

No Frills

Buddha Monk

[Buddha Monk]

Get off my mother fuckin life![Poppa Chief of Zu Ninjaz]

Yo, yo, this some Zu shit!

Yo, ugh! I know you want it, and I want to give it. AH![Chorus x2: Poppa Chief of Zu Ninjaz]

I got this proposal I'ma slide across the table

Mansions, cars, horses, stables

Stocks and bonds, CDs and T-bills

This time around, Zu strictly frills![Buddha Monk]

Yo, you act like the sun don't shine

Then I decline and make that ass dumb, deaf and blind

Watch this spittin logic, just aimin at yo' noggen

Mind-bogglin, and damn right the Zu will smash somethin

This verbal technique will soon be heard on every street

Just watch yo' peeps and watch sure you niggaz don't sleep

We defy the laws of gravity and burn through yo' anatomy

Watch us work this *echos*

Three-hundred and forty pounds, this God will get down
with verbal smacks, bustin gats, jiggin nines in yo' backs

I don't play that, my silver spoon was bent way back

Hate to say that, but that's the way it is when you black

Not prejudice, but stay far away from six

and I won't give even if my balls gets bit

Stay reclined, never swine, twist the eighty-five wives

We can wine, to make this station all one mind[Chorus x2]

[Buddha Monk]

Warn this, awareness, I come like a terrorist

Enter the bloodstream, beware, can you handle this?

disastrous, it is I, the one Lord and Master

The Buddha's weight is made with gats and gun silencers

Powerful thoughts increase, as I release

the knowledge on my brain, and it's wicked like ten beasts

It is not The Who, it's the old Brooklyn Zu

Styles get raw like a Freakland Zoo

Fix this, flows drillin in the banquet

Buddha inflicts the hoes like Bake's existence

I remain to cause pain, dirty words and slang

Yo, you fuck with the Zu chain, ya headed for a headbang

Walk down my path, ya head is what I'm after

Save all those jokes and rhymes, no time for laughter[Chorus x2]

[Buddha Monk]

I warnin this to mind delinquents, with rap flows I speak frequent
Ya body's cold niggaz and ya mind tolerance is low
I like Brooklyn Zu done sole, first nigga thrown out the window
Damn, thrity-two degrees below zero and it feels like a cold war
There's never more gun totin, ha, backyard tree smokin
The haren with tote nose, with love at first sight, eludin
Bit pressure tester, yea, Zu mind collector
Close your mind like Chester's so your body gets light like feathers
Whatever, you think Zu disappear niggaz?! Ha, never!
I'm like a cold mind with head lice, yo, diggin in ya sector
I'm afraid for ya, we spread like the germ Gonarhea
Fuck all you mamami's with no trace of pupmed water, see us
In God we shall trust, grafted skin we never touched
Flows like black dust, now think about God bust*sizzlin sound*
(Oh, what a rush!)

Songwriters

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