

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 Embry-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 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