

Johnston Tom

"My Lovin' is Digi"

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[RZA] Protect your girl from Bobby Digital

[Force MD's]

Sometimes! I find!

Someone, fuckin with my pussy

My money and my ride

Tuck my nine inside my hoody (repeat 3X)

Sometimes! I find!

Chorus: Ms. Roxy

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

[Bobby Digital]

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 mousse

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

Chorus (except last line)

[Bobby Digital]

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.!

Chorus

[Bobby Digital]
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

Chorus

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

Chorus

[Bobby Digital]
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

Chorus + "and my lovin is Digi..
and my lovin is Digi..
and my lovin, and my lovin
and my lovin is Digi"

Down-town!

