

The Stomp

Ol' Dirty Bastard

[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Sing the song, sing along with me
Sing the song, sing the song with me

[Verse 1: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Lelele lady, tell me why, tell me so
I ask you to go high, you tell me to go low
So I go low, [slurp], taste the shit
[Slurp], taste it again, I like it
[Rrr] I'm the original G-O-D
Making young ladies scream's my specialty
When I go DUN DUN DUN DUH, girls get hype
From the funky fresh music that was stereotyped
When I kill, that ol' mad funky flow
Not sayin Ason, duck duck disco
Or disco duck, strictly hip hop
Baby baby, I can't stop
Wu, gots like come on through
Soo, that's the call for the Wu
I came here to rectify
BROOKLYN ZOO, terrify
Why, niggas wanna get up and rap and rap and rap
Man, fuck that
Shit, that I make it's the skit
I wanna see ya hands in the air, can ya dig it
Let's sing the song
Come on party people, all in together now, sing along

Have you ever ever ever
In your long legged life
Had a bald headed bitch
For your bald headed wife

[Laughter] Gimme dat

[Verse 2: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Who's the baddest motherfucka in the Brooklyn town
And also representer of the Wu-Tang sound
If you wanna jump up and get fucked up
Last nigga got up and got shot up

But you's a gangsta, on the boards I'll bang ya
Mess with the Wu-Tanger, I'll hang ya
You'll get shanked and spanked and alley-ooped
I admire true niggas like Dre and Snoop
Chamber number 9, verse 32
Only speaks about BROOKLYN ZOO
That a true nigga shall come through
No-one is available to be compatible

This is chamber number 9, verse 32
Is what we call The Stomp

[Stomp] Raekwon
The stomp is down [Stomp]
Get down for your crown [Stomp]
Stomp [Stomp]

[Verse 3: Ol' Dirty Bastard]
Brothas always playin with the microphone
When it blows up in your face, [BOOM] you leave it alone
You couldn't touch, this style is too much
It's the rhymer, I don't give a crippled crab crutch
[Grruh] About any nigga or niggerette
Get burned to the brimecell like a cigarette
Straight up and down, I get dirty to the ground
Rhymin gets me paid madd bread by the pound
Shout out to my crew, tight as a belt y'all
Go by the name Big A, from the shelter

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