

Boing, Boing

RZA

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

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 upthreat cuz 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
Cuz 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

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

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 cuz 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

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I'm a country man at heart but a city man by nature
Cuz 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 creater
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

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing
Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing

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 wounds 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 Hennessy 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

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

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