

# Glocko Pop

Rza

Digital Electronics  
So we gon' check the 25th caller  
Caller? Hello? Caller, you're on the air, yeah, hello?  
You're on the air, sweetheart, hello, yeah,  
I'd like to make a request, yeah, I wanna hear somethin' digital, oh yeah  
That means somethin' that's gonna keep me up and turn me on  
Well, I got this new joint, the Glocko Pop, Glocko Pop?  
Yeah, Glocko Pop, oh, I love that song, oh my God  
Here it is, just for you, sugar  
Bobby Digital back on the set  
Watch girl's pussies get wet wet wet wet  
Drip drip drip drip, drop drop drop drop  
Hip-hop you just can't stop stop stop  
Watch my glock glock glock glock  
It goes pop pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glockoes pop pop pop  
His rugged go pop pop pop  
My Glockoes pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
You stomp the fuck off yo' block  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
Bob Digi-tech live in effect  
You just didn't expect  
One man to come along and bring a new song  
To break your barrier down,  
You can't carry the sound  
Buckwild juvenile from Shaolin Island, what? What?  
Who wants to get violent?  
Remain silent  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
His Glocko pop pop pop  
His Glocko pop pop pop  
My son go pop pop pop  
My gun go pop pop pop

His Glocko pop pop pop  
One love, go pop pop pop  
His love go pop pop pop  
Yo, who wanna play the hero? Your chances are slim  
Less than zero, Shaolin laboratory friend  
That's the shit though, came to satisfy but can't get no  
Sound pasified from the get-go, Cuban neckties for you Kiko  
Only carry mines for protection  
The hoods like the Wild West I reckon  
Hold up a second, lost my breathe and  
Take it from the top bitch or do somethin'  
Mr. Method runnin' in your session  
With nothin' but my words as my weapon  
And twenty-eight years of aggression  
Do it for my people when I take it back  
Like I'm repo-man, agent double 'o' negro  
Know who I am? No, I don't give a damn  
Evil, flash ya crooked I like I'm eagle  
Gets down and dirty like your moms pots and pans  
From a smoked pipe, drink it down like Sedan  
This is how ya enter the Wu-Tang Clan, yeah  
36 Chambers, you're pu-tang man, word  
Brothers with a mic make a true slang thin, yeah  
Brother with a gun make the loot change hands, word  
That's how it is  
You could ask RZ-A  
The rain, hail or snow I deliver  
DJ, that music just turns me on  
The marvelous bone crushin' assassin  
Appears to be blind in glasses  
Daredevil bang head with shovel iron skin  
Tony Starks, liquid metal the rebel in the evenin'  
Shadows sweapens  
Vanishin' the book of instruction  
Fuckin' with the Wu-Tang Production  
Is Lord to all who come and see  
My art too deadly to teach,  
Read my death touch, ascended grief between each point  
Slendid, hand Swingin' Sword recommended  
Slice through the bone intended  
Try to sketch the classes, reflection of perfection  
Mic-phone swing like numb stick to scar  
Mohammed Ali, Mic MC, Shakwan walk the dead sea  
Dead sea, Digi  
Yo, my mind keeps playin' tricks, I'm caught up in The Matrix

Digital mould, your flows is all wasted  
You smoke weed with seeds, I crush mines and lace it  
Two tokes a pass, kid it's all wasted  
I know you lust, so relax and be patient  
As soon as I spark the stem, ya all taste it  
Number one on the charts, it's time to erase it  
Replace it, you was wack from the start, face it  
DJ, that music just turns me on  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
His love go pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
You stomp the fuck off yo' block  
My Glocko pop pop pop  
DJ, that music just turns me on

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