

Okuda Miwako

"Shimmy Shimmy Ya"

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* - clean version is the only version that exists

Intro:

Oooh baby I like it raw
Yeah baby I like it rawww (with your MC at the epicenter)
Oooh baby I like it raw (sup boo? sup? sup baby?)
Yeah baby I like it rawww
Oooh baby I like it raw (it's E-40 man)
Yeah baby I like it rawww (sup baby?)
Oooh baby I like it raw (I see y'all, I see you whassup
y'all)
Yeah baby I like it raww (sup?? SUP???)

Shimmy shimmy ya shimmy yeah shimmy yay
Gimme the mic so I can take it away
Off on a natural charge, bon voyage
Yeah from the home of the Dodger, Brooklyn squad
WU-TANG! Killa beez on the swarm
Reign on your college-aXX disco dorm
For you to even touch my skill
You gotta go the one killa bee and he ain't for the kill

Verse One: MC Eiht

I'm givin you that funky funky aXX-sXXX
(That sXXX) that you gotsa ta fXXX wit
So stand back cause I don't hope my funk
Threw a bunk on your silly billy aXX and you too soft
I'm givin that brain a little tickle
I'm thicker than a buXX-lickin indo popsicle (popsicle)
Fool you know I'm too cold
I leave that ass hangin, hangin like a bXXXX on hold
Can suck my DING, you bring like static
I shoots like a fXXXXn automatic (automatic)
Classy ----- I'm in em
I'm deadly like a m-----n snake's, venom
So it's on bad 'cause these zaggin come around your
block
And we strapped with the Mac
And you get served like a clucker

E four oh and the Eiht, down with that dirty
moXXXXXXer
Geyeah

Interlude: [backwards verse]

The nigga that discovered electricity
Yo gimee some of that Hurricane SO!

Verse Two: E-40, Ol Dirty

Cookin y'all on the burner inside a Rolex
Clocked, to a fat ass nXXXa clad in black, honk!
Might act my color but now E four oh ain't no dummy
though
Might not know how to read and write but I do know how
to count money hoe
NXXXa this game ain't wrinkled, hoe I don't need no
starsight
To serious aXX nXXXa twenty-first of March
Time's up in this b---h right, East West whoride
BXXXXes don't understand my isht that we be servin

Uhhhh, I'm from the Bed-Stuy, now do or die
I got somethin for your a-- now I'm passin lye
See E-40 Click roll thick like a hoe drippin ----
The A-von, isht

Chorus:

Oooh baby I like it raw
Yeah baby I like it rawww
Oooh baby I like it raw
Yeah baby I like it rawww
Oooh baby I like it raw
Yeah baby I like it rawww
Oooh baby I like it raw
Yeah baby I like it rawww

Verse Three: Ol Dirty Bastard

Most MC's get all too hyped
From the tent we'll rhyme and take you out with a tank
It's not MC just an MC bee
Weak on your words you never thought of by freein
Positive thoughts that I let come out
Ask the God A-SON I know what it's about
On the mic I'm a leader, school I was a reader
When it come to f---n I'm a strong good breeder
MC max and we worn out wax
Collect the cash money, without ever being taxed

And then I, got your attention
I'd like to mention, DON'T BATTLE ME at any rap
convention

Yo I'd like to give a shout out
To all you live zaggin out there
And also like to give a shout out
To all you punk ----- out there
I wanna give a shout out
To all the true black women, because I love you
And I also wanna give a shout out
To them fake a-- b-----s out there
Yaknowhatl'msayin?

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