

Beyonce F/ Wyclef Jean, Rah Digga

"Glocko Pop"

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[Woman over vocoder]
Digital Electronics!

[Intro - RZA (Jammie Sommers)]
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

[RZA]
Bobby Digital back on the set
Watch girl's pussies get wet wet wet wet wet
Drip drip drip drip, drop drop drop drop
Hip-hop you just can't stop stop stop stop
Watch my glock glock glock glock glock
It goes pop pop pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop
My Glockoes pop pop pop
His rugged go pop pop pop pop
You stomp the fuck off yo' block
My Glockoes pop pop pop
My Glocko pop pop pop (x4)
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
and 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

[Method Man (Masta Killa)]

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-oh 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

[Interlude - Jammie Sommers]

DJ, that music just turns me on

[Masta Killa]

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 sweapens, 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..

[Streetlife]

Yo, yo.. 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 basic

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

[Interlude - Jammie Sommers]

DJ, that music just turns me on

[RZA]

My Glocko pop pop pop

His love go pop pop pop

My Glocko pop pop pop (x5)

You stomp the fuck off yo' block

My Glocko pop pop pop

His Glocko pop pop..

[Outro - Jammie Sommers]

DJ, that music just turns me on

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