

# Must Be Bobby

Rza

Bo-bby, Bo-bby, Bo-bby

Bo-bby

Bo-bby, Bo-bby, Bo-bby

Bo-bby, Bo-bby, Bo-bby, Bo-bby

Yo, Bobby

Yo, yo, RZA Bobby

Yo, yo, RZA Bobby

B-Bobby, yo

Hit the bodega for a 40 ounce son, Garcia Vega  
Two bags of chips, and one pack of Now and Laters  
Flame tucked down to my nuts, on my last buck  
Only thing keep a nigga calm is a good fuck  
Loose-leaf cigarettes be dipped in wet  
Chicken of the seas get trapped inside my net  
With their clothes off, son when the gun goes off  
I'm bound to play Napoleon, and blow a nose off  
Your Sphinx, your stumble rap style, your flow's off  
Like Kunta, tryin' to run with his chopped toes off  
Unchallenged sword I yield the storm rider  
Clip full of ruffled-tip fast-actin' long fire  
Four hundred grain cartridge, with steel casin'  
Those who can't draw the crowd is still tracin'  
The mic is cast to the floor and shapeshifted  
Heavy as the hammer of Thor you can't lift it  
So tense, bitch there's no defense  
This four-four inch'll make you jump the fence  
Right eye squinted; I speak brok-len English  
Stumble off the cold four-oh of old English Wu brew  
Two-two inside the shoe  
No describin' what this heat, in my jacket could do  
I teach, seeds to read, never reach for the weed indeed  
Bow down to the great Bob Digi Digi  
Yo, it must be Bobby  
Oh, no, it must be Bobby  
Oh, no, it must be Bobby  
Oh, no, it must be  
I keep rice soaked in coconut milk mixed with Tofu  
Sit in the sun six hours then I charge up like Goku  
Dragonball Z, imagine you're raggin' me

That's like walkin' through a Blood hood flaggin' a C  
Not, tryin' to tell you how much weight we carry  
It may get, every snake in the tri-state buried  
Plus, Feds had one add, sayin' I gun traffed  
I sold twenty million records bitch, some laugh  
Fresh shafts of morning dew on Nancy Drew  
Sherlock Holmes crime sleuth couldn't figure the Wu  
You loaf of bread head, keep a sober head  
One point five million years my overhead  
Yo, yo, it must be Bobby  
Yo, yo, it must be Bobby  
Oh, no, it must be Bobby  
Yo, check, yo  
I keep MC's puzzled keep my dogs in the muzzle  
Ice cold forty ounce drink 'em down with one guzzle  
Son might spit a word at a bird, see if she chirp back  
Tall chocolate deluxe buttercup, off the meat rack  
A chickenhead scratch the yard for worms  
And roosters walk around with their heads in the perm  
I be spreadin' knowledge keepin' my third eye polished  
Never, chase for dollars to fulfill the black wallet  
You must be Bellevue son I walk with twelve jewels  
Afford anything this world could sell you  
Beats that the change the style'll rearrange ya  
BZA-Bobby! I'm strikin' you like Beatlemania  
Yo, it must be Bobby  
Oh, no, it must be Bobby  
Yo, son, it must be Bobby  
BZA-buh, BZA-wha', BZA-Bobby  
Fuckin' up the mic is still my hobby  
F-fuckin' up the mic is still my hobby  
Yo, yo, it must be  
Yeah yeah  
Bo-bby  
Bo-bby  
Bo-bby

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