

Jones, George

"Must Be Bobby"

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Bo-bby.. Bo-bby.. Bo-bby..
Bo-bby..
Bo-bby.. Bo-bby.. Bo-bby..
Bo-bby.. Bo-bby.. Bo-bby.. Bo-bby..

[RZA]

Psssh. Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo-doo!

{*Bobby Digital sound*}

Yo.. Bobby

Yo, yo, RZA Bobby

Yo, yo, RZA Bobby

B-Bobby, yo

Hit the bodega for a 40 ounce son, Garcia Vega
Two bags of chips, and one pack of Now & Laters
Flame tucked down to my nuts, on my last buck
Only thing keep a nigga calm is a good fuck
Loose-leaf cigarettes be dipped in wet
Chicken of the seas get trapped inside my net
with their clothes off, son when the gun goes off
I'm bound to play Napoleon, and blow a nose off -
your Sphinx; your stumble rap style, your flow's off
like Kunta, tryin to run with his chopped toes off
Unchallenged sword I yield the storm rider
Clip full of ruffled-tip fast-actin long fire
Four hundred grain cartridge, with steel casin
Those who can't draw the crowd is still tracin
The mic is cast to the floor and shapeshifted
Heavy as the hammer of Thor you can't lift it
So tense, bitch there's no defense
This four-four inch'll make you jump the fence
Right eye squinted; I speak brok-len english
Stumble off the cold four-oh of Olde English Wu brew
Two-two inside the shoe
No describin what this heat, in my jacket could do
I teach, seeds to read, never reach for the weed
indeed
Bow down to the great Bob Digi Digi

(Bo-bby..) Yo, it must be Bobby

(Bo-bby..) Oh, no, it must be Bobby

(Bo-bby..) Oh, no, it must be Bobby

(Bo-bby..) Oh, no, it must be..

I keep rice soaked in coconut milk mixed with tofu
Sit in the sun six hours then I charge up like Goku
Dragonball Z; imagine you're raggin me
That's like walkin through a Blood hood flaggin a C
Not, tryin to tell you how much weight we carry
It may get, every snake in the tri-state buried
Plus, Feds had one add, sayin I gun traffed
I sold twenty million records bitch; some laugh!
Fresh shafts of morning dew on Nancy Drew
Sherlock Holmes crime sleuth couldn't figure the Wu
You loaf of bread head, keep a sober head
One point five million years my overhead

(Bo-bby..) Yo, yo, it must be Bobby
(Bo-bby..) Yo, yo, it must be Bobby
(Bo-bby..) Oh, no, it must be Bobby
(Bo-bby..) Yo, check, yo

I keep MC's puzzled keep my dogs in the muzzle
Ice cold forty ounce drink 'em down with one guzzle
Son might spit a word at a bird, see if she chirp back
Tall chocolate deluxe buttercup, off the meat rack
A chickenhead scratch the yard for worms
And roosters walk around with their heads in the perm
I be spreadin knowledge keepin my third eye polished
Never, chase for dollars to fulfill the black wallet
You must be Bellevue son I walk with twelve jewels
Afford anything this world could sell you
Beats that the change the style'll rearrange ya
BZA-Bobby! I'm strikin you like Beatlemania

Yo, it must be Bobby
Oh, no, it must be Bobby
Yo, son, it must be Bobby
BZA-buh, BZA-wha', BZA-Bobby
(Bo-bby..) Fuckin up the mic is still my hobby
(Bo-bby..) F-fuckin up the mic is still my hobby
(Bo-bby..) Yo, yo, it must be.. doo doo!
(Bo-bby..) Yeah yeah

(Bo-bby..) - {*repeat to fade*}

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