

# Doe Rae Wu

## Wu-tang Clan

[Chorus: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Frere Jacques, Frere Jacques

Do Rae Wu, Do Rae Wu

Digi lematina, Digi lematina

Ding dong ding, ding dong ding

[RZA:]

Yo

The wick is lit, the bombs start to tick, tick, tick

Countdown, BZA Bobby 'bout to spit

Explode every MC in a four mile radius

Still mad with stout like I'm Doctor Octavius

Place to brace, I could push on a rival plate

The pulse of a Digi stare, make a spiral break

Mouth the rhyme, blow his man outside the orbit

Who ever thought this thug hip-hop wasn't goin' corporate

And gain weight like Chinese put on eight dragon

And 'W' on the Flag and and everybody's braggin'

Neighborhood wiggin' out cuz the God's livin' out

Without biggin' out, Wu-Tang Clan biggin' out

Hollywood political wished off, It is Yourz

Ready for the next LP to hit stores

I got more serious, my smoke be furious

My night time walk should be named to Nigerious

It crucified you upside down on a wooden cross

Shouldn't have doubted the trojan, threw you in a wooden horse

Ol' Dirty break these niggaz off

You be bitches dumb soft

[Chorus: w/ RZA]

[Interlude: RZA]

BOODOODOODOO!!! Yo, yo, yo

[Ol' Dirty Bastard:]

Who want me to show the reels? I do magic spells

Children love shootin' guns on devils kill

I want a girl that's only too meak to squeal

And Wu-Tang keep that shit concealed

Roll with me in the drug mobile

Fuck my bitches, take it on the wheel  
Played it all over the world until  
Wu-Tang secret now revealed  
O's is killin' all people for head over heels  
I'm not a 'ciple with +Little Rascals+  
Villians, all attracted to my shit for man silk repellent  
I'm not the well-in, white boys can't get with melon  
I'm sayin' Wu-Tang is supreme to my wife and ho bitches on tour  
To make sure, insure, that my wife got paid while I was ditch poor

[Chorus]

[Outro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]  
Ding dong ding, ding dong ding  
Ol' Dirty Bastard squashin' shit  
Comin' at ya.

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