

Digi-Electronics

RZA

(feat. Doc Doom, Force MD's, Freemurder, Madam Scheez, Shyheim, Timbo King)

Come on, come on
Yo, ye-yeah, ye-yeah
Where Ya At? Where Ya At?
Takin' it back to 1982
Runnin' Brownsville as we bring you (Where Ya At?
Where Ya At?)
That phat old school shit
The best of the troupe could find
BOODOODOODOODOO!
Yo yo

My crew is super duper fly and we came to get pai-aid
We pack those glocks and razor blades, duckin' spa-a-a-ades
Rollin' that sticky chocolate thai, we 'bout to get bla-a-azed
Y'all cats can't play with us, it's not a ga-a-a-a-ame

Roll up the Winchester, pull my whites, that's the poindexter
Tell him bring back the black iron Mac strapped with two extra
Clips was a natural, worms in the Big Apple
Potholes in the street crack the Benz axle
Well let me come and descend my mens at you
You can't just catch this fish Jack mackarel
B-O-B boy, fast like Bruce Lee-roy
Caramel sundae honey set the decoy
For you soldiers seekin' to de-stroy
me, what the fuck you think we got the heat for?
You dunns, we knock out your gold fronts
Shorty got bigger and strong once she start smokin' blunts
With beef they get found in Hunt's
There's no chance to score, your best bet's to punt

I know R&B niggaz that's harder than you
Young T.G.'s with more street smarts than you
Hit liq', shit you ain't got the heart to do
And I bet the click you run with they bustas too
Fuck a pass, we come strapped when we passin' through
All types of straps, you get clapped just for actin' new
Collectin' more guns ever since my cash done grew
Bad ass with no dash so I'm a bastard too
Ask your crew, nigga, I gay-bash 'em too
Grab his strap then ski-mask and bash 'em too

West Cost rider, credit card slider
Roll up the windows and pass the lighter
I done turned into a lover, used to be a fighter
Now I pull out my guns and take 'em out one by one
You're a beautiful bitch, sittin' on pins and needles
I done seen bitches emotions breakin' up like The Beatles
Who's the real bitch now? Seen the fear in yo' tears
Now Tyrone folks is talkin', shut the fuck up here
A product of my environment until my retirement
Have a habit of the automatic breakin' up the static
And if y'all niggaz wanna trip y'all can suck my dick
I got eight or nine of 'em, different colors and shit

Smell like the rain forest, got diamonds in the hood - flawless
Sable Taurus, spit a verse, no chorus
You're on the wrong turf, one of my songs worth
two mil', eh-yo, red pill, blue pill
Still stay focused, off-white lotus, brokers
I'ma dead y'all slot time, no spins on the hot nine
Eh-yo, my hot nine got my whole block sign
I rhyme gangsta, pops was an O.G.
I'm a junior, my son'll be the third
Let 'em learn degrees, the bees and the birds (uh-huh)
Let 'em learn degrees, the bees and the birds

Why you actin' cuckoo like you just flew over nest?
Like I give a fuck how much weight you bench
Shyheim, my government and my attributes
BIG left me the Tec and the nine at my crib, so Gimme the Loot
Or L.B.C. ya like Snoop, I'm out to get coof, again coof
Turn up the thermostat, peep the murder rap
'Bout to bring it back, in the name of crack
In the name of dope
Ridin' through the hood in the Diamondback with spokes
In the name of thai, cliches and skunk
I came to get high, came to get drunk
I came with the Tec, Bobby came with the pump
We left with the shines, left with two dimes
Sittin' on dubs, royal flush, five of a kind
Countin' the spare for the deuce-ooh-ooh-one
Nigga, our year, niggaz, our year

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yo, talkin' all drunk, makin' a rap right here
Fool remainders, like he can't get clapped right here
Fuck the walkin', Freemurder pack right here
On some napalm and bamboo track right there
Fuck twenty-five, shit, I'm strapped to the chair
Cuffie Crime Fam', my fifth black in the air
Y'all don't want none, lead ya back down the stairs
Once the Mac appear
Four heat, I ain't hit 'im, shoot back fire wit 'im
Whole empire wit 'im, never plea guilty, I ain't hit 'im
Guess who lyin' wit 'im
Left po', ya dead broke like Holy's ear when Tyson bit 'im
Still on point like lime segment
Pull out joints, the nine wet men
Double action, don't want no trouble, askin'
"Who I be?", Murder like Tai Chi
Get ya brain tilt
New Yorker, Brooklyn is where he come from