

The RZA, Bobby Did It (Spanish Fly)

(Islord)

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

(Ndira - talking over Islord above)

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

(Islord)

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

(Timbo King) Cold World, what?

(Ndira) Todo lo que a ti te gustas es music pa' lo puta

(Timbo King)

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

(Ndira)

Bobby, como puede ser que me jodistes?
Hijo de puta
? el co de mi, maricon
y nunca me llamas
Me tratas like an analog ho, Roberto

Nadie te importa, cari
I wanna be Digital Bobby
Bobby Digital
RZA me advertio de Bobby
Bobby Digital

(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!

(Ghostface Killah)
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

(Jamie Sommers)
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