

Ol' Dirty Bastard "Give it to Ya Raw"

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[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Give it to ya raw!

Yo, it's that old school shit

About 12 years old

Let's get physical, operate your brain to function
I remember the Gods at the junction
Conjunction junction what's your function?
I summed it up as the Ason sumption
Known on the microphone as Crazy Crucial
Dippin low on an MC like you and doin you
Somethin, so step to the shit right now
Kickin on erything in my god damn town
Doin expressure, a jam it to deadly
Daredevil doin, cause I am the U-N
I-Q-U-E funky fresh
Funky do he get hype?
You're motherfuckin right I do
Ason, break it down sure anytime
A serious outstandin never end it clever in the rhyme
Break down your shit, wherever you come
There's no one who can fuck with Ason
I paralyze you make you realize who
Lost concern with my god damn crew
Quiet as kept when I start any fuckin riots
Even before you do in my nigga? Don't try it!
For you to get close enough to my style
You have to travel miles and miles and miles
To find a special rhyme like mines, you gotta look
At what you find in the Brooklyn Zoo
Raw exit, killin the beat with all your might
You love a hip hop song baby, I don't wanna be right
Wake up, what, what, losin your head
Woke up on the wrong side of the bed
Juvenile faction of hard, you say you're livin large
You're the head nigga in charge

I give it to ya raw!

I said I give it to ya raaaawww!!

I'm Ason baby, I'm the Ason baby

I'm Ason baby, I'm the Ason

I'm Ason baby, I'm the Ason
Givin it to ya raw baby
The raw deal, because

These lovely rhymes made by the one and only
I'm Ason, there's nothin phony about me
Steady of course so hard to handle whip it
Like a specialist I write my own music
Now I make ya dance, get drunk or act wild
Baby sayin "Hey hey I love your style"
Whether you're sober, known just to holder, casanova
Get chopped with the lawn mower
So get busy as Ason perform
On and on ladies scream my name Ason
That means the Ason girls fanatic
Repeat it so much you get a throat infection
Yo I relieve the ones who believe
You're in the need of the God degree
That I build on with style and finesse
Keep MCs in check like a game of chess
So to the folks, come to my rehearsals
I look so good I should be on the commercials
On TV that tell original lie
Of the Ason most high
Who's your Jesus? Stop me and question
They'll never forget they can choke on position
Don't charge a cent of excellent
Add the ingredients of Ason's elements
Fire, water, cold earth wood
Yo do the knowledge because it is good
Enough to overstuff jumbo pack
Brother like Ason will never be attacked
A by a nigga couldn't figure how to pull the gun trigger
And I say yo get the fuck outta here!

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