

Unspoken Word

RZA

Chorus:

Yo yo it's the unspoken word

You not heard get your brains open

Controlled emotions freewill

as the same token

Keep a sword tucked sharp inside your personal

We can bust a shot or we can bust a verse or two

[Bobby Digital]

Word's on the street Dunn Dunn Bobby's goin Digital

Hoverin the city inside the Wonder Woman's invisible jet

Clouded by the Meth we move undetected

in secret society sects, NARC's radar

suspected us to be a cumulus cloud, ejectin lightning

Strikin like a wild knuckle fight, in New Brighton

A million strands of spider webs weaved to make my vest

The energy compacted deep within, my inner chest

One touch of my eagle claw clutch, rips your guts

Brass head kill you fast with a rapid, head bust

Ninjas spyin, the ammo flyin, the steel iron

Blow a nigga neck from his head, like dandelions

My team is a magazine of M-16's

But we calmly, defeat your army, by blowin steam

Noisy as a thousand barkin dogs, rap's sweat hogs

Welcome back to the catalogue, hip-hop cyborg

Bobby Digital, keyboard clogged bitch you analog

We blowin smoke creatin Scooby Doo fogs

Escape cell block eight's my tape on the rocks

Sean Connery, calmly bombin MC's, who stuck on my phenomenon

Word up, no hurry up, for the merrier

You worry Duck, you get touched by the razor cut

You feel the flurry huh, don't worry yo

You get cut by the razor, yo, yo, yo yo

The Wu rag tied around your head, like a doo rag

Carry large black guns in small school bags

Funeral date, will be engraved on the wall, in roman numerals

The Looney Tune niggaz I be rollin with, be screwin you

Quick to make a nigga shit in his pants, with one glance

Laid back like a fat Huffy bike, on the kickstands

My Clan'll make the most hardrock chump turn to glass

and shatter, leave no traces of your matter

You kids playin hot feet, wait til you go to sleep I pull your teeth

I'm vegetarian BITCH, I don't need the beef

So how I spell relief? Ruler Z, Arm Leg Leg Arm Head

B.O.B.B.Y.

You don't qualify

You don't have supply

It's a natural high

Chorus

It's Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule

We see a snake in the garden, we get rid of you

(Bobby you be on that bullshit) ALL THE TIME

(With them big words and shit) I FREE Y'ALL NIGGAZ MINDS

(What the fuck you think you are some king or somethin

Motherfucker you ain't shit, high profilin)

Yo, yo, my enemies of the Killa Bee Clan's founds their peers

Buried for a thousand years, or drowned in tears

My unpredictable lyrics straight, and spine tingling

like slime from a baby's mouth, bitch niggaz you be lingerin

Bobby bobs panties from bitches with big asses

(Bobby you be buggin!) Girl my mind flashes

My seeds be royal, niggaz sweat muslim oil

My Earth gave birth to the fertile crescent soil

No time for fragile planet for small wombs

My dick bust a universe, my nuts weigh a moon, stay in tune

Champagne thoughts with Bud Light money, blunts dipped in honey

Digital, make the gloomiest day feel sunny

Slang slides slashes for him plan record upon the Lord

Confuse you like a forty-eight track mixboard

Milli phaser blast a hole in your back the size of moon craters

These anti-crucified on my Technic crossfader

Fuck the bloodshed, you be leakin your soul

Physical mental emotion we will control

Infinite darts I apply to your back, like horse brandin

I clear a thousand men with a jaw of an assbone, black Samson

Chorus

It's Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule

See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you

Slimy savages, against the Digital

Fuck you Analog, the shit is critical

Chorus

Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule

See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you

You slimy savages, shit is gettin critical

Fuck you Analog niggaz we be Digital

Bobby Digital

Word up fuck that (Bobby Digital!)

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