Johnson Eric And The Swinging Negroes "Unspoken Word"

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Chorus:

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

[Bobby Digital]

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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

Chorus

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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