

Jonathan Butler

"Kiss of a Black Widow"

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[Ol' Dirty Bastard (RZA)]

Let me tell y'all all something motherfuckers
(Oh you complaining about that man?)
Yeah them motherfuckers belong to us
Straight up, tell all ya'll motherfucking hoes
Ya'll motherfuckers know what's the fucking time
You think we don't love you motherfuckers?
Run in to the motherfucking courts with all that bullshit
motherfuka
I'm letting all ya'll motherfuckers know,
I'm getting tired a that shit
You motherfucking triple breed motherfuckers
Bitches we love you motherfuka

Verse 1: RZA (Hoe)

Bobby Digi, Bob Digital shit is critical
Laid the fuck up inside the hospital
It's a riddle of a sphinx bitch had me jinx wid hijinx
Cuban linx snatched from my neck
It was the sex,
This 12 ounce bottle of bex had me drunk
One night laid up wit the Ol' Dirt and ten bags of skunk
Just met this hoe last month
Lookin' like a Benz with a woofer in the trunk
I pushed up like a push-up stick
One hand up near my cheek the other hand was holdin'
my dick
I said "Power equal.. Boo!"
RZA people I be Bobby D-I-G-I too
(Is that right?) Word, and exact
Girl you got a smile that a make a nigga heart crack
(For real?) Word to grill like a thousand dollar bill
Close your eyes count to three and click you heels
And we could end up at my place face to face
Butt-naked I'll invade your inner space
Sniff Straight up boo,
Damn I can taste it!
One drop of sperm the God wouldn't waste it
Over the quilt,
I rather put it inside you so your breast be filled with

milk
And we could lay up,
And I could squeeze until it tilts
My house built on stilts is bangin' like the Hilton
Look how you feelin' gimme some feedback boo cause I
need that
(Look Bobby where's the beer and the weed at?)
Look girl shit I got more than a little
She set me up for the kiss of the black widow

Verse 2: O.D.B

You couldn't get a flick of the hype outfit
Cause the way that I'ma dress this style is mad wild
Enough to make a crowd of women scream Oww!
Whether at a party or just in bed
Or thoughts of Ason bitch keep that in your head
My beats are funky my rhymes are spunky
Sometimes I say well motherfucka what's the recipe
I don't know I ask my ma she don't know
Go ask ya poppa....
It's all about me in the place to be
Nigga you all that uhhh....
Motherfucka that shit is due it's mad
Motherfucking game and it's a God-damn shame
How many motherfuckas wanna know this name, Ason
Yo I LOCK ON pass the break!
Shake and motivate, stimulate

[RZA]

By this ways that you dying you have in your clutch
Fall in love like a drug
Call out into her love flood
Fuck her so much dunn you'll only bust blood
Caught inside the scud-missle grip like tissue
.....Now I'm laid up inside the hospital
Bobby Digital's on critical
Cause the testicles is drained

Huh huh
Nah I ain't doing it right, right?
Huh

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