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Skillet "Bobby Did It"

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[Islord]

Aiyyo, let me tell y'all niggaz somethin
One thing, let me tell y'all niggaz somethin
I don't give a, flyin fuck about
none of y'all niggaz out here
None of y'all niggaz out here
Cause you ain't, none of my motherfuckin comrades
I don't give a, flyin fuck, what?
You want it? Bring it son, bring it son
Bring it, yo, check it on out

[Ndira - talking over Islord above]
Bobby, como puede ser que me jodistes?
Hijo de puta
? el coño de mi, maricon
y nunca me llamas, Roberto
You treat me like an analog ho

[Islord]

Yo, lyrically, I got all y'all niggaz under my wing Cause I bring terror throughout this rap era Like them Muslim cats, who don't give a fuck about blowin this rock, off the map where Mayor Guiliani rest at, so let me get that microphone up off of you, cause it's definitely not meant for you to have it in your palm To try to rock the crowd Puttin it all on to stay calm You waited for the God Islord to drop the bomb and swarm the stage about a hundred fat with lyrical material that's all that Like a two point five carat clustered jew-el Rock like Patti La-Belle Cause everything is real kid, you dead up Dissect the true kids gettin set up for a car/Jeep heist, it ain't nice As we ran up in the crib and stuck the kid and smacked the wife, cause she, had on two chains with a tray full of ice in em But that's how it goes down When you livin in the Cold World

[Timbo King] Cold World, what? [Ndira] Todo lo que a ti te gustas es music pa' lo puta

[Timbo King]

Yo, I spit flames thermonuclear type
Ignite mics, blow up U.S.A. satellites
Insane Unabomber, my whole Fam lace golden armor
Royal calmer, black Queen black Madonna
The missing link be the big lips on the Sphinx
Intelligent instincts
I say knowledge is the foundation
when I move in the L's formation, against Hell's nation
Bobby Digital cybertech test microcheck
High bi-as, record the levels
Anti for devils... anti for devils

[Ndira]

Bobby, como puede ser que me jodistes?
Hijo de puta
? el coño de mi, maricon
y nunca me llamas
Me tratas like an analog ho, Roberto
Nadie te importa, cariño
I wanna be Digital Bobby
Bobby Digital
RZA me advertio de Bobby
Bobby Digital

[Bobby Digital]

All you analog cats from weak tracks, and weak raps and weak video clips and weak stacks Beatin bitches with weak lawyers, and weak acts and weak staffs, born life couldn't copyright with weak math, come get a dose, of the strong coconuts splittin, all you chocolate deluxe butter alms French buttercups, probably wanna see Bobby in handcuffs with the toes in my mouth Stand up or rape me, rotate auto-locate me In the center solar Corner block Hip-Hop now expand to the polar Fuzzy low short frequency Circuit breakers, try to take us on illusionary rides to the future Polygram graphic rap actors, flash ya Cash and jewelry like bus passes That's why your ass got stuck up so Wake the fuck Up or get smoked Analog rhymes hoes are like groupies we fucked Took for derelict, Sales are too Soupy

Better get the Bobby Digital movie!

[Ghostface Killah]
Tarantula, that groove season
Newlywed of rap, which G you believe in?
Rally back, twist a half a man arm off
Late night, nearly happy standoff
How boldly blinded by Bobby crossthievin van diva
Lever 2000 mic talk
Might bolt to match, pinch me in the eve
Carved perfectly from God
Manufactured through the eye, came Puma dash
I snares Dumar, Nicolas, half a face, Cage
Half a coke Dutch sprinkle sage
Bounce to Huey crib yo and got laid
Straight off the ground y'all word up
.. Bad bitch

[Jamie Sommers]
Yo, yo
Yo my tapdance sword splash
Yo.. my nigga Dix'll leave you whiplashed, feel the cash
Pussy worth a key a stash, bloodbath
Hard to walk the righteous path
Flavor for life into death
This berry tart your ginger
Ooh she mad tender, Analog surrender
off my motherfuckin splendor, Jamie Sommers pussy
bionic

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Super-sonic, splash you with the Wu-Wear garments

For the nine fuckin nine, motherfuckers

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