

# Caught Up

Ol' Dirty Bastard

(feat. Mack 10, Royal Flush)

[Chorus: sample]

Some people get caught up  
Some try and get rolled up  
Some people... (9x)

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Ol' Dirty kickin' your ass..  
The things that you learnt in class is trash  
You can't do nothin' wit' it, I put you in the past  
You broken motherfuckers, shut the fuck up  
I do it 'til you bad luck and head gets plucked  
The only thing on your brain is to give me this cash  
Stay out of my business 'cause I'm takin' your tash  
This struggle on the ming, non of y'all bring  
I got y'all in.. flavouring

[Chorus x2]

[Mack 10]

I seem to fuck about a bitch or a crooked ass cop  
I'm a burst that, it's dealin', the hustle don't stop  
I got stones and hairone, ecstasy and weed  
Meth, imphetamine, sherm, sticks and speed  
Pay it high wid, dope is all I got to give  
I'm a ghetto nigga dog so I get it how I live  
Got money, lock 'em off, fuckers still I got drama  
Got two strike dog and five baby mamas  
With new strain I maintain, I'm ready and willin'  
to keep change on niggas brains to keep the blood spillin'  
I hate it but it ain't complicated, it's real simple  
Fuck with me and know you get a hole in your temple  
I ain't gonna play you niggas, I'ma slay you niggas  
Don't take but a few figures and a few new triggers  
Mack 10 livin' legend, every West coast rhymin'  
Straight hoo bangin' gangsta and all rhymin' sodom, it's bad

[Chorus x2]

[Royal Flush]

Shut up, let me talk for a minute, alot of bull shit on my mind  
Dealin' with crime, alot of y'all dealin' wid rhymes  
Stuck on the grind, crackheads cookin' my pies  
Startin' off on the 1-2-5, the block's mine  
Bucket the spine, DH tryna tap my line  
Stop my producitions, wanna know my money discussions  
Who I roll wid, "buy so many cars is he legitin' of my dick"  
It didn't matter when I ain't have shit  
They done watch me in helicopters, parklin' in my crib  
All I wanna feed is my kids, no time to do a bid  
Feel me, I forced the whole guns a while for my ones  
Didn't sell drugs, where the money come from?  
No school, no job, no bitch, no food, fuck that  
Do what I do to make my shit true  
And I make it hard on them boys who blew they cats charges  
If I go to jail you know I'm blowin' on the Sergeants

[Chorus x5]