

# Ol' Dirty Bastard, Anybody (Remix)

(feat. E-40 & C-Murder)

[Intro: C-Murder]

Tytanic, let's wake 'em up, ya heard?  
Yeah, it's real out here  
Killa block notch, wit' the ODB  
NYC, CP-3, nigga, what?  
Let me ask you a question  
What do you think about the game now? (What you think about it now?)  
How you feel like my name now (How you feel 'bout me now?)  
How you feel like C now?  
What do you think about the ODB now? (What?)  
What do you think about the game now? (What you think about it now?)  
How you feel like my name now (How you feel about me now?)  
How you feel like my name now (I told you I wanted somethin')

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yeah, bite that point, the habit apprievin'  
No hope to find, that you're misbehavin'  
Link your crupid, fuck your brewin'  
Flash the burgers on your crewin'  
Cuz the monks, skippin' from the other MC's  
I got the amazing ability  
I get on the mic so you can have a ball  
I could fly through the air and stick to the wall  
I could take a punch or get hit by a car  
Could go to the nearest or farthest star  
As a matter of fact it's what I won't talk about  
Pop a word out of trace just to be in the house

[Chorus: E-40]

So pimped out about my big spendish  
I got a 20, 6 O'Clock extra chrystall  
Anybody dat wanna pop off at the lip  
Anybody that wanna give me banana split  
It's only E-40, Murder in this bitch  
All the money motivated me to biatch  
Three soldiers from the East, South and West  
Street soldiers holdin' it down for they vets

[C-Murder]

I'm C-Murder, murder mass ten, I'm wit' the Dirty Bastard  
And my flows comin' faster than a jet to Alaska  
I ask ya how you feelin' my collabo'  
The CP3, the ODB from NYC the ghetto B  
Light it up, let it cook, look in the mirror, let me crush  
Don't worry about how it looks, put some momey on my books  
Only God can judge me now  
That's when I heard the click click, I was Christened  
I ain't with them are you wid that  
Let them whistles out them pistols  
Let loose on them troops and then shake 'em like Cherok smoke  
I slam dunk 'em like Shaq  
I wanna be free, I'm not guilty, do you feel me?

Chorus

[E-40]

Hey sluggin', wanna hit this rock down (rock down)  
I only got one world, mane, I feel like take this to the thick of him  
Under there, got the smell, you do the hoe you hear  
Fuck it there, let me get a swig of that Thunder Bird  
OK, it's cute, it's squashed  
Now, no though mane, lets have a back wash

Yeah you trippin', &quot;no I ain't&quot;, yeah you is  
That boy spittin', what's his name? 40, quarter, biatch

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

I stage a place, place stage a me  
I'm a vision of truth, just a true MC  
Love hip-hop so much, mic won't be touched  
Thugs grow unbust, bitch won't get fucked  
Every 40 ounce cracked, every napsack packed  
Ol' Dirty kickin' your ass, the record gets scrapped  
Oh, the record gets scrapped, the record gets scrapped

Chorus

[Outro: E-40]

And there you have it  
E-40 the bonzerelli  
The ballatician from the Soyo block soil  
Turf hall, been through it all  
Hard 'til we have it all (hard 'til we have it all)  
Ay look it's C-Murder and Ol' Dirty Bastard  
If you don't stay your ass out of trouble  
What's up boy? ODB  
We got the same motherfuckin' birthday  
November the 12th to be exact motherfuckers  
What the fuck you drinkin'? Fortay  
Get 'em off this motherfucker..