

Okuda Miwako "Cuttin' Headz"

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(feat. Rza)

Here it is
Where's it at?
In the back
Got a stack
The Dirty Bastard
Yo you Bastard flip the phat track
Here I go, here I go, whether friend whether foe
Let them know that I flow over the rainbow
Hit the deck
Aw, yep, (ch-ch plow) from the Tek, takin heads, takin
necks
What the fuck they expect?
I don't know
I don't care
I won't fall
I won't stare at a ho, less I know that I'm going to the
mo-
T-t-tel, cause I'm lousy, technique is drowsy
Stop tryin to foul me
Sayin that we're lousy
But I'm a tyrant, defiant, walkin New York Giant
President of the Wu
But I'm also a client
It's the Wu, what, you knew what, you do what, what,
who, what, what
I don't give a flying fuck
About a chump, cause this heart only pumps Kool-Aid
Snatch a kid by the braids, and cut his head off

Rhymes is rugged like burnt buildings in Harlem
The Ol Dirty Bastard from the Temple of Shaolin
Dirty to the brain like drops of acid rain
Clang, clang, clang, rhymes pluckin at your brain
So take a sip from the cup of death
And when you're shaking my right hand, I'll stab you
with the left
(Whirr whirr whirrr!) Red alert! Red alert!
Ason comin straight from the dirt
Once I go berzerk, mad brothers got hurt

Nuthin new in ninety-two
It's time to do the work
Trails of vatos scream once I hop on the scene
And fear the return of the fatal flying guillotine
Mr. Milli, that means I'm also militant
Don't wear no suit and tie, I'm no gentleman
Gettin laid, takin heads, that's my hobby
Punch a brother in the face who call me Robbie
I be the RZA, call me that 'cause-I
Never liked the name I recieved from my poppa
Dirty deluxe, yo, I'm huntin for ducks
Snatchin devils up by the hair, then cut his head off

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