

RZA, B.O.B.B.Y

Ultimate Breakbeats N' shit right?
Niggaz still makin' money off o' those shits
Loopin' the same shits for a thousand years N' 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, G, the I, the T, A, L
Digital
Yo
You know us to be robust, the greatest crew since Cold Crush
This poisonous slang keep emcees avoidin' us
Can't think about the proper remedies for destroyin' us
Your best bet black is sit back N' start enjoyin' us
N' run your commissary, attack your coronary
I'ma very revolutionary
Honorary is sonic-electronic-brain like Johnny Nneumonic
Get boosted from the sorrow N' went Wu-tonic
You be fickle, get your tongue thrown into a jar of pickle
To serve to your bird with cheese N' pumpernickle
Three state Charlie a classic like Marley Marl
Tie your ass down N' 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 N' 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, thinkin' (?) brings
Rain, hail, snow N' earthquakes, search your mental birthdate
50 state prisons 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 barretta's nines stuffed inside the Wu leather
Hot shots melt through your pleather
Never endin' story not from the land of Nether
We fight for our rights to the death like Mega Evers
Wu-Tang Clan Forever, all in 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
Old Earth kept a nigga spoilt
Though the reigns to my veins remain royal
Burnin' up high speed dub, my CD spins like a hubcap 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
N' 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, Chhhhhh...)
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, T, A, L
B-O-B-B-Y The 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-the I, the G, the I, the T, the A, the L
Digital, Digital...
Pshhh...