## Ol' Dirty Bastard F/ Method Man, Raekwon "Respect Mine"

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[Raekwon]

Yo whassup kid? How you, yeah
Straight up and down
This is the Chef comin out of Wu-Tang Clan
Representin Shaolin, to the fullest son!
I mean I'm here right now with my nigga, Fat Ji-doe
representin the Boogie Down, and the rest of the triborough

So what we gonna do right here son Aiyyo matter fact son, I'm tired of these niggaz man! Word up!

## [Fat Joe]

Hey yo it's total devestation, for any MC that poses I paint the town red with clips and dum-dums and bloodshed

The Fat MC. from the B-X

Vicious like a T-Rex, who slips into a three-X Rappers fuck up, and end up, in the obituary Don't know the meaning of real, check the dictionary I got no time for conversation

Makin MC's run for the border like the immigration A Puerto Rican villain who be dealin and illin for nothin You ain't a playa, you just BLUFFIN

Point blank, we can even do this with gats and shanks It's your selection

I can become President, without elections
I got mad connections, Fat Joe, the rap wizard
Brainstorms come in swarms, get lost in the blizzard
Word to mother I take your life
Sodomize your daughter, and make a widow out you

Sodomize your daughter, and make a widow out your wife

It's the relentless, nobody can check this Fat Joe, you know The Yung and Resless respect this .. to all the fake MC's

[Raekwon the Chef]

Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now

## [Fat Joe]

Yo who gets wrecked on the spot? You get wrecked on the spot
I got this whole rap shit locked
Many MC's perpetrated, and gladiated
I'm number one so yo they hate it
Listen here suckers, you don't wanna meet the chuckers
It's the same motherfucker who said fuck the ruckus

It's the same motherfucker who said fuck the ruckus Back in ninety-three, when everything was fine and dandy

I was the nigga puttin razors in your kids candy
Mad connivin, it don't get any worser
Best reverse them thoughts DISPERSE
Even if you get loud and curse
you don't put any fear in my heart
Don't even start, you get torn apart
Fat Joe, livin the life
Yo I get trife, and do a number on that ass
with the butcher knife - slice after slice, yea
Causin more destructional horror, than the AntiChrist
Niggaz know the motherfuckin time

## [Raekwon the Chef]

Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now Nigga respect mine, or anger the tec-9 Ch-chk-BLAOW! Move from the gate now

Joe represents B-Lawn, respect mine

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