

# E-40, Doin' Dirt Bad

[Featuring B Legit]

\*(B Legit)\*

Mobb shit biatch.

\*(E 40)\*

Biatch!! Biatch!!

\*(B Legit)\*

This shit ain't went no where. (Trademark.)

You understand me?? (Uh!)

It's like when a mutha fucka do his dirt it don't be no ordinary dirt

you understand me?? A nigga do dirt bad. Check it out.

Verse 1 \*(E 40)\*

I took a I took a

whole thang of ice cream

a kilogram of birdie a unit

put the wammy on it, stepped on it, wit out ruinin it, or abusin it, like a mutha fucka would supposed to when there's a shortage on sumpthin, (on sumpthin),

that way I could get em off like hot cakes,

an you know there's plenty more where that comes from,

you see I know this one storage place that this one particular ball-ah,

sneekin an keepin his job-ah,

for you tardy unaware troopers now hoppin in the game true an ass fakers,

biatch!! biatch!!

got it means power,

yola, yola, ice cream candy,

man that shit be comin in handy,

but anyway,

dude hella bootsy an he was juss askin to get robbed,

that's why me an my side went ahead an pulled one of them 'ol inside jobs,

on his 'ol, move the show room, show me more Willie Fu-Fu put the red on

his, put two on the ten, all protected an tryin to impress a bitch,

don't you know I'm all off pullin licks on busta brown ass zarks like you,

scopin an casin 2-11's an holdin pacience.

Verse 2 \*(B-Legit)\*

I huddle wit the dogs up on defense day,

Lieutenants get the kicks, backwoods of the Yay,

soldiers leave the place, so the cream I keep,

six or seven g's everytime I beep,

hit the streets fo the game,

plot fo the bank,

fuck wit a boss, cuz a pimp got range,

make yo body stank,

leave you lost in the woods,

a nigga from the hood, up to no damn good,

we ride Fleetwood, get 'em dummied out,

walk a clerk to the safe, an get the money out,

I'm on a money route,

an all cash I count

a nigga deep in this mutha fuckin game.

Chorus- \*(E-40 & B-Legit)\*

187, 211, 1-2-0-2-2's,

We doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad,

457, 6-4-7-11, 3-5-0,

we doin' dirt, niggaz doin' dirt bad,

we doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad,

we doin' dirt, niggaz doin' dirt bad,

we doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad,

we doin' dirt.

Verse 3 \*(E-40)\*

B-Legit from what I understand, his bark was stronger than his bite,  
(beeeeeee-yaaaaatch!!!)  
nigga was sellin mo woof tickets than a sold out Lennox Lewis an  
Evander  
Holyfield fight, shit,  
we ain't no strong or soft niggaz, we savage damn it,  
like who??  
like the crocodile hunter,  
that crazy ass mutha fucka named Steve,  
who caught me doin' dirt, cuz I'm dirt cheap,  
an I like to do most of my dirt when most of y'all be asleep,  
down an dirty, 'specialy when I'm doin' dirt bad,  
pull akickdoe,  
run up in yo baby mama's pad.

Verse 4 \*(B-Legit)\*

I been it down from day uno,  
baby bottle full of pruno,  
knew I was the shit named B-Legit,  
had a thang fo bakin soda,  
an high info,  
couldn't wait to put the Vogues on a 7-8 rogue,  
I'm on a telephone, my communicator,  
on the track wit the team, gettin hella paper,  
fuck a playa hata,  
need chiefs to win,  
an me, I be the B-Soft Gin,  
cuz I'm the man wit it,  
got the taste of blood,  
so dirty when I'm wet that I turn to mud,  
I smoke purple bud,  
an make a hit hurt bad,  
ain't no tellin when a nigga doin' dirt bad.

\*(chorus)\*

40-50, 45, 4-7-0,  
we doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad,  
457, 6-4-7-11's 3-5-0,  
we doin' dirt, uh, niggaz doin' dirt bad,  
we doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad,  
we doin' dirt, niggaz doin' dirt bad,  
we doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad,  
niggaz doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad.

BIATCH!!

Verse 5 \*(B-Legit)\*

We doin' dirt bad,  
me an Charlie Hustle,  
niggaz push up on us cuz now we got the muscle,  
got they yay sold up,  
an you gonna have to see us,  
either that or get hit, wit the millimeters,  
keep my burners on,  
ain't no peace out here,  
a good place to leave yo whole fuckin career,  
so keep yo game near,  
an don't cross game,  
until the list have your own fuckin name.

Verse 6 \*(E-40)\*

Them badgers,  
Them bitches,  
them batches,  
the got my faulty tapped,  
but the po-po's hate it,  
cuz I be talkin in code,  
street slang, so they can't interpretate it,  
an the only way that they gonna be able to interpretate it is if they

go  
out an get a reliable source,  
which is a snitch,  
a fuckin activator,  
one that gives a very important evaluation to the vice,  
around here, around here,  
turns in they mama for the right price,  
moeny hungry for bread,  
you wussy, willow ass, bitch-made niggaz workin for them,  
it's hoes like you that got us doin' dirt bad.

Biatch!!

\*(chorus)\*

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we doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad,

niggaz doin' dirt, we doin' dirt bad.

BIIIIIIIIII-AAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAAAAAA-TCH!!