

# Raw Hide (Remastered Version)

## 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 silencerMove 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

Songwriters

RUSSELL JONES, ROBERT DIGGS, COREY WOODS, CLIFFORD SMITHPublished by

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