

Boing Boing (feat. Blade, Skinnyman & Mr. Tibbs)

RZA

[Intro: Tim Westwood (Mr. Tibbs) {Skinnyman }]

Yo this is Westwood

I'm at Radio 1 just doin' my thing tonight

And just walked into this studio some of the hottest UK cats out there My man Skinnyman {Woah, woah, Blade

And Mr. Tibbs what's the deal? What you got for me?

{Yeah we got ya the new banger Tim straight from RZA

Straight from the Wu-Tang (Yeah representin' live all my UK hip hop heads in the North Side, el tarno)

Down it's gonna bang in ya face, lets go [Skinnyman (RZA)]

Regardless, I'll be here bringin' it heartless

Ruthless, to the death I'll stand for the truth yes

My God given talent is all that I can do best

Keep spittin' over these tracks and leavin' you blessed

So who requested my time on the set

Skinnyman's what you get, so you ain't really hearin' nuttin' yet

Ya best upthreath 'cause it gets better yet

I'm that deft intellect, them boy they don't pent So who requested Wu-Tang on the set (it's the RZA)

What you get so you ain't really hearin' nuttin' yet

We'll never let anybody else step

Or ever come with anything less for what you'd expect

If you pass me the mic then I'll gladly accept

I'll take it to the street, show you how rough it can get
'cause everybody knows this rappin' thing isn't happenin'

Now they jack it in and go back to shottin' crack again
Locked down the block and get strapped with the gat again
Then we break it down then just deal with the matter then

So how you'd think a British ghetto youth feels

He can't get a record deal but he can get drugs to deal

He can't get a job but he can go for rob and steel

Lookin' for a mill' while you screamin' "keep it real!"

So I'll just stand here with this mic that I hold

Request the higher force to sweep over my soul

So I can fulfill my dream, go for my goals

I'm sick of spendin' every late night out of role [Chorus: RZA]

Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing Blade make the party bza Boing, Boing

Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing

Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing

Blade makes the party bza Boing, Boing [Blade]

Calm but still merciless, rugged on impact

Explosive, leavin' nuttin' but rubber with a spinback
Snap a photo with your camera, capture the stamina
Hand it to a amateur, show him how to damage a
Live set, make him feel the full effect
And yet still make it hard to detect and what's left?
Four men remain standin' like Gladiators
When the dusk clears nuttin' for the average ears
For years its been the same with minds of the artillery
God forgave us all for the merciless delivery
Holdin' the tools of the trade with a death grip
Rememberin' the times when nothin' was right, we was desperate
Dreams blown to smithereens, turned into nightmares with screams
There's a world of CREAM
If all goes correct we can stash supreme
Feed the fiend 'cause that's the way it was meant to have been
You should of seen the comin', the language is universal
One time perfect attack with no rehearsal
Shook the Earth for what it's worth
You're in danger of a takeover, and it's analysed as global
We can find them whatever your predictions
Enterin' the realm unknown with no restrictions
It might be hard to believe
We invade, we conquer and lead[Chorus: RZA]
Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing
Blade make the party bza Boing, Boing
Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing
Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing[Mr. Tibbs]
I'm a country man at heart but a city man by nature
'cause even though it's fuck free, it's all about the paper
I love to live expensive, smoke like I'm in Jamiaca
Even when I'm broke I think I'm like but a creator
Avoids the green, even from my early teens
???????? in need of CREAM seen (seen)But then I had a dream 'bout bein' the best rapper
But that ain't what it seems, next chapter
That's spreadin' the word
Inspiration from the hurb is what you hear when I got heard
I sat back and observed most of the men that shined before me
All that respect, keeper know 'nough of them will bore me
Singin' the same story, I'm better than you
And to tell you the truth most of them men are shut fools
We asked them in the struggle to make ends meet
That's why I told these MCs that talk is cheap
You might think you know Tibbs, you don't know me
Unless you walk my streets and talk to my peeps[Chorus: RZA]
Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing
Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing[RZA]
With your high pitched face like eye liner
If the black gat bust you get struck by the side winder
You can't block and stop it when I spotted
I shoot like Luke Skywalker inside the cockpit
Aimin' at the top fighter
Who I mighta have thirty thousand kids spark the lighter
And set flames to the sky, we

aim high
The baseline kick like the kid from Shang-Hi
Make your bubble bust, cuddle up from the rubble thrust
You'll have the double juice duck, then I doubled up
To the double four, puddles pour from ya bum bot
Open swords can't be cured by the blood clot
Ya bum bastards, son I come classic
Frame won't last the length of my matchstick
Drunk off the Hennessey V.S. stop the B.S.
I'm still off to catch the CREAM like P.S.
Jake was makin' that green
People always say what the hell does that mean [Chorus: RZA]
With Skinny man he makes the party Boing, Boing
Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing
Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing
Bza Blade he makes the party Boing, Boing
Skinnyman make the party Boing, a bza Boing, Boing
Blade make the party bza Boing, Boing
Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing
Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing
Skinnyman make the party Boing, a bza Boing, Boing
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Songwriters

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