Ol Dirty Bastard f Raekwon the Chef Method Man "Rawhide"

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Verse One: Ol Dirty Bastard

You're a crossbreed, I'm a dolla seed I want ACTION is what I need I never had 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 out of my garage with the hits that's supposed to be large I'm tired of stittin on my fuckin ass niggaz I know be walkin around with mad fuckin cash who the FUCK wanna be an MC if you can't get paid to be a fuckin MC I came out my moma's pussy I'm on welfare 26 years old I'm still on welfare so I gotta paid fully whether it's truthfully or untruthfully with my forceful blood thirsty process P-E-A-C-E

Chorus: Method Man

move em in move em in move em out move em out stick it up (whip sound) rawhide

Verse Two: OI Dirty Bastard

gotta come back to attack killin niggaz that say they got stack 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 everytime I get around devils (breathing hard) let me calm down niggaz need to start runnin cause I'm comin, I'm dope like fuckin herion Wu-Tang Bloodkin a goblin that come tough like lambskin imagine gettin shot up with OI Dirty insulin you bound to catch AIDS or somethin not sayin I got it but nigga if I got it you got it!! Nigga what?!!

Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef

Check the bulletproof fly shit strong like thai stick then I'll remain to tear your frame with my peep nick like some fly new sneaks and shit now peep my shit bitch tried to creep and got hit now regulate as I begin to set up a date Wu-Tang is bangin like a Ron G tape Rza pump the shotty on the track watch em run it John Gotti I livin on the track like Jen and Waldi fell my Dallinger I warn any challenger to step up (whip) feel the blast of my silencer

Chorus

Verse Four: Method Man

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 smack 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 85 that don't gotta clue how could he know what the fuck he never knew God cypher the rhyme 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

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