

Give It to Ya Raw (Single Version)

Ol' Dirty Bastard

Give it to ya raw
Yo, it's that old school shit
About 12 years old Let's get physical, operate your brain to function
I remember the Gods at the junction
Conjunction junction, what's your function?
I summed it up as the Ason sumption Known on the microphone as Crazy Crucial
Dippin' low on an MC like you and doin' you
Somethin', so step to the shit right now
Kickin' on everything in my goddamn town Doin' expressure, a jam it to deadly
Daredevil doin', 'cause I am the U-N-I-Q-U-E funky fresh
Funky do he get hype? You're motherfuckin' right I do
Ason, break it down sure anytime A serious outstandin'
Never end it clever in the rhyme
Break down your shit, wherever you come
There's no one who can fuck with Ason I paralyze you make you realize who
Lost concern with my god damn crew
Quiet as kept when I start any fuckin' riots
Even before you do in my nigga? Don't try it For you to get close enough to my style
You have to travel miles and miles and miles
To find a special rhyme like mines, you gotta look
At what you find in the Brooklyn Zoo Raw exit, killin' the beat with all your might
You love a hip hop song baby, I don't wanna be right
Wake up, what, what, losin' your head
Woke up on the wrong side of the bed
Juvenile faction of hard, you say you're livin' large
You're the head nigga in charge I give it to ya raw
I said, I give it to ya raw
I'm Ason baby, I'm the Ason baby
I'm Ason baby, I'm the Ason
I'm Ason baby, I'm the Ason
Givin' it to ya raw baby
The raw deal, because These lovely rhymes made by the one and only
I'm Ason, there's nothin' phony about me
Steady of course so hard to handle whip it
Like a specialist, I write my own music Now I make ya dance, get drunk or act wild
Baby sayin', "Hey hey I love your style"
Whether you're sober, known just to holder, Casanova
Get chopped with the lawn mower So get busy as Ason perform
On and on ladies scream my name Ason

That means the Ason girls fanatic
Repeat it so much you get a throat infectionYo I relieve the ones who believe
You're in the need of the God degree
That I build on with style and finesse
Keep MCs in check like a game of chessSo to the folks, come to my rehearsals
I look so good, I should be on the commercials
On TV that tell original lie
Of the Ason most highWho's your Jesus? Stop me and question
They'll never forget they can choke on position
Don't charge a cent of excellent
Add the ingredients of Ason's elementsFire, water, cold earth wood
Yo, do the knowledge because it is good
Enough to overstuff jumbo pack
Brother like Ason will never be attacked
A by a nigga couldn't figure how to pull the gun trigger
And I say yo get the fuck outta here

Songwriters

JONES, RUSSELL/DIGGS, ROBERT F. Published by
Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>