

Back In The Air

Ol' Dirty Bastard

We used to sleep in the staircase, smoke weed in the staircase
Friday night got drunk, used to pee in the staircase
Hopin' a cop might slip, I'm never known to drop the clip
You copped the Fifth, nigga, I'll pop the fifth
I show no mercy, dunk like a bar of Hershey
Call my gun, Lil' Seymour, bitch, or Big Percy
A Dapper Dan fan, who will clap a man
For five grand of small bills, wrapped in a rubberband
Then lay up in a fat pair of titties, my bitch is so saditty
This is Dirt McGirt, ho, not P. Diddy
All we got in common is the money, the only thing I want is the money
You see my face on the wall of every precinct
Bitches keep your p*ssy decent, I'm juvenile delinquent
For guns that I creep with, they whisper, in secret
Only bitch that peepin', is the one that I sleep with, nih-huh!

Alotta niggas wanna dust me off
Bad bitches wanna suck me off
Rockafella dropped a million here
And Dirt McGirt back in the air
All my gangstas, where ya at?
Throw your guns up and make them clap
Tell me now, muthaf*ckas, you strapped?
And bitch betta have my money
Aiyo, the bitch better have your money and mine
Cuz if she don't, we both gon' double team that bitch from behind
And for them niggas outside screamin' that
'Somebody gotta die' shit, same dudes on the cop's dick

This is Tone, y'all niggas be frontin'
And most of y'all niggas don't got no guns
Borrowed your man's shit, how's that for a bum?
Dum-dums emptied out of pun son, so see man, see Ach' run
See spots over my Reebok's, cuz he got done
Cheap shots fell out his weak Glock and he got stung
My cheap gun is a gangsta's protein
Treat bitches with the utmost respect, like get 'em wetted
Tellin' to, drink the milk, boo, don't even wet it
This is Starky, I got a foot fetish, loot fetish
With the dust-head men, we got good credit

Notorious Glock buster, cap peelin', block hustler
Who slap hoes, who lack feelings
Black building, crack dealing, black villain
Had a taste for blood spillin', love stealin'
Any thing that twinkle bright to my eye sight
Many nights I used to stay up, at the twilight
And wonder to myself, if's there's a Heaven or Hell
Been alone in these streets, since eleven or twelve
On my own, I run buckwild in the West
A knucklehead nigga, used to sleep in my vest
Had no home, my Moms used to show me no lovin'
Burn the crib down, try'nna dry my shirt with the oven
Now I'm exiled, destined for penal
Hyperactive off the cocaine, got me senile
Back on the block, knowledge to build, knowledge to kill
Intent to put a dent in your grill with the steel