

RZA

"Unspoken Word"

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Yo, yo it's the unspoken word, you not heard, get your
brains open

Controlled emotions freewill as the same token
Keep a sword tucked sharp inside your personal
We can bust a shot or we can bust a verse or two

Word's on the street Dunn Dunn Bobby's goin' Digital
Hoverin' the city inside the Wonder Woman's invisible
jet

Clouded by the Meth we move undetected in Secret
Society Sects
NARC's radar suspected us to be a cumulus cloud

Ejectin' lightning, strikin' like a wild knuckle fight, in
New Brighton
A million strands of spider webs weaved to make my
vest

The energy compacted deep within, my inner chest
One touch of my eagle claw clutch, rips your guts

Brass head kill you fast with a rapid, head bust
Ninjas spyin', the ammo flyin', the steel iron
Blow a nigga neck from his head, like dandelions
My team is a magazine of M-16's

But we calmly, defeat your army, by blowin' steam
Noisy as a thousand barkin' dogs, rap's sweat hogs
Welcome back to the catalogue, hip-hop cyborg
Bobby Digital, keyboard clogged bitch you analog

We blowin' smoke creatin' Scooby Doo fogs
Escape cell block eight's my tape on the rocks
Sean Connery, calmly bombin' MC's
Who stuck on my phenomenon

Word up, no hurry up, for the merrier
You worry Duck, you get touched by the razor cut
You feel the flurry huh, don't worry yo
You get cut by the razor, yo, yo, yo yo

The Wu rag tied around your head, like a doo rag
Carry large black guns in small school bags

Funeral date, will be engraved on the wall, in Roman numerals

The Looney Tune niggaz I be rollin' with, be screwin' you

Quick to make a nigga shit in his pants, with one glance
Laid back like a fat Huffy bike, on the kickstands
My Clan'll make the most hardrock chump turn to glass
And shatter, leave no traces of your matter

You kids playin' hot feet, wait 'til you go to sleep I pull your teeth

I'm vegetarian bitch, I don't need the beef

So how I spell relief?

Ruler Z, arm leg, leg arm head

B.O.B.B.Y.

You don't qualify

You don't have supply

It's a natural high

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Keep a sword tucked sharp inside your personal

We can bust a shot or we can bust a verse or two

It's Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule

We see a snake in the garden, we get rid of you

Bobby you be on that bullshit, all the time

With them big words and shit, I free y'all niggaz minds

What the fuck you think you are some king or somethin'

Motherfucker you ain't shit, high profilin'

Yo, yo, my enemies of the Killa Bee Clan's founds their peers

Buried for a thousand years, or drowned in tears

My unpredictable lyrics straight, and spine tingling

Like slime from a baby's mouth, bitch niggaz you be lingerin'

Bobby bobs panties from bitches with big asses

Bobby you be buggin', girl my mind flashes

My seeds be royal, niggaz sweat Muslim oil

My Earth gave birth to the fertile crescent soil

No time for fragile planet for small wombs

My dick bust a universe, my nuts weigh a moon, stay in tune

Champagne thoughts with Bud Light money, blunts

dipped in honey
Digital, make the gloomiest day feel sunny

Slang slides slashes for him plan record upon the Lord
Confuse you like a forty-eight track mixboard
Milli phaser blast a hole in your back the size of moon
craters
These anti-crucified on my Technic crossfader

Fuck the bloodshed, you be leakin' your soul
Physical mental emotion we will control
Infinite darts I apply to your back, like horse brandin'
I clear a thousand men with a jaw of an assbone, black
Samson

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It's Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule
See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you
Slimy savages, against the Digital
Fuck you Analog, the shit is critical

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Keep a sword tucked sharp inside your personal
We can bust a shot or we can bust a verse or two

Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule
See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you
You slimy savages, shit is gettin' critical
Fuck you Analog niggaz we be Digital

Bobby Digital, word up fuck that, Bobby Digital

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