

B.O.B.B.Y.

RZA

Ultimate Breakbeats and shit right?
Niggaz still, makin money offa those shits
Loopin the same shits for a thousand years
And shit right?

The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y
The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y
The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
Digital

Yo, you know us to be robust, the greatest crew since Cold Crush
This poisonous slang keep MC's avoidin us
Can't think about the proper remedies for destroyin us
Your best bet black is sit back and start enjoyin us
And run your commisary, attack your corinary, I'm a bury revolutionary
Honorary is sonic electronic brain like Johnny Nneumonic
Get boosted from the sorrow and went Wu-tonic
You be fickle, get your tongue thrown into a jar of pickle
To serve to your bird, with cheese and pumpernickle [Ch-cha Pssh]
Three state Charlie a classic like Marley Marl
Tie your ass down and run you over with a trolley car
My nigga Kucky keep em Bucky like Dent
Intent, read the fine print - it says
Do not enter, or cross the lines
You be tossed behind, and forced to submit to the rhyme

B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L
B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L
B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L
Digital, Digital

Four-four in the holster strapped tight by the velcro
Steel padded vest on the chest armed right from the elbow
Pointed rings resemble Killa Bee stings
It's the mental of slingin swords, thing? a buck brings
Rain, hail, snow and earthquakes, search your mental birthdate
50 straight push-ups keep the body in perfect shape
Just got hit on the hip by this bird talkin bout
She got a blister on her lip
That comes from not garglin after suckin
I'm togglin the buttons on my cell-phone
Call my nigga, Tone the well known
Bubblegoose shredders made him thick as Carl Weathers
Solid chrome barettas nines stuffed inside the Wu leather
Hot shots melt through your pleather
Never ending story not from the land of Nether
We fight for our rights to the death like Medgar Evers
Wu-Tang Clan Forever, all and together now

B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L
B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I

Digital, Digital

Yo, up from the rugged grains of Shaolin soil
Ol' Earth kept a nigga spoilt
Though the reigns to my veins remain royal, burnin up
High speed dub, my CD spins like a hub-cap on a Ac'
Tre-pound snub rap we might joust
Fresh spring water from the ounce
Stalked like a tomahawk, Indian bitch, you get scalped
Like a ticket sold in Cleveland, you feel me in
And now I stream up your bone marrow
Wu-Tang song last long as Christmas carols
Niggaz throw darts, I'm shootin flamin arrows
Pierce through your physical faculties
With pin-point accuracy
You don't wanna battle me...

The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y
The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
(Digital, Digital, CHHHHHHHHHH)
The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y
The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
The B, the O, the B, the B, the Y
The D, the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L
B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L
B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L
Digital, Digital, Pssh