

# Ol' Dirty Bastard, High In The Clouds

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

I wanna stay high in the clouds  
I wanna keep plenty of pussy around  
I'm gonna keep puttin' in bullets in pocket  
Just in case, it's goin' down  
I'm a Brooklyn soldier, yes, I'm is  
If you lookin' for a problem, here it is  
I'm worser than the cross and bones, and that's danger  
I don't give a fuck, what beef it is

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Now I'mma get serious, pussy don't talk, went the heat come out  
Niggaz sleep on Dirty, til the street come out  
I like fame, but lockdown changed the nigga  
Now it's all about the gauge, on the stage for nigga  
Cuz haters wanna shoot, everything that shine  
So I'm prepared, to lock and load my rhymes  
Eat, two at a time, while my mind is bent  
And dare motherfucker, come with Brook' with that  
I be rollin' on the Boulevard, nothin' better rush  
I'm like Big Ben with my middle finger up  
Sidewalk hash, make thugs relax  
Got a team that could vile your habitat  
More gritty than Diddy, cause my hair's uncombed  
Streets I roam, are too hot to throw on poems  
Feel like L.A. blocks, home, when the yay is yo  
Gotta rob a motherfucker when the day is slow

[Chorus]

[Black Rob]

Uh, pussy doctor, four-four cocker  
Platinum, baby, ya'll niggaz is goin' copper  
I'm down in Bad Boy South with the nigga Chopper  
Programmed to blow shit up, like Dennis Hopper  
Hella pointed, hop out the helicopter  
It's L.A.X. for the weed, it's hella proper  
I rap, but still stick hoes for door knockers  
And if she's persistent, block her, block her, block her  
Infered, I call it the show shocker  
It's M.S.G., with Jay-Z, the show stopper  
And this is for them gangsta dudes, know you boppin'  
That take dough, and don't take shorts for no coppers  
My team are life stoppers, watch me split ya life up  
Like Mekhi Phifer, in the movie &quot;Clockers&quot;  
And just for doing the thing, they try to lock us  
Wanna find me? I'm layin' the back with the pill poppers

[Chorus 2X]