

Johnson Eric And The Swinging Negroes

"Do You Hear the Bells? *"

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* limited release as the b-side of a Stress Magazine CD insert
and the European release of the LP

[RZA]

Yea, What's happening women? What's happening women?

Yea I got it now, yea yea yea, Yo Bobby Digital, point 'em out

Point 'em out watch me sort 'em out

Can you hear the bells?, I hear bells, can you hear the bells?

We hear the bells, yo the B the O the B the B the Y

The D the I the G the I the T the A the L

Can you hear the bells? Digital digital

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, buh-Bobby, buh-Bobby

[RZA]

Yo fucking up the microphone be my hobby

All you crab motherfuckers out who want to rob me

You best to slob the knob G

You could never catch the great Bobby, indestructible

High producer production

Suck to the wall like suction cups

Yea what the fuck is up you duck

You better slip

Or get your wrist slit

Ultimate legit, can't quit when it comes to making hits

A phat ass track I quickly program it

For others could see me, its like Smothers brothers

You get spread on bread like the butter

Peanut, what, see what, B what, razor blade cut from your neck to your gut

Have no shackle

Easy for me to tackle

Best to watch back 'cause my razor sharp style grapples MC's

With the eagle claw clutch

I'm just too much to touch

Keep the mike beside me like Starks and Hutch

Word Up quick to roll a dutch and puff it up

Blunts everyday in the month
No need to front
We cause the blood to gush
Operation push, it's the Wu!
You scarecrow, jump off the road
You best to reload, your gat black
And get your whole shit back phat
Don't step to me with that
We can't have that weak that
Bob Digital inside your citadel
Shit is critical, word it's gonna take a miracle
For MC's fall to the fallacy
Here's my rhyme policy
Acknowledge me
I keep the high quantity plus quality
Equal make you see the sequel
Defiant eagles can't match me or royal regal
Lethal eagle techniques
Word up when I speak the dialect
It makes girls' pussys get wet
While niggas hit the rewind on my cassette
We could make a thousand dollar bet
Bobby never failed yet
Bout to strike gold
Got Big Free on the ones and two
Break it down for them one time

Chorus:
Do you hear the bells?
I hear the bells
Can you hear the bells?
Bobby, can you hear the bells?
I hear the bells!
Buh-Bobby, Buh-Bobby

[RZA]
Fucking up the mike be a hobby!
Crab motherfuckers try to step up to rob me
Bitch you must be stupid, slob the knob Z
B-O-B-B-Y D-I-G-I-T-A-L, Bobby Digital
Served well keep the phat clientele
I watch you crab niggas fail
Try to sail the boat but couldn't stay afloat
I float on a note like a Staten Island ferry boat
Keep my rhyme chocolate coat
Bitch you know when you bite my shit it taste sweet
going down your throat
Point 'em out let me sort em out
The fattest links we sport 'em out
Nuts bubbling boosted from extra scouts from Dublin
I could fuck a dozen birds and watch a dozen hatch

I bake my cake from scratch
Keep the cream inside the middle
Make you dribble
That's when I scribble on the paper
To write this script I had to cut down forty acres of trees
Process the wood to make the notebook sheets
Blinded from the steel spiral imported from Ohio
Delivered like the spin whirlwind kick Morio
Bitch you best to read my bio
First chapter the back breaker chiropractor technique
Word up dislocate your shoulder blade joint
We striking every pressure point
The high priest solid gold diamond fang teeth
With the high tech brief around your neck
I still breach your skin girlfriend
Let me enter your zone
Microphones get cast like stone
Niggas can't never bone how I bone
Word you soft as a shell
You ain't worth one skin cell
Big broiler crack your back and your head like an
eggshell
And Bobby will scramble you
Bitch you want to make a bet all right we'll gamble too
Quick to roll see low
Catch the loop like Niko
Duck watch out for Roscoe Pico train
See Sirius with the great dame
Tryin to infiltrate the game
Wu-Tang Clan, Wu-Tang Clan
Special brand name slang
From the book of the Ichang
The world changed once Bobby came
You better go and check your storage
Wait a minute Goldilocks who the fucks been eating my
porridge?
Somebody been sitting in my chair
Someone been sleeping in my bed
It ain't Goldilocks!
Slope down the ice with bobsleds
Bobby smoke 'til his eyes get red
Word up you best to turn your head and don't look
Inside my rhyme book
You might get your whole soul took
I make the world shake, I make the world shake
Then the whole universe quake and then it shook
Bobby fishy fishy was caught inside my brook
Daddy caught him with a hook
Moma fried him in the pan
And Bobby ate it like a man
Wu-Tang Clan special brand

Get the logo
Bounce on your head with the pogo stick
Rock the wild horse with the Polo
Word up we speaking wild
Quick flash like a photo
Yea, yea Dorothy you better go find Toto cause we
ain't in Kansas anymore
It's the killa bee shores, all out war
Before you go here you best to go there
And see it clear
Through your third eye
With a curb, with the high post up most
Don't play up close
Razor blade technique that strikes you
Overdose MC's quickly, strictly, hip hoply
You could never stop me, rock me, mock me or pass
me
Cause I'm fast like Kawasaki
And when you see me coming through
With the vroom vroom vroom
That means your bitch ass is doomed
So give me room
And stand back and hand that mike back to the man
Jack
Unfair black
I slam that track on trains like Amtrak
Go to shaolin isle, that's where my fams at
What you doing you can't ripple the gripple son
You get dipped up like Lipton's tea bags
Or you get spit on like the sea hag
And I smoke a fat tray bag of equality
Don't bother me
You probably never really heard of B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-T-A-L
Supreme Clientele served well
Buh-Bobby fucking up microphones is a hobby
Buh-Bobby, buh-Bobby, buh-Bobby

Chorus:
Do you hear the bells?
I hear the bells
Can you hear the bells?

[RZA]
Buh-Bobby, fucking up microphones is my hobby
You get tossed like cracks locked down inside the
lobby
Sucker motherfucker stepped up and tried to rob me
for my Cuban link
What did he think? What did he think?
What was he thinking? What the fuck was he drinking?

Bitch you be blast in the head like Abe Lincoln
Have you whole body shrinking
Did you believe the killa bees always swarming
Alarming, calming sound that makes MC's feel how I
feel
You best to chill bitch and eat a booger
Word up or get cut up by the juga
Razor blade sharp RZA
Word shame on a nza
Who try to run game on a nza
You get broken down like a puzzle with to many equal
prisms
Positions, oppositions
Here's the transmissions
Word up I raid the phat sample without the glitching
Why you bitchin'? Why you bitchin'?
Buggin out 'cause my style it keeps switchin', it keeps
switchin'
Oh shit I'm itchin', I'm itchin' for a scrap can't catch that
Who could be the match?
Who wanna match palms?
I remain calm
Like the 18 bronze man
Come to the shaolin chamber of danger feel the anger
The mad stranger
Wu-Tang Clan keep a finger
Tucked inside the back pocket
Blast like a rocket
Word up knock your eyes out the socket
Here's my new topic
I don't give a fuck if you had a whole neck full of garlic
Around you my fangs will puncture your jugular veins
And you'll be in deep, deep, deep, deep pain
Why oh why oh why do they try?
To B-O-B-B-Y D-I-G-I-T-A-L
Bobby Digital fucking up mikes a be my hobby
Point 'em out, puh-point 'em out

RZA: Yo this just a little freestyle for ya'll niggas
Word up, type shit
You could smoke a blunt to this
You could smoke a blunt to this
You could smoke a blunt to this
You could smoke a blunt to this
Word up the main main main main main main main
main
main superhero
Word up superhero type shit, my niggas
Can you hear the bells?

