

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 motherfuka
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, stimulate
By 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 tissue
Now I'm laid up inside the hospital
Bobby Digital's on critical
'Cause the testicles is drained
Huh huh
Nah, I ain't doing it right, right?
Huh

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