

Lyrics: Brooklyn Zoo li (tiger Crane) By Ol' Dirty Bastard

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Intro:

One two, one two -- you taping this?
All types of shit yo let that shit ride
Word to mother, turn up the microphone!
Get all that good shit, get all that good shit (one two, one two)
One two, one two, one two... one two
Now niggaz know
Sssshhit, yo yo check this out, check this joint
This is strictly for the radio, yo
I just want all y'all to know
The reason why I curse is because my momma and my daddy
They grew up cursin
So please respect my style, please!

Verse One: Ol Dirty Bastard

I'll grab the mic and now I damage you, cut your whole stamin-u
Ohh, sssshit, nahh
I'll grab the mic and now I damage ya, cut your whole staminuh
Here comes the medical examinuh
One verse then you out for the count
Bring the ammonia make sure he sniffs... the right amount
Ya yo, I'm sorry, un-gah-e-gas-e-ya

I'll grab and the mic and now I damage you, cut your whole stamiNUH
Here comes the medical examiNUH
One verse then you're out for the count
Bring the ammonia, make sure he sniffs the right amount
Wake you up and then I ask you
How do you intend this --
competition to get an asssss kickin sooooo tremendous, RARRH!
You shouldn't bother this
Leave me alone like a son he'll be fatherless!
I got the asiatic flow mixed with disco

Roll up on the scene like the Count of Monte Crisco
and MC's start to vanish
I rolled up on a jet black kid the nigga started speakin spanish
Yo! You wasn't from Panana!!
I asked you how you get so fuckin dark, you said suntama
He responded so fast, you made me laugh
Ha-ha-ha, HARARRRH scared-his ass!
Kick the hundred strongest rhymes
then I brought out the punk in him
Roll up with the strong five deadly venoms
Told HIM! Enter the Wu-Tang!
Witness the Shaolin slang, that crush any shit you bring
I watch your ass take a big fall, why?!
My Main Source, is like a friendly game of stickball
And as you step up to bat man, I play the riddler
You try to do me for my nigga I'll change to Hitler
I'll go out like Nazi, wish your fuckin ass stayed
home and play Yahtzee!
Or watchin Happy Days sweatin Poxie
with Ralphie and Cunningham, Joni and Chachi

(Yo Unique, yo kid
Check this shit out! Yo, yo)

Verse Two: Ghostface Killer

Ninety-five niggaz is wasted
Keystone capered, and Wu kept the rap fiends basted
Foamin out the mouthpiece, heads blown like geese
Murderous police, I do shows and perform in Grease
It's not magic, gaming is the gadget
World classic big national high attracts dear graphics
Lampin in my own zone, my physical show
Inhale bones Tony stuck, for the diamond in Rome
He's convincin, labelled one man rap convention
The nigga that'll gun down, eighty frenchmen
Lead vocalist, music specialist, rap arsonist
I deal with sharpness plus spark the hardest individual
I plant crimes inside vocals
My rap's like my passport, my life's my proof
Hit the sun roof, be out like a wanderin dream
Shuttle, and get startled off the verbal hygiene, my nigga

(sample of Stamina)

(sample of Baby C'mon)

(sample of Brooklyn Zoo)

(sample of Drunk Game (Sweet Sugar Pie))

(sample of The Stomp)

Shame on you when you step through to
Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo!

Shame on you when you step through to
Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo!

What?!! My nuh

Shame on you when you step through to
The Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo

Shame on you when you step through to
The Ol Dirty Bastard, Brooklyn Zoo

To the West coast!

To the East coast

To the North coast

To the South

When you take North, East, West, South

Put it all together and it spell NEWS!

Then you got the ol rhythm, bastard blues
and ya don't stop

So keep your shit, motherfucker, fucker, fucker!

(live concert)

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