

# O.G.C., Dirtiest Players In The Game

f/ Heltah Skeltah (The Fab 5)

[Starang]

Word up, word up, youknowimsayin  
It's like, niggas ask me why we ain't do that Fab 5 shit  
(I know I know what they ask you, when's Fab 5 comin out)  
Knowimsayin it's like, what the fuck man, knowimsayin  
Niggas always know man, for real for real man  
(Hennyville, William H., Top D-O)  
Heltah Skeltah (Sean Price) SEAN P!!

[Ruck]

Aiyyo I step in the ring weighing two-hundred and twenty  
Cuz I do gotta get money, mad dudes wanna confront me  
But they can't, fuck wit my speed and my power  
The combination'll fuck you up just like weed and some powder  
The Iron Mike of this rap shit, mad niggas appear  
Spit some shit from my mouth piece that'll rip your fuckin ears off  
Leave you punch-drunk when I hit you wit bottles of Smirnov  
Rap style is rusty, took too many years off  
Wipe ya tears off ya cry baby, why should I save thee  
Life as a trife nigga sayin "Bye baby!"  
Remember what the rapidness rappin, we make it stackin caps  
Chill, 'fore I pull out my steel and something real happens

[Top Dog]

Why you wanna take my life kid, like it wasn't nuttin?  
Had to put it down and show you where I'm from  
Bucktown is the place and will be livin where me grown  
Been to many places, never strayed away from home  
Because my home is home, in a ditch still wit my bone (Fab 5 mad live!)  
I'm at the three-point line no time wastin in case  
There's another player up in my lane, and then I lace him  
The point is taken, drop the loss upon your board  
I'm checkin all of y'all because your game is so fraud  
Call me Top Dog, the Big Cahuna so what you know  
Shaving all your points just like I told you to do so  
And come on down, wit ya half-man team  
I'll trade your half-man queen, and got you weezin on your knees  
Now spit it out, your game is weak man, shit it out  
You're all up in the game and don't know what the shit is 'bout  
Wiggy-wig out, wig the fuck out nigga, what nigga

[Starang]

Aiyyo Fab 5 mad live, blowin up the spot  
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got  
Better drop that shit if it get too hot  
Fab 5 mad live, blowin up the spot  
This is the MFC, and Double-D  
In the ninety-now, we lock it down  
This is the MFC, and Double-D  
In the ninety-now, we lock it down

[Rock]

First of all, Alcatraz I master my craft  
Got the Power to Bomb that ass like I'm Kevin Nash  
Cuz every game the same, niggas is tryin to blow  
If this was wrestling, we'd be NWO  
The same shit, they started out havin the bullshit fights  
Like we had the bullshit shows rockin the bullshit mics  
Made a little cheese and left, and that shit ain't right  
But had our monkey-asses back the same time the next night  
Starvin, finally they noticed niggas got talent  
Get busy for dolo, plus a tagteam we be wildin

Step in the ring DEEP, let it begin  
PEEP, CREEP and jump all except for my kin  
Those are the breaks man, we take wins  
Buy hook-up by crook man  
Smack you wit a chair if ever the ref ain't lookin  
Winnin the belt's like goin gold or platinum  
I swear this year, we gon' do it and we ain't playin fair

[Starang] \*shoutouts in background\*  
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot  
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got  
Better drop that shit if it get too hot  
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot  
Wassup wassup, wassup wassup  
Ah-ha, wassup wassup, wassup wassup

Yo son I lace up my cleats, and then I step out on the field  
Look out in the stands, I see my niggas from the 'Ville  
I keep my eye on they QB, grillin em, thinkin 'bout killin em  
Simply for the fact that we ain't feelin em  
Word up them faggots on the other side don't know Starang  
Sacrifice myself just to win the whole game  
Sack ya ass, dance like I'm on Soul Train  
I'm just hype, they testin me for the use of cocaine  
Two minutes, gotta win it for my Magnum Force  
Give me the chance and the ambulance'll drag em off  
We blastin off, that crown y'all wore, pass it off  
Ain't ya wifey a cheerleader? Nigga her ass is soft  
It ain't nuttin, we ain't frontin, fuck the fortune and fame  
Who will forever remain, the dirtiest players in this game

[Louieville Sluggah]  
Yo it's down and out, but really it's just beginning  
Bottom of the eighth, and top of the ninth inning  
Yo cleanup is up to bat, what you still runnin  
One try to steal but chill, we only dumbin  
But back to ya ENTER, pointin at the gate as he steps to the plate  
Makin that call on the ball, send that pitch over the wall  
And frame it up, disappear car door  
Hardcore wars, the fans demand more  
Checkin me out, lookin on the big screen billboard  
It's Ville y'all (player wit the stats they kill for)  
Don't wanna bunt up, cuz all I think about is homers

[Starang]  
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot  
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got  
(Where y'all at, where y'all at)  
Better drop that shit if it get too hot  
(Where y'all at, where y'all at)  
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot  
Yes yes y'all Fab 5, we the best y'all, remember that?  
Yes yes y'all, Fab 5 be the best y'all word up  
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot  
Grab the mic if ya like, show me what ya got  
Better drop that shit if it get too hot  
Fab 5 mad live blowin up the spot  
Steppin in hotter this year  
Let the brains blow, word up  
Ah-ha ah-ha  
Oh oh, word up  
Heads ain't ready for the shit we got  
Niggas ain't ready for the shit we got