

## Bobby Did It (Spanish Fly)

RZA

Aiyyo, let me tell y'all niggaz somethin  
One thing, let me tell y'all niggaz somethin  
I don't give a, flyin fuck about  
none of y'all niggaz out here  
None of y'all niggaz out here  
Cause you ain't, none of my motherfuckin comrades  
I don't give a, flyin fuck, what?  
You want it? Bring it son, bring it son  
Bring it, yo, check it on out

Bobby, como puede ser que me jodistes?  
Hijo de puta  
el coño de mi, maricon  
y nunca me llamas, Roberto  
You treat me like an analog ho

Yo, lyrically, I got all y'all niggaz under my wing  
Cause I bring terror throughout this rap era  
Like them Muslim cats, who don't give a fuck  
about blowin this rock, off the map  
where Mayor Guiliani rest at, so let me get that  
microphone up off of you, cause it's  
definitely not meant for you to have it in your palm  
To try to rock the crowd  
Puttin it all on to stay calm  
You waited for the God Islord to drop the bomb  
and swarm the stage about a hundred fat  
with lyrical material that's all that  
Like a two point five carat clustered jew-el  
Rock like Patti La-Belle  
Cause everything is real kid, you dead up  
Dissect the true kids gettin set up  
for a car/Jeep heist, it ain't nice  
As we ran up in the crib and stuck the kid  
and smacked the wife, cause she, had on two chains  
with a tray full of ice in em  
But that's how it goes down  
When you livin in the Cold World

Cold World, what?  
Todo lo que a ti te gustas es music pa' lo puta

Yo, I spit flames thermonuclear type  
Ignite mics, blow up U.S.A. satellites  
Insane Unabomber, my whole Fam lace golden armor  
Royal calmer, black Queen black Madonna  
The missing link be the big lips on the Sphinx  
Intelligent instincts  
I say knowledge is the foundation  
when I move in the L's formation, against Hell's nation  
Bobby Digital cybertech test microcheck  
High bi-as, record the levels  
Anti for devils.. anti for devils

Bobby, como puede ser que me jodistes?  
Hijo de puta  
? el coño de mi, maricon

y nunca me llamas  
Me tratas like an analog ho, Roberto  
Nadie te importa, cariño  
I wanna be Digital Bobby  
Bobby Digital  
RZA me advertio de Bobby  
Bobby Digital

All you analog cats from weak tracks, and weak raps  
and weak video clips and weak stacks  
Beatin bitches with weak lawyers, and weak acts  
and weak staffs, born life couldn't copyright  
with weak math, come get a dose, of the strong  
coconuts splittin, all you chocolate deluxe butter alms  
French buttercups, probably wanna see Bobby in handcuffs  
with the toes in my mouth  
Stand up or rape me, rotate auto-locate me  
In the center solar  
Corner block Hip-Hop now expand to the polar  
Fuzzy low short frequency  
Circuit breakers, try to take  
us on illusionary rides to the future  
Polygram graphic rap actors, flash ya  
Cash and jewelry like bus passes  
That's why your ass got stuck up  
so Wake the fuck Up or get smoked  
Analog rhymes hoes are like groupies we fucked  
Took for derelict, Sales are too Soupy  
Better get the Bobby Digital movie!

Tarantula, that groove season  
Newlywed of rap, which G you believe in?  
Rally back, twist a half a man arm off  
Late night, nearly happy standoff  
How boldly blinded by Bobby crossthievin van diva  
Lever 2000 mic talk  
Might bolt to match, pinch me in the eve  
Carved perfectly from God  
Manufactured through the eye, came Puma dash  
I snares Dumar, Nicolas, half a face, Cage  
Half a coke Dutch sprinkle sage  
Bounce to Huey crib yo and got laid  
Straight off the ground y'all word up  
.. Bad bitch

Yo, yo  
Yo my tapdance sword splash  
Yo.. my nigga Dix'll leave you whiplashed, feel the cash  
Pussy worth a key a stash, bloodbath  
Hard to walk the righteous path  
Flavor for life into death  
This berry tart your ginger  
Ooh she mad tender, Analog surrender  
off my motherfuckin splendor, Jamie Sommers pussy bionic  
Super-sonic, splash you with the Wu-Wear garments  
For the nine fuckin nine, motherfuckers