

B.O.B.B.Y.

RZA

Ultimate breakbeats an' shit right?
Niggaz still makin' money offa those shits
Loopin' the same shits for a thousand years
An' shit, right?The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y
The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y
The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
DigitalYo, you know us to be robust, the greatest crew since Cold Crush
This poisonous slang keep MCs avoidin' us
Can't think about the proper remedies for destroyin' us
Your best bet black is sit back an' start enjoyin' us
An' run your commissary, attack your coronary
I'ma bury revolutionary
Honorary is sonic, electronic brain like Johnny Mnemonic
Get boosted from the sorrow an' went Wu-tonicYou be fickle, get your tongue thrown into a jar
of pickle
To serve to your bird, with cheese and pumpernickel
Three state Charlie a classic like Marley Marl
Tie your ass down an' run you over with a trolley carMy nigga, Lucky keep 'em bucky like Dent
Intent, read the fine print, it says
'Do not enter, or cross the lines
You be tossed behind an' forced to submit to the rhyme'B.O.B.B.Y
D.I.G.I.T.A.L
B.O.B.B.Y
D.I.G.I.T.A.L
B.O.B.B.Y
D.I.G.I.T.A.L
Digital, Digital44 in the holster, strapped tight by the Velcro
Steel padded vest on the chest, armed right from the elbow
Pointed rings resemble Killa Bee stings
It's the mental of slingin' swords, thinkin' a buck bringsRain, hail, snow an' earthquakes
Search your mental birth date
50 straight push-ups keep the body in perfect shape
Just got hit on the hip by this bird
Talkin' 'bout she got a blister on her lip
That comes from not garglin' after suckin'I'm togglin' the buttons on my cell phone
Call my nigga, Tone, the well known
Bubblegoose shredders made him thick as Carl Weathers
Solid chrome Berettas, nines stuffed inside the Wu leatherHot shots melt through your pleather
'Never ending story', not from the land of Nether
We fight for our wives to the death like Mega Evers
Wu-Tang Clan forever, all an' together nowB.O.B.B.Y

D.I.G.I.T.A.L

B.O.B.B.Y

D.I.G.I.

Digital, DigitalUp from the rugged grains of Shaolin soil

Ol' earth kept a nigga spoilt

Though the reigns to my veins remain royal, burnin' up

High speed dub, my CD spins like a hub cap on a Ac'Tre-pound snub rap, we might joust

Fresh spring water from the ounce

Stalked like a tomahawk, Indian bitch, you get scalped

Like a ticket sold in Cleveland, you feel me in?An' now I stream up your bone marrow

Wu-Tang song last long as Christmas carols

Niggaz throw darts, I'm shootin' flamin' arrows

Pierce through your physical faculties

With pinpoint accuracy, you don't wanna battle meThe B, the O, the B, the B, the Y

The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L

The DigitalThe B, the O, the B, the B, the Y

The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L

The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y

The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the LB.O.B.B.Y

D.I.G.I.T.A.L

B.O.B.B.Y

D.I.G.I.T.A.LB.O.B.B.Y

D., the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L

Digital, Digital

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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