

Paolo Conte

"N.Y.C. Everything"

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[RZA/Bobby Digital]

Yo, yo, yo

From the heart of Medina to the head of Fort Greene

Now-Y-C/Now I see Everything

Niggas who sling, Shaolin cats throw inside a bing

Bobby Digital got the golden seal sting

Rhyme star, I write a hundred thousand dollar bar

My pinstripe comma deletes your power bar

Dr. Octopus tentacles, same as different song

Bob Digital instrumental, nothing's indentitcal

You biter, non-writer, Mr. Potato Head or Ida

Deep-fried crinkle cut, one nickel cup fucked your

whole LP up

You must be stupid you liar

I'm the purifier, live wire, hip-hop reviver

A suicide mission you're committin, go against the Wu-

Tang henchmen

Perfect precision marksman, spit darts an, flip charts

'an

Archery, shots aimed at your heart then

Daffy Duckest will still +Bring Da Motherfuckin Ruckus+

Project Killa Hill be the buckest

Smoke blunts drink Bud Light beer wit Buzz Lightyear

Wet from here to infinity for them white hair

Bobby Digital, overthrow your whole citadel

Mista pitiful, your whole shrap stack is dispicable

Undernourished, your shit cannot flourish

Cherish every moment of his love before you perish

Bitch, chicka chicka chich, watch me switch

Lookin for a bird, I can hitch, into your atmosphere

Take your pussy out like a pap smear

Make you smile, at the same time crack a tear

Smack ya rear, vagina saliva, Trojan wear, rough rider

Up inside ya, dick applehead, opens up your clit wider

Taste the apple cider, you become strong, then

become a ?prider?

(Bobby Bobby Bobby, Digi Digi Digi)

Stuck to your ass like a Victoria's Secret wedgie

Heart of Medina to the head of Fort Greene

Now-Y-C/Now I see Everything

Niggas who sling, Shaolin cats thrown inside the bing

Bobby Digital got the killa bee sting
From the heart of Medina to the head of Fort Green
Now-Y-C Everything, niggas who sling
Shaolin cats is thrown inside the bing
Bobby Digital got the killa bee sting

[Method Man]

Drink a Heineken, as we go inside the mind again
Nevermindin men droppin gem, can he shine again
Most definate, let this be my last willing testament
For the pesimist, exercise for the Exorcist
Johnny Treacherous, like Three, I'm supposed to be
Perpetuous, desimate the poetry cuz everything is
close to me
The lectorous, Jonathan, king of the seven seas, battle
wit Leviathan
The Methodist, poly to your deficit, hit it up
If I can't live it up somebody gotta give it up
John J., blow em out the water adopt the Bombay
Your bitch look like Strange', look at me the wrong way
Burn one and sautee, bringin you different ways to
sword play
They bustin Bullets Over Broadway, Deep Cover
I'm like Larry when the Fish-burn, I burn rubber
Cuz I'm not an easy lover
To the midnight, butt naked wit a knife
Ask my a-alikes, I've been crazy all my life
Hardtime homicide, time flys, do or die
Crooked ass and crooked eye, scripture from the
darkside
Johnny 5, I reside, in the killa bee hive,
only the strong gon' survive
From the depths of the killa to the top, we're now born
Wildin on Staten Island be the poet John John
Can't forget Bobby, if I did I'd feel gyp
Like my sandwich ain't a sandwich without Miracle Whip
From the depths of the killa to the top, we're now born
Wildin on Staten Island be the poet John John
Can't forget Digi, if I did I'd feel gyp
Like my sandwich ain't a sandwich without Miracle Whip

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