

## **RZA**

# **"Kiss of a Black Widow"**

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Let me tell y'all ho something motherfuckers  
(Oh, you complaining about that man?)  
Yeah, them motherfuckers belong to us  
Straight up, tell all y'all motherfucking hoes

Y'all motherfuckers know what's the fucking time  
You think we don't love you motherfuckers?  
Run in to the motherfucking courts  
With all that bullshit motherfuka

I'm letting all y'all motherfuckers know  
I'm getting tired a that shit  
You motherfucking triple breed motherfuckers  
Bitches, we love you motherfucka

Bobby Digi, Bob Digital shit is critical  
Laid the fuck up inside the hospital  
It's a riddle of a sphinx bitch had me jinx wid hijinx  
Cuban linx snatched from my neck, it was the sex

This twelve ounce bottle of bex had me drunk  
One night laid up wit the Ol' Dirt and ten bags of skunk  
Just met this hoe last month  
Lookin' like a Benz with a woofer in the trunk

I pushed up like a push-up stick  
One hand up near my cheek the other hand was holdin'  
my dick  
I said "Power equal, boo"  
RZA people I be Bobby D I G I too

(Is that right?)  
Word, and exact  
Girl you got a smile that a make a nigga heart crack  
(For real?)

Word to grill like a thousand dollar bill  
Close your eyes count to three and click you heels  
And we could end up at my place face to face  
Butt-naked I'll invade your inner space

Straight up boo, damn I can taste it

One drop of sperm the God wouldn't waste it over the  
quilt  
I rather put it inside you so your breast be filled with  
milk  
And we could lay up and I could squeeze until it tilts  
My house built on stilts is bangin' like the Hilton

Look how you feelin' gimme some feedback boo 'cause I  
need that  
(Look Bobby where's the beer and the weed at?)  
Look, girl, shit I got more than a little  
She set me up for the kiss of the black widow

You couldn't get a flick of the hype outfit  
'Cause the way that I'ma dress this style is mad wild  
Enough to make a crowd of women scream oww  
Whether at a party or just in bed

Or thoughts of Ason bitch keep that in your head  
My beats are funky, my rhymes are spunky  
Sometimes I say, well, motherfucka what's the recipe  
I don't know, I ask my ma, she don't know, "Go ask ya  
poppa"

It's all about me in the place to be, nigga you all that uh  
Motherfucka that shit is due it's mad  
Motherfucking game and it's a God-damn shame  
How many motherfuckas wanna know this name, Ason

Yo, I lock on, pass the break  
Shake and motivate, stimulate

By this ways that you dying you have in your clutch  
Fall in love like a drug, call out into her love flood  
Fuck dunno you only bust blood  
Caught inside the scud-missile grip like tissue

Now I'm laid up inside the hospital  
Bobby Digital's on critical  
'Cause the testicles is drained

Huh huh  
Nah, I ain't doing it right, right?  
Huh

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