

RZA

"My Lovin' Is Digi"

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Protect your girl from Bobby Digital

Sometimes, I find
Someone, fuckin' with my pussy
My money and my ride
Tuck my nine inside my hoody

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Sometimes, I find

Catch me if you can bumpin'
Rides laced in a van, nothin'
Compares when my niggaz come in
Ride shotgun and Bobby keep the love comin'
I'm sittin' pretty and my lovin' is Digi

Fresh dipped out my laboratory, just dropped down
'bout 40 stories
Hit the ground, you analog cats ain't got nothin' for me
Red and blue mismatched shoe, abandoned your Wu-
Wear bandana
Play you Vegas type hoes silly, like Dantana

Bubble Hill banger Goose, gold rope thick as hangman
noose
She had the honey blonde hair mixed, with the
chocolate mouse
Butterfly tattoo, Boo, let me holla at you
And I'll change that tattoo to a Wu-Tang tattoo

New York City ditty bop type slang, girl let's smoke a
blantz
Hit the Jack Danz and after that we could dance

With the Black Widow, gold Benz with the chrome
griddle
Fat juicy lips, ebony let me taste your spittle

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Ride shotgun and Bobby keep the love comin'

Hear rap like Angela Bassett for Malcolm X
Ice cold golden texts, cassette of Inspectah Deck
Uncontrolled substance, earring inside her belly button
And one inside her Power-U she said she use for nuttin'

Scream on it, Bobby the black Green Hornet
Girl, dream on it, I put the Killa Bee sting on it
Rejuvenated, honey kept her throat lubricated
Let off so much Chi, Ginseng couldn't recuperate it

Back scratchin', eyes squintin', Dusk to Dawn
Quentin' Tarantino type porn, like Lewinsky-Bill Clinton
Suck it down with no commercial,
Good Power Universal Self Savior Why, B.O.B.B.Y.

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Girl, scream on it, Bobby the black Green Hornet
C'mon dream on it, the Killa Bee sting on it
Screw the top off the boilin' pot, girl you must be boilin'
hot
Sit on my unfalling cock, let me strike your G spot

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Yo, kept a nigga well fed, put seven braids in my head
Pillow soft as cobweb, Egyptian cotton bedspread
Lyn' deep between the legs, I mix the sperm with the
eggs
Bust off about a keg, she called it creamy nutmeg

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Compares when my niggaz come in

Ride shotgun and Bobby keep the love comin'
I'm sittin' pretty and my lovin' is Digi

Throw on my high beams, her breasts was like two
scoops of ice cream
I scream, you scream, we all want, ice cream
Bone until she fall asleep, she can have a nice dream
I scream, you scream, we all want the ice cream

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And my lovin' is Digi
And my lovin'
And my lovin'
And my lovin' is Digi

Down-town

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