

## Boing, Boing

RZA

Yo this is Westwood  
I'm at Radio 1 just doin' my thing tonight  
And just walked into this studio some of the hottest UK cats out there  
My man Skinnyman {Woah, woah, Blade  
And Mr. Tibbs what's the deal? What you got for me?  
{Yeah we got ya the new banger Tim straight from RZA  
Straight from the Wu-Tang

(Yeah representin' live all my UK hip hop heads in the North Side, el tarno)  
Down it's gonna bang in ya face, lets go

Regardless, I'll be here bringin' it heartless  
Ruthless, to the death I'll stand for the truth yes  
My God given talent is all that I can do best  
Keep spittin' over these tracks and leavin' you blessed  
So who requested my time on the set  
Skinnyman's what you get, so you ain't really hearin' nuttin' yet  
Ya best upthreat cuz it gets better yet  
I'm that deft intellect, them boy they don't pent  
So who requested Wu-Tang on the set (it's the RZA)  
What you get so you ain't really hearin' nuttin' yet  
We'll never let anybody else step  
Or ever come with anything less for what you'd expect  
If you pass me the mic then I'll gladly accept  
I'll take it to the street, show you how rough it can get  
Cuz everybody knows this rappin' thing isn't happenin'  
Now they jack it in and go back to shottin' crack again  
Locked down the block and get strapped with the gat again  
Then we break it down then just deal with the matter then  
So how you'd think a British ghetto youth feels  
He can't get a record deal but he can get drugs to deal  
He can't get a job but he can go for rob and steel  
Lookin' for a mill' while you screamin' ''keep it real!''  
So I'll just stand here with this mic that I hold  
Request the higher force to sweep over my soul  
So I can fulfill my dream, go for my goals  
I'm sick of spendin' every late night out of role

Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing  
Blade make the party bza Boing, Boing  
Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing  
Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing  
Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing  
Blade makes the party bza Boing, Boing

Calm but still merciless, rugged on impact  
Explosive, leavin' nuttin' but rubber with a spinback  
Snap a photo with your camera, capture the stamina  
Hand it to a amateur, show him how to damage a  
Live set, make him feel the full effect  
And yet still make it hard to detect and what's left?  
Four men remain standin' like Gladiators  
When the dusk clears nuttin' for the average ears  
For years its been the same with minds of the artillery  
God forgave us all for the merciless delivery  
Holdin' the tools of the trade with a death grip  
Rememberin' the times when nothin' was right, we was desperate

Dreams blown to smithereens, turned into nightmares with screams  
There's a world of CREAM  
If all goes correct we can stash supreme  
Feed the fiend cuz that's the way it was meant to have been  
You should of seen the comin', the language is universal  
One time perfect attack with no rehearsal  
Shook the Earth for what it's worth  
You're in danger of a takeover, and it's analysed as global  
We can find them whatever your predictions  
Enterin' the realm unknown with no restricitons  
It might be hard to believe  
We invade, we conquer and lead

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I'm a country man at heart but a city man by nature  
Cuz even though it's fuck free, it's all about the paper  
I love to live expensive, smoke like I'm in Jamiaca  
Even when I'm broke I think I'm like but a creater  
Avoids the green, even from my early teens  
???????? in need of CREAM seen (seen)  
But then I had a dream 'bout bein' the best rapper  
But that ain't what it seems, next chapter  
That's spreadin' the word  
Inspiration from the hurb is what you hear when I got heard  
I sat back and observed most of the men that shined before me  
All that respect, keeper know 'nough of them will bore me  
Singin' the same story, I'm better than you  
And to tell you the truth most of them men are shut fools  
We asked them in the struggle to make ends meet  
That's why I told these MCs that talk is cheap  
You might think you know Tibbs, you don't know me  
Unless you walk my streets and talk to my peeps

Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing  
Skinnyman make the party Boing, bza Boing, Boing

With your high pitched face like eye liner  
If the black gat bust you get struck by the side winder  
You can't block and stop it when I spotted  
I shoot like Luke Skywalker inside the cockpit  
Aimin' at the top fighter  
Who I mighta have thirty thousand kids spark the lighter  
And set flames to the sky, we aim high  
The baseline kick like the kid from Shang-Hi  
Make your bubble bust, cuddle up from the rubble thrust  
You'se will have the double juice duck, then I doubled up  
To the double four, puddles pour from ya bum bot  
Open swords can't be cured by the blood clot  
Ya bum bastards, son I come classic  
Frame won't last the length of my matchstick  
Drunk off the Hennessey V.S. stop the B.S.  
I'm still off to catch the CREAM like P.S.  
Jake was makin' that green  
People always say what the hell does that mean

With Skinny man he makes the party Boing, Boing  
Bob Digi makes the party Boing, Boing  
Mr. Tibbs he makes the party Boing, Boing  
Bza Blade he makes the party Boing, Boing

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