

# Raw Hide

Frankie Laine

Yeah, I wanna let all y'all niggaz know in here tonight  
That this is that Wu Tang shit  
This that shit that's gonna get you high  
See when you stimulate your own mind for one common cause  
You see who's the real motherfuckers  
See what you see is you what you see  
(Can I say it? Wu Tang a run tings)  
Be the original G  
Rhymin' on timin' and in the place to be  
(Run blood claat tings)  
They love see me  
You're a crossbreed, I'm a knowledge seed  
I want action, that's what I need  
I never put doubt in my mind  
'Cuz 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  
Niggaz I know, be runnin' around with mad fuckin' cash  
Who the fuck K wanna be an MC  
If you can't get paid, to be a fuckin' MC?  
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, PEACE  
Move 'em in, move 'em in  
Move 'em out, move 'em out  
Stick it up, raw hide  
Yeah, gotta come back to attack  
Killin' niggaz who said they got stacks, 'cuz 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  
Everytime I get around devils  
Let me calm down, you niggaz better start runnin'  
'Cuz 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, what?  
Yo, 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 eatT 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  
Yeah, we always gotta keep it fly  
Fly for you to feel, what you wants to feel  
See Wu Tang like to thank, all the people across the country  
All the people in America, all the people outside of America  
For listenin' to our music  
We gotta keep it fly for ya, see this ain't somethin' new  
That's just gonna come out of nowhere, no  
This is somethin' old and dirty and dirty, yeah

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