

The RZA, Handwriting On The Wall

(Ras Kass)

We on some Phantom of the Opera shit

It's the gothic shit

As I produce the Waterproof mask

You never ask the question, "Who's the man behind the red mask?"

About to a driveby on MC's so listen

Aiyyo!

Yo my mic check is Robo-Tech

Run over the track till my lyrical GigaPet slow flow

Cardiac arrest like FloJo, rock ice Ro-Ro

Pack fo-fo fo' sure though

More and more cream, and niggaz Still Love You Rakeem

The game of death, we kickin niggaz in the chest like Kareem

My wingspan is wider than Rodan

My sweet and sour niggaz wit nose candy sniff blow by the gram

I gramatically slam, before I eat a groupie bitch pussy

The Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan is eatin ham

So catch me in Deep Space Nine

Wit eight million stories on seven continents

And six billion bullets on the Star Trek

Solid state logic thug niggaz electronic

Eat, drink, sleep, shit, fuck, build and smoke chronic

Playa, this is not a game, I said it before

went through the door I came wit Wu-Tang

The Artist Formerly Know as You

Got snatched out his truck on Florence and Normandy Duke

We strictly Digital

(Bobby Digital)

Yo, yo, yo, yo

The Last Starfighter, my thoughts make the sun shine brighter

I bust in a bitch mouth to make her teeth seem whiter

Roam like space drones through all time zones

Your face get blown, I make home, Bobby'll fuck Grace Jones

Mocha caps without lithium cristal

Raise the pendulum cuts through your ear tissue, Digital signal

Scramble your brain then we gain the visuals

Like Microsoft, I might micro-walk before the lights go off

You develic bitches, I give your tonsils eighty stitches

Bobby long storm, even fuck the Eastwick Witches