

# Unspoken Word

RZA

Yo, yo it's the unspoken word, you not heard, get your brains open  
Controlled emotions freewill as the same token  
Keep a sword tucked sharp inside your personal  
We can bust a shot or we can bust a verse or two

Word's on the street Dunn Dunn Bobby's goin' Digital  
Hoverin' the city inside the Wonder Woman's invisible jet  
Clouded by the Meth we move undetected in Secret Society Sects  
NARC's radar suspected us to be a cumulus cloud

Ejectin' lightning, strikin' like a wild knuckle fight, in New Brighton  
A million strands of spider webs weaved to make my vest  
The energy compacted deep within, my inner chest  
One touch of my eagle claw clutch, rips your guts

Brass head kill you fast with a rapid, head bust  
Ninjas spyin', the ammo flyin', the steel iron  
Blow a nigga neck from his head, like dandelions  
My team is a magazine of M-16's

But we calmly, defeat your army, by blowin' steam  
Noisy as a thousand barkin' dogs, rap's sweat hogs  
Welcome back to the catalogue, hip-hop cyborg  
Bobby Digital, keyboard clogged bitch you analog

We blowin' smoke creatin' Scooby Doo fogs  
Escape cell block eight's my tape on the rocks  
Sean Connery, calmly bombin' MC's  
Who stuck on my phenomenon

Word up, no hurry up, for the merrier  
You worry Duck, you get touched by the razor cut  
You feel the flurry huh, don't worry yo  
You get cut by the razor, yo, yo, yo yo

The Wu rag tied around your head, like a doo rag  
Carry large black guns in small school bags  
Funeral date, will be engraved on the wall, in Roman numerals  
The Looney Tune niggaz I be rollin' with, be screwin' you

Quick to make a nigga shit in his pants, with one glance  
Laid back like a fat Huffy bike, on the kickstands  
My Clan'll make the most hardrock chump turn to glass  
And shatter, leave no traces of your matter

You kids playin' hot feet, wait 'til you go to sleep I pull your teeth  
I'm vegetarian bitch, I don't need the beef  
So how I spell relief?  
Ruler Z, arm leg, leg arm head

B.O.B.B.Y.  
You don't qualify  
You don't have supply  
It's a natural high

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It's Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule  
We see a snake in the garden, we get rid of you

Bobby you be on that bullshit, all the time  
With them big words and shit, I free y'all niggaz minds  
What the fuck you think you are some king or somethin'  
Motherfucker you ain't shit, high profilin'

Yo, yo, my enemies of the Killa Bee Clan's founds their peers  
Buried for a thousand years, or drowned in tears  
My unpredictable lyrics straight, and spine tingling  
Like slime from a baby's mouth, bitch niggaz you be lingerin'

Bobby bobs panties from bitches with big asses  
Bobby you be buggin', girl my mind flashes  
My seeds be royal, niggaz sweat Muslim oil  
My Earth gave birth to the fertile crescent soil

No time for fragile planet for small wombs  
My dick bust a universe, my nuts weigh a moon, stay in tune  
Champagne thoughts with Bud Light money, blunts dipped in honey  
Digital, make the gloomiest day feel sunny

Slang slides slashes for him plan record upon the Lord  
Confuse you like a forty-eight track mixboard  
Milli phaser blast a hole in your back the size of moon craters  
These anti-crucified on my Technic crossfader

Fuck the bloodshed, you be leakin' your soul  
Physical mental emotion we will control  
Infinite darts I apply to your back, like horse brandin'  
I clear a thousand men with a jaw of an assbone, black Samson

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See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you  
Slimy savages, against the Digital  
Fuck you Analog, the shit is critical

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Bobby Digital, word you can't ridicule  
See a snake in the garden, we get rid of you  
You slimy savages, shit is gettin' critical  
Fuck you Analog niggaz we be Digital

Bobby Digital, word up fuck that, Bobby Digital