

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
Digital

Yo, 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-tonic
You 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 car
My 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, Digital

44 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 brings
Rain, 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 leather
Hot 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 now

B.O.B.B.Y

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

B.O.B.B.Y

D.I.G.I.

Digital, Digital

Up 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 me

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 Digital

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

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

Digital, Digital

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