

# Kiss of a Black Widow

## RZA

Let me tell y'all ho something motherfuckers  
(Oh, you complaining about that man?)  
Yeah, them motherfuckers belong to us

Straight up, tell all y'all motherfucking hoes Y'all motherfuckers know what's the fucking time  
You think we don't love you motherfuckers?

Run in to the motherfucking courts  
With all that bullshit motherfukal I'm letting all y'all motherfuckers know

I'm getting tired a that shit  
You motherfucking triple breed motherfuckers

Bitches, we love you motherfucka Bobby Digi, Bob Digital shit is critical  
Laid the fuck up inside the hospital

It's a riddle of a sphinx bitch had me jinx wid hijinx

Cuban linx snatched from my neck, it was the sex This twelve ounce bottle of bex had me drunk  
One night laid up wit the Ol' Dirt and ten bags of skunk

Just met this hoe last month

Lookin' like a Benz with a woofer in the trunk I pushed up like a push-up stick

One hand up near my cheek the other hand was holdin' my dick  
I said "Power equal, boo"

RZA people I be Bobby D I G I too (Is that right?)  
Word, and exact

Girl you got a smile that a make a nigga heart crack  
(For real?) Word to grill like a thousand dollar bill  
Close your eyes count to three and click you heels

And we could end up at my place face to face

Butt-naked I'll invade your inner space Straight up boo, damn I can taste it  
One drop of sperm the God wouldn't waste it over the quilt  
I rather put it inside you so your breast be filled with milk  
And we could lay up and I could squeeze until it tilts

My house built on stilts is bangin' like the Hilton Look how you feelin' gimme some feeback boo 'cause I need  
that

(Look Bobby where's the beer and the weed at?)

Look, girl, shit I got more than a little

She set me up for the kiss of the black widow You couldn't get a flick of the hype outfit  
'Cause the way that I'ma dress this style is mad wild

Enough to make a crowd of women scream oww

Whether at a party or just in bed Or thoughts of Ason bitch keep that in your head  
My beats are funky, my rhymes are spunky

Sometimes I say, well, motherfucka what's the recipe

I don't know, I ask my ma, she don't know, "Go ask ya poppa" It's all about me in the place to be, nigga you all

that uh  
Motherfucka that shit is due it's mad  
Motherfucking game and it's a God-damn shame  
How many motherfuckas wanna know this name, Ason Yo, I lock on, pass the break  
Shake and motivate, stimulateBy this ways that you dying you have in your clutch  
Fall in love like a drug, call out into her love flood  
Fuck dunno you only bust blood  
Caught inside the scud-missile grip like tissueNow I'm laid up inside the hospital  
Bobby Digital's on critical  
'Cause the testicles is drainedHuh huh  
Nah, I ain't doing it right, right?  
Huh

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