's who I am

Forever on the grind, tryin' to sell a million grams

They call me Daddy Hall, game sweet like yams

In your main girl drawls, she just suckin' on my ham

Well I be goddamn, we got this thang crunk

A lot of haters made cause we blowed up the Gump

In '99 we dropped the hit single "Rollin' Vogues";

We signed with Universal then we made ya "Hit Da Flo";

We kept them rhymes cold, we sacked them dimes swole

We kept them hoes freaky gettin' blowed off that snow

Outer-town niggaz joke, because we talk slow

Damn right nigga, what you wanna talk fast fo'?

You know we from the city where we known to kick do's

Hog-tight your folks with rope, hit he block with your dope

We was raised cut-throat, whole family out the Cove

Grandma house (?) (?), back behind legit store

Aunt and Uncle, Peggy, Van had some cousins that I know

Rodney, (?), Trina, Tracey, little bitty Bo Bo

We mobbed on these streets, we robbed on these streets
My grandma and Dr. King, hell they marched on these streets
You can joke about the south, but we still got our pride
We some hillbilly, Alabama niggaz till we die

[Chorus]