

# Ol' Dirty Bastard, Intoxicated

(featuring Macy Gray, Method Man & Raekwon)

[Chorus: Macy Gray]

Intoxicated and I'm faded, by your honey  
Why, we finally made it, got to lovin'  
Money, seeds and shine  
They wanna hate it, try to break it  
But it's yours and mine  
Nothing can change it, finally made it, so divine

[Raekwon]

Yo, I sat around the illest villains  
Campaignin' while we all G off  
Automatic mayors, now we ain't playin'  
Wolves start scheemin', violate me in the rain  
Get more respect, rob Marvin Gaye on 'em  
Gold, black, beige on 'em, heavy gauge  
Gettin' blazed, all that money, but he ain't even shaved  
This a new flavor, bigger vets, bigger begets  
Bigger papes, god damn it, nigga got saved  
Three or more, two thousand four Blazers  
Lookin' good, it's all hood, just analyze amazed  
Peace, let's mozy and swaze', y'all  
Then count real bank and thank 'em, hit me on the page, what

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

Yo, I was born on the same day as Dr. Seuss  
Plenty of friends, henny and gin, who got the juice?  
Let's get drunk, in this motherfucker, let's get pumped  
I need that funk, like I ain't took a bath in a month  
You can find me where the thugs be at, club be at  
A fact, I love women, cuz they love me back  
The name's Johnny, they used to call me sucker for love  
But now I'm grimey, cops searchin' motherfuckers for drugs  
Give me that buzz, that calm a nigga, dimes and doves  
At four twenty, when niggaz knew what time it was  
A shot of Remy, in my system, I'm buzzed  
Then baby, I ain't just a little war from unplugged  
Haha, you know I, crack myself up, sometimes with no excuses  
Like every nigga that done time, I didn't do it  
Meth the Magnificent, not Jeff  
I see the game done gone imputent, soft and suspect

[Chorus]

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yo, silence on Smith with six shots, lick shots  
Leave ya head like a Shaolin monk with six dots  
Hit a gush, twistin' a sweet switcher  
In search for Bobby the Digital, bitch, not Bobby Fisher  
Head full, with a Grey Goose and Redbull  
I came for, a beer, weed, plus a bed full  
Of dimepiece, model type bitches, who mind they business  
Blow my dick, like birthday cake wishes  
My warrior's scornful, hard to respond to  
Dirt McGirt, be sailin' boat and in Honolulu  
Brooklyn Zu, wild like Chaka Zulu  
Brooklyn Zu, shots will go right through you  
Touch me in Cali, or the streets of Mauwi  
In the two thousand six pitch black Audi  
Drivin' by bitches, I'm like howdy  
Doody, to you some beauty bitches crowd me

[Chorus 2X]