

The RZA, My Lovin's Is Digi

(RZA) Protect your girl from Bobby Digital

- (Force MD's)
- Sometimes! I find!
- Someone, fuckin with my pussy
- My money and my ride
- Tuck my nine inside my hoody (repeat 3X)

□Sometimes! I find!

Chorus: Ms. Roxy

Catch me if you can bumpin
Rides laced in a van - nothin
compares when my niggaz come in
Ride shotgun and, Bobby keep the love comin
I'm sittin pretty and my lovin is Digi

(Bobby Digital)

Fresh dipped out my laboratory, just dropped down bout 40 stories
Hit the ground, you analog cats ain't got nothin for me
Red and blue mismatched shoe, abandoned your Wu-Wear bandana
Play you Vegas type hoes silly, like Dantana
Bubble Hill banger Goose, gold rope thick as hangman noose
She had the honey blonde hair mixed, with the chocolate mousse
Butterfly tattoo, Boo, let me holla at you
And I'll change that tattoo to a Wu-Tang tattoo
New York City ditty bop type slang, girl let's smoke a blantz
Hit the Jack Danz, and after that we could dance
with the Black Widow, gold Benz with the chrome griddle
Fat juicy lips, ebony let me taste your spittle

Chorus (except last line)

(Bobby Digital)

Hear rap like Angela Bassett for Malcolm X
Ice cold golden texts, cassette of Inspectah Deck
Uncontrolled substance, earring inside her belly button
and one inside her Power-U she said she use for nuttin
SCREAM ON IT, Bobby the black Green Hornet
Girl DREAM ON IT, I put the Killa Bee sting on it
Rejuvenated, honey kept her throat lubricated
Let off so much Chi, ginseng couldn't recuperate it
Back scratchin, eyes squintin, Dusk to Dawn
Quentin Tarantino type porn, like Lewinsky-Bill Clinton
Suck it down with no commercial,
good Power Universal Self Savior Why
B.O.B.B.Y.!

Chorus

(Bobby Digital)

Girl SCREAM ON IT, Bobby the black Green Hornet
C'mon DREAM ON IT, the Killa Bee sting on it
Screw the top off the boilin pot, girl you must be boilin hot
Sit on my unfalling cock, let me strike your G spot

Chorus

(Bobby Digital)

Yo, kept a nigga well fed, put seven braids in my head
Pillow soft as cobweb, Egyptian cotton bedspread
Lyn deep between the legs, I mix the sperm with the eggs
Bust off about a keg, she called it creamy nutmeg

Chorus

(Bobby Digital)

Throw on my high beams, her breasts was like two scoops of ice cream
I scream, you scream, we all want, ice cream
Bone until she fall asleep, she can have a nice dream
I scream, you scream, we all want the ice cream

Chorus + "and my lovin is Digi..

and my lovin is Digi..

and my lovin, and my lovin

and my lovin is Digi"

Down-town!