

# Ol' Dirty Bastard, Harlem World (Bonus Track-Cd)

Intro: Ol Dirty Bastard, Shorty Shit Stain, and others

(the first line originally ended "Dirty Dancin" on Jerky Boys soundtrack)

Shit that makes me high

[one two, one two]

Yo, we gonna bring it down, to Harlem World

Bust your fuckin chops

Yo I remember when niggaz was lookin at themselves

on Farmers, motherfuckers was wearin double goose

Motherfuckers actin all rowdy

I'm sayin though

[one two, one two]

The whole trip that was never shown

I'm sayin though

See cause the knife, is the knife, of all knives

Most people gather around

To hear the show, that is comin through your town

(I was playin)

See my name [what what?]

Is somethin, that you won't know

Unless you're downwwwwwwn, with the Brooklyn Zoo

Other brothers come

But never... come back

(Introducing)

So basically, what the Ol motherfuckin Dirty Bastard is sayin

is that if you fuck around [one two, one two]

You're gonna get yo' ass fucked up

So don't fuck around just lay down

Verse One: Ol Dirty Bastard

I remember □□(dnnah-dah)(dnh, duh, dnh, dnnah-dah)

Not too long ago□□&quot;□□&quot;

I went to a city□□&quot;□□&quot;

And I saw a Wu-Tang show□□&quot;□□&quot;

Now I always wanted□□&quot;□□&quot;

To get, with, the band□□&quot;□□&quot;

But niggaz was singin they own songs

bein in they own worlds

So I guess I, I guess I, RARAARRRRAHHH!!!

The terminology, the psychology

you still expect me to accept

Do what I say off of TV, kay

with the button on record and the other on

thus I press pause for a serious cause

to respect an intellect with this gratifying

now that I'm ready let the music begin

as I detect what I wrote with my

through the time that I spent, money that I lent

rap records went up just to bounce

then became a new way to get paid

they said "Rhymin on the mic is the number one"

Then a brother get the feeling that he want to play cool

you discombumberated diabolical fool

Hog-flesh MC, go play in the mud

Another 20th century, modern day

Cannibal, humanoid, underground

chud broke loose from the god damn

dope-fiend addict why you walk with

Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome

when the MC's came, to live out their name

roast rockin rhymes that was always

when I elevated, and mastered the time  
You was stimulated from the high post  
You got shot cause you knew you were rot

Verse Two:

You're not the king of the diss  
youse a queen of a bitch  
And like a homosexual  
your ass always switch  
Niggaz wake up in the morning  
you're ugly-ass Gods  
Got slob around your mouth  
blue code in your eye  
You can't smile your teeth too gritty  
Can't even move, drawers too shitty  
(you know what else) You're shaped like a thistle  
The holes in your drawers when you fuck been there since  
YOU DUCKIN SUCKIN MOTHERFUCKIN COLD-HEARTED FAGGOT  
Sperm germs on your worm DISINTEGRATED MAGGOTS  
Repeat your rhymes all the time like a FUCKIN parrot  
Phony gold chains only rated two carats  
You tell your friends that your home is like heaven  
Livin in the gutter sewer seven pipe eleven  
You wear your socks twelve days in a row  
Turn them on the other side so the dirt won't show  
Go to school, take a shit, don't wipe your ass  
Claimin on another sucka nigga in your class  
YOU WANNA BATTLE?  
Is it the pork on your fork, or the swine on your mind  
Make you rap against a brother with a weak-ass rhyme  
Swine on your mind, pork on your fork  
Make you imitate the brother in the state of New York  
Chain on your BRAIN, that drove you inSANE  
When you tried to CLAIM, for the talent and the FAME  
Not in the GAME, yet and still you CAME  
Suffer the PAIN, as I demolish your NAME  
Not like Betty Crocker, baking cake in the OV  
Sayin this is dedicated to the one I love  
Not a swine or dove, from the heaven's up above  
When I rap, people CLAP, so the pushers they shove  
When I rhyme I get LOOSE, better than Mother Goose  
Rock the mic day and NIGHT, so you see I'm the JUICE  
Like the two-six-EIGHT, politicians demonstrate

Outro:

Now hold up hold up hold up hold up  
What y'all niggaz don't seem to hear  
Is y'all can not FUCK with me  
I saiiiiiiiiid  
ALL  
can't FUCK with me

I wanna give a shout out to my nigga Door, Door, Door  
Buddah Monk, Buddah Monk, Buddah Monk  
Yo, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack, Jack  
For the niggaz who's here  
And the girls who's out there  
Throw your hands in the air  
Cause this one is more fly  
Fly, fly  
Flyyyyyy, flyyyy  
Flyyyyyyyyahahahayhahhhha  
BZZZZT

Wooo!

Get your ass in the house boy, I told you  
Get your ass in the house! Get, get, in the god damn house boy!  
Last fuckin time I'm gonna talk to you you hard-headed motherfucker

C'mon daddy?  
I didn't mean nothin by it  
but when it come to... FUCKIN with you MC's