

RZA

"Glocko Pop"

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Digital Electronics

So we gon' check the 25th caller
Caller? Hello? Caller, you're on the air, yeah, hello?
You're on the air, sweetheart, hello, yeah,
I'd like to make a request, yeah, I wanna hear
somethin' digital, oh yeah
That means somethin' that's gonna keep me up and
turn me on
Well, I got this new joint, the Glocko Pop, Glocko Pop?
Yeah, Glocko Pop, oh, I love that song, oh my God
Here it is, just for you, sugar

Bobby Digital back on the set
Watch girl's pussies get wet wet wet wet
Drip drip drip drip, drop drop drop drop
Hip-hop you just can't stop stop stop
Watch my glock glock glock glock
It goes pop pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glockoes pop pop pop

His rugged go pop pop pop
My Glockoes pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
You stomp the fuck off yo' block
My Glocko pop pop pop

Bob Digi-tech live in effect
You just didn't expect
One man to come along and bring a new song
To break your barrier down,
You can't carry the sound
Buckwild juvenile from Shaolin Island, what? What?
Who wants to get violent?
Remain silent

My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop

His Glocko pop pop pop
His Glocko pop pop pop
My son go pop pop pop
My gun go pop pop pop
His Glocko pop pop pop
One love, go pop pop pop
His love go pop pop pop

Yo, who wanna play the hero? Your chances are slim
Less than zero, Shaolin laboratory friend
That's the shit though, came to satisfy but can't get no
Sound pasified from the get-go, Cuban neckties for
you Kiko
Only carry mines for protection
The hoods like the Wild West I reckon
Hold up a second, lost my breathe and
Take it from the top bitch or do somethin'

Mr. Method runnin' in your session
With nothin' but my words as my weapon
And twenty-eight years of aggression
Do it for my people when I take it back
Like I'm repo-man, agent double 'o' negro
Know who I am? No, I don't give a damn
Evil, flash ya crooked I like I'm eagle
Gets down and dirty like your moms pots and pans

From a smoked pipe, drink it down like Sedan
This is how ya enter the Wu-Tang Clan, yeah
36 Chambers, you're pu-tang man, word
Brothers with a mic make a true slang thin, yeah
Brother with a gun make the loot change hands, word
That's how it is
You could ask RZ-A
The rain, hail or snow I deliver

DJ, that music just turns me on

The marvelous bone crushin' assassin
Appears to be blind in glasses
Daredevil bang head with shovel iron skin
Tony Starks, liquid metal the rebel in the evenin'
Shadows sweepens
Vanishin' the book of instruction
Fuckin' with the Wu-Tang Production
Is Lord to all who come and see

My art too deadly to teach,
Read my death touch, ascended grief between each
point
Slendid, hand Swingin' Sword recommended

Slice through the bone intended
Try to sketch the classes, reflection of perfection
Mic-phone swing like numb stick to scar
Mohammed Ali, Mic MC, Shakwan walk the dead sea
Dead sea, Digi

Yo, my mind keeps playin' tricks, I'm caught up in The
Matrix
Digital mould, your flows is all wasted
You smoke weed with seeds, I crush mines and lace it
Two tokes a pass, kid it's all wasted
I know you lust, so relax and be patient
As soon as I spark the stem, ya all taste it
Number one on the charts, it's time to erase it
Replace it, you was wack from the start, face it

DJ, that music just turns me on

My Glocko pop pop pop
His love go pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
You stomp the fuck off yo' block
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