

# Booby Trap

RZA

Hahaha, Digi, yo, yo

When I was young, I slept with a battery on my tongue  
So when I spit, the impact with the sting of a stun gun  
At full blast, rock your cradle, fatal razorblades graze you  
Split you open, stitch you back wit a staple  
I'm football head, I put your head  
Into a brook, all four, your momma wouldn't look at ya'll  
Gold from the Panama canal, Alabama gam'  
Got me laid up, on my nuts like kapow  
B-O-B-Boy's fast as Bruce Leroy  
Meet the rap Galactus, blow planets off his axis  
My glock is plastic, my dick \*sniff\* is magic  
Stretch up the Power U like Mr. Fantastic

Stop, it's a booby trap  
Wouldn't you rather have a Digi or a Scooby Snack?  
Digi Snack, yeah, while we living in a booby trap

Yo, when it comes to this mic device, you get ate  
Like the gingerbread man try'nna cross the lake  
Or the Winchester, call my white son, Lester Poindexter  
Tell 'em bring back the black mack, strapped with two extra  
Clips, where's the natural, words inside the apple  
Pot holes in the street, it cracks the Jeep axle  
Shrivel your heart to a raisin, shorty star gazing  
Yeah, he got steeper than dunce, once he start blazing blunts  
Beef, and get drown in Hunt's  
Your flame get toast, your best bet to punt  
I lounge like a hungry jaguar, into agua  
Trying to catch a fish that multiply like the magua  
Pocket fat be Jabba the Hutt, Clan gallops up  
Feel the Force of my steel, but you can't count the caliber  
Digi, Digi, Digi, all inside your city  
Microphone on the roam, like Capone and Frank Nitty

I don't got a taste for blood or flesh skin  
My mind, like Professor X from the X-Men  
One line, cause MC's to write their albums down  
Devils only come amongst you, if you allow them now  
Do to trading, they infiltrate with persuasion  
That desire to rob and steel and make slaves of all  
Living luxury, destructively, conductively  
Improper nature, privately and publicly  
Man so stupid when confronted by something he don't  
Understand, he shoot it, the whole world's polluted  
My earth gave birth to a universal, change us  
Scribes reflect the child born in the Bethlehem manger  
Devils try to steal me of my intellect, rob me of my culture  
Like they white washing sculptures  
Like they snatching down my posters  
But it's been caught through the eyes of Minolta