Dirty South, Dirty Jerz (feat. Naughty By Nature)

Mystikal

[Treach] No Limit
[Myst.] Naughty!
[Treach] Da bomb Ill
[Myst.] Mystikal!
[Treach] IllTown
[Myst.] Da Big Eazy.. (oh shit) HAH!Chorus: Treach (2X)
Dirty South, Dirty Jerz, nigga fuck what ya heard
Your talk words don't serve while we slang on the curb
We take it from a fuckin fight to a stage and a mic
If I don't take the limo bitch I'm pushin a bike
* 2X - last line replaced with YEAYY-YAY! *
Verse One: Mystikal
Us big niggaz get pussy while songs get cooked
Fuck rough rhymes get hooked and young minds get shook
Duck, don't rock, don't break, don't bend, don't fall
Not gon' play, don't fake, don't stop to rest don't pause none
Top dough top pro on bitches
Chop funk, not gon' bitch ass niggaz
I wring they neck and slap they fuckin mouth
I run laps around the Superdome
Breast stroke the whole Mississippi to represent THE FUCKIN SOUTH
That's right, I said it!
I'm the fuckin boxer in your face is where I'm headed
Blaow, you gotta whole lot of nerve dissin the.. South
We ridin all the way to Jersey
We gon' keep up, but you keep on, keepin on
why'all gon', keep on, gettin the fuck on, bitch get gone!
why'all heard me? Mystikal and Naughty
New Orleans and Jersey!
Chorus
Verse Two: Vinnie
Yo, yo, yo
I heard somebody wantin Naughty to get raw, ha
I dismantle your fuckin crew just like Apartheid, nigga ya heard?
There's No Limit no gimmicks, to the shit I spit
Ain't no magazine you know could count these mics I rip
Comin straight from Jersey, motherfuck all those who curse me
I'm, running through you niggaz like Jackie Joyner Kersee
Now, how many niggaz comin better than this?
Naughty By Nature puts it down on some veteran shit

And chins I devour, while fuckin at your baby shower
Spittin lyrics on you a hundred miles an hour
Our Zoo got no problems gettin physical
Naughty By Nature down with Mystikal, you bitches foulChorus
Verse Three: Treach
You get your ass kicked when your only assets is ass bets
You cry quicker than Angela Bassett, cause your cassette
I'll trash it, like potatoes, beets, I'll mash it
Bust dust to dust and turn ashes to ashes in masses
I'm massive mashing bastards faster
Question bout my pimping tell your bitch to ask it
Chip-chop like all tops the store stops (it stops here)
Cause I'm raws likes strawberries on shortstops (it comes now)
The Beast from the East, the big future for the Pharaoh
Diss my crew, do some spine travel on gravel
Some fuhrilla shit, go and, peel your shit
I want my, scrilla quick, on some gorilla shit
Rhyme illest, no mimic, no quit it, gon' feel it
IllTown, divine mill it, No Limit, fuck the spillage some
hear my shit and go and switch they style
While I get down and wild with MystikalChorus
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