

Raw Hide

Ol' Dirty Bastard

You're a crossbreed, I'm a knowledge seed
I want action, that's what I need
I never put doubt in my mind
Cause I know when I touch the mic there's the rhyme
See murder which is caused
When you fuck with the negative and positive charge
Then they came up, out my garage
With the hit that's gonna be large
Tired of sittin on my fuckin ass
Niggas I know, be runnin around with mad fuckin cash
Who the fuck wanna be an emcee
If you can't get paid, to be a fuckin emcee?
I came out my momma pussy I'm on welfare
Twenty-six years old still on welfare!
So I gotta get paid fully
Whether it's truthfully or untruthfully
With my boston bloodthirsty process
P-e-a-c-eMove em in move em in
Move em out move em out
Stick it up raw hide! Yea, gotta come back to attack
Killin' niggas who said they got stacks, cause I don't give a fuck
I wanna see blood, whether it's period blood
Or bustin' your fuckin' face, some blood!!
I'm goin' out my fuckin' mind!
Every time I get around devils
Let me calm down, you niggas better start runnin'
Cause I'm comin', I'm dope like fuckin heroin
Wu-tang bloodkin', a goblin, who come tough like lambskin
Imagine, gettin 'shot up with ol dirty insulin
You bound to catch aids or somethin'
Not sayin' I got it, but nigga if I got it you got it!
WhatYo, check the bulletproof fly shit, strong like thai stick
Then I'll remain to tear your frame, while I freaks it
Like some fly new sneaks and shit
Now eat my shit, bitch tried to creep and got hit
Now regulate, and I'll be out to set up a date
Wu-tang, is bangin' like a ron g tape
Rza pump the shit just like a shotty
Watch me run it john gotti

Collidin' on the track, like gin and watty
Check the calender, I warn any challenger
To step up feel the blast from the silencer
Move em in move em in
Move em out move em out
Stick it up raw hide! Comin' soon to a theatre near you it be the wu
Yeah find yourself in the square and see it's true
Actual facts to snack on and chew
My positive energy sounds peace to you
A wise man killed one horse and made glue
Wicked women puttin' period blood in stew
Don't that make the stew witches brew?
I fear for the eighty-five that don't got a clue
How could he know what the fuck he never knew?
God-cypher-divine come to show and come to prove
A mystery god that's the work of yacub
The holy ghost got you scared to death kid boo

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