

Bong Bong

RZA

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, come on
Yeah, my nigga come on
(This is Digital, this is sizzlin
It's like a vamp, it's like a genie in the land
Yo..)

Bong bong, bong bong, BZA, bong bong, bong bong...
Come on!
All my real niggas push up to the front (word up)
Oh shit, look at shorty over there
Caramel deluxe type bitch, yo

Ain't know she suck dick like that
With those big fat lips and those hips like that
She said "Bobby, why you spit like that?
And why you Shaolin Gods push whips like that?"
I said "Hoe, we got chips like that
And Park Hill niggas make flips like that"
In Grass Monkey, yea we sip like that
And we might get drunk and empty clips like that
Then again the Gods build like that
Yo Kinetic, tell em son, we keep it real like that

Can't renounce all-the-timers we sip like that
Honey-dipped blunts, we get high like that
Yo we dipped every day, yo we fly like that
Bitches always sayin "Why you talk like that?"
We B-Boy niggas, you know we walk like that

Why them R&B niggas tryin to sing like that?
And you fake crossovers tryin to bling like that?
You know, my clique snatch ice like that
Take it down to the scale and get a price like that

Snub in the club, don't be nice like that
Catch a body and escape, pull a heist like that

Up front, up front, come on, come on

Check it

Y'all niggas talkin shit
We out here tryin to get paid in a major way
Come on

I rock a six like that
From my dubs in the club, sippin Cris' like that
Pop a bitch, turnin trick, get my ish like that
Check the ice, lookin nice on my wrist like that
I'm the shit like that, dicky-dick like that
Roll with baller sheist types that be sick like that
Set up shop on your block, flip a brick like that
It's the Wu comin thru with a chick like that
Sticky spit like that, what?

What? What?
Nine inches, hoe, we packin dick like that

Six on the dice, we rollin licks like that
Half a mil on the deal, we politic like that
Remember '94, we sold mix like that

4 Sho, the whole crew used to sling like that

Indeed, you know the fam, we was the king at that

Guaranteed, now it's Killa Bee sting like that
And I'll punch you in the head with pointed rings like that
And why's this fuckin crab bleedin like that?
While you crack-head bitches treatin seeds like that
My nigga Johnny Blaze smoke weed like that
And the Killa Bee Clan run the streets like that
Big Bobby makin beats like that
Platinum on the wall, son I eats like that

Damn, you 85's eatin swine like that
We ain't tryin to be cause y'all blind like that

To all my thugs or who smoke like that
And you coke-head niggas sniffin coke like that
And you ecstasy cats poppin dope like that
It's all love cause we folk like that
Guaranteed, now we bout like that
Kinetic 9, Bob Digi

Yo we out like that

For y'all niggas gettin high we go like this
Bong bong..
Pop that shit.