

RZA

"Boing, Boing"

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[Intro: Tim Westwood (Mr. Tibbs) {Skinnyman }]

Yo this is Westwood

I'm at Radio 1 just doin' my thing tonight

And just walked into this studio some of the hottest UK
cats out there

My man Skinnyman {Woah, woah, Blade

And Mr. Tibbs what's the deal? What you got for me?

{Yeah we got ya the new banger Tim straight from RZA

Straight from the Wu-Tang

(Yeah representin' live all my UK hip hop heads in the
North Side, el tarno)

Down it's gonna bang in ya face, lets go

[Skinnyman (RZA)]

Regardless, I'll be here bringin' it heartless

Ruthless, to the death I'll stand for the truth yes

My God given talent is all that I can do best

Keep spittin' over these tracks and leavin' you blessed

So who requested my time on the set

Skinnyman's what you get, so you ain't really hearin'
nuttin' yet

Ya best upthreat 'cause it gets better yet

I'm that deft intellect, them boy they don't pent

So who requested Wu-Tang on the set (it's the RZA)

What you get so you ain't really hearin' nuttin' yet

We'll never let anybody else step

Or ever come with anything less for what you'd expect

If you pass me the mic then I'll gladly accept

I'll take it to the street, show you how rough it can get

'cause everybody knows this rappin' thing isn't
happenin'

Now they jack it in and go back to shottin' crack again

Locked down the block and get strapped with the gat
again

Then we break it down then just deal with the matter
then

So how you'd think a British ghetto youth feels

He can't get a record deal but he can get drugs to deal

He can't get a job but he can go for rob and steel

Lookin' for a mill' while you screamin' "keep it real!"

So I'll just stand here with this mic that I hold

Request the higher force to sweep over my soul

So I can fulfill my dream, go for my goals

I'm sick of spendin' every late night out of role

[Chorus: RZA]

Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing

Blade make the party bza Boing, Boing

Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing

Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing

Blade makes the party bza Boing, Boing

[Blade]

Calm but still merciless, rugged on impact

Explosive, leavin' nuttin' but rubber with a spinback

Snap a photo with your camera, capture the stamina

Hand it to a amateur, show him how to damage a

Live set, make him feel the full effect

And yet still make it hard to detect and what's left?

Four men remain standin' like Gladiators

When the dusk clears nuttin' for the average ears

For years its been the same with minds of the artillery

God forgave us all for the merciless delivery

Holdin' the tools of the trade with a death grip

Rememberin' the times when nothin' was right, we was
desperate

Dreams blown to smithereens, turned into nightmares
with screams

There's a world of CREAM

If all goes correct we can stash supreme

Feed the fiend 'cause that's the way it was meant to
have been

You should of seen the comin', the language is
universal

One time perfect attack with no rehearsal

Shook the Earth for what it's worth

You're in danger of a takeover, and it's analysed as
global

We can find them whatever your predictions

Enterin' the realm unknown with no restricitons

It might be hard to believe

We invade, we conquer and lead

[Chorus: RZA]

Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing

Blade make the party bza Boing, Boing

Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing

[Mr. Tibbs]

I'm a country man at heart but a city man by nature

'cause even though it's fuck free, it's all about the
paper

I love to live expensive, smoke like I'm in Jamiaca

Even when I'm broke I think I'm like but a creater

Avoids the green, even from my early teens

????????? in need of CREAM seen (seen)

But then I had a dream 'bout bein' the best rapper

But that ain't what it seems, next chapter

That's spreadin' the word

Inspiration from the hurb is what you hear when I got heard

I sat back and observed most of the men that shined before me

All that respect, keeper know 'nough of them will bore me

Singin' the same story, I'm better than you

And to tell you the truth most of them men are shut fools

We asked them in the struggle to make ends meet

That's why I told these MCs that talk is cheap

You might think you know Tibbs, you don't know me

Unless you walk my streets and talk to my peeps

[Chorus: RZA]

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing

Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing

[RZA]

With your high pitched face like eye liner

If the black gat bust you get struck by the side winder

You can't block and stop it when I spotted

I shoot like Luke Skywalker inside the cockpit

Aimin' at the top fighter

Who I mighta have thirty thousand kids spark the lighter

And set flames to the sky, we aim high

The baseline kick like the kid from Shang-Hi

Make your bubble bust, cuddle up from the rubble thrust

You're will have the double juice duck, then I doubled
up

To the double four, puddles pour from ya bum bot

Open swords can't be cured by the blood clot
Ya bum bastards, son I come classic

Frame won't last the length of my matchstick
Drunk off the Hennessey V.S. stop the B.S.

I'm still off to catch the CREAM like P.S.

Jake was makin' that green
People always say what the hell does that mean
[Chorus: RZA]

With Skinny man he makes the party Boing, Boing

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing

Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing

Bza Blade he makes the party Boing, Boing

Skinnyman make the party Boing, a bza Boing, Boing

Blade make the party bza Boing, Boing

Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing

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