

The RZA, Unspoken Word

Chorus:

Yo, yo it's the unspoken word
You not heard, get your brains open
Controlled emotions freewill
as the same token
Keep a sword tucked sharp inside your personal
We can bust a shot or we can bust a verse or two

(Bobby Digital)

Word's on the street Dunn Dunn Bobby's goin Digital
Hoverin the city inside the Wonder Woman's invisible jet
Clouded by the Meth we move undetected
in secret society sects, NARC's radar
suspected us to be a cumulus cloud, ejectin lightning
Strikin like a wild knuckle fight, in New Brighton
A million strands of spider webs weaved to make my vest
The energy compacted deep within, my inner chest
One touch of my eagle claw clutch, rips your guts
Brass head kill you fast with a rapid, head bust
Ninjas spyin, the ammo flyin, the steel iron
Blow a nigga neck from his head, like dandelions
My team is a magazine of M-16's
But we calmly, defeat your army, by blowin steam
Noisy as a thousand barkin dogs, rap's sweat hogs
Welcome back to the catalogue, hip-hop cyborg
Bobby Digital, keyboard clogged bitch you analog
We blowin smoke creatin Scooby Doo fogs
Escape cell block eight's my tape on the rocks
Sean Connery, calmly bombin MC's, who stuck on my phenomenon
Word up, no hurry up, for the merrier
You worry Duck, you get touched by the razor cut
You feel the flurry huh, don't worry yo
You get cut by the razor, yo, yo, yo yo

The Wu rag tied around your head, like a doo rag
Carry large black guns in small school bags
Funeral date, will be engraved on the wall, in roman numerals
The Looney Tune niggaz I be rollin with, be screwin you
Quick to make a nigga shit in his pants, with one glance
Laid back like a fat Huffy bike, on the kickstands
My Clan'll make the most hardrock chump turn to glass
and shatter, leave no traces of your matter
You kids playin hot feet, wait til you go to sleep I pull your teeth
I'm vegetarian BITCH, I don't need the beef
So how I spell relief? Ruler Z, Arm Leg Leg Arm Head
B.O.B.B.Y.
You don't qualify
You don't have supply
It's a natural high

Chorus

It's Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule
We see a snake in the garden, we get rid of you

(Bobby you be on that bullshit) ALL THE TIME
(With them big words and shit) I FREE Y'ALL NIGGAZ MINDS
(What the fuck you think you are some king or somethin
Motherfucker you ain't shit, high profilin)

Yo, yo, my enemies of the Killa Bee Clan's founds their peers
Buried for a thousand years, or drowned in tears
My unpredictable lyrics straight, and spine tingling

like slime from a baby's mouth, bitch niggaz you be lingerin
Bobby bobs panties from bitches with big asses
(Bobby you be buggin!) Girl my mind flashes
My seeds be royal, niggaz sweat muslim oil
My Earth gave birth to the fertile crescent soil
No time for fragile planet for small wombs
My dick bust a universe, my nuts weigh a moon, stay in tune
Champagne thoughts with Bud Light money, blunts dipped in honey
Digital, make the gloomiest day feel sunny
Slang slides slashes for him plan record upon the Lord
Confuse you like a forty-eight track mixboard
Milli phaser blast a hole in your back the size of moon craters
These anti-crucified on my Technic crossfader
Fuck the bloodshed, you be leakin your soul
Physical mental emotion we will control
Infinite darts I apply to your back, like horse brandin
I clear a thousand men with a jaw of an assbone, black Samson

Chorus

It's Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule
See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you
Slimy savages, against the Digital
Fuck you Analog, the shit is critical

Chorus

Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule
See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you
You slimy savages, shit is gettin critical
Fuck you Analog niggaz we be Digital

Bobby Digital
Word up fuck that (Bobby Digital!)