

# Spark Somebody Up

## Buddha Monk

(All hip hop acknowledge, prepare to embark the known)  
News flash, they just let my ass out the damn door You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(Yo, you, you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(That's right, everybody) You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(I mean you and you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things you are doin', don't wanna do it  
(Don't do it) Yo, I'm tired of these niggaz in this industry  
Procrastinate to assassinate me, what you high off some trees?  
I figure ya said that 'cuz yo' bitch was on yo' back  
Dead that, this vigilante wit' swords gon' come and chop down yo' facts I stand amongst he square with a youth,  
phony prevail  
Anythin' other than that nigga, just condemned by Hell  
Is you slick just to do the shit like Buddhists?  
Heather B, three hundred sixty degrees, level move this My audio shells is my surface and my third eye covered  
by mucus  
Oh, so there's a hundred-eight pressure points  
I'm sorry ya didn't know this  
Ha, ya hopeless, also soon to be homeless  
Ya betta sit back and start taken fuckin' dough to this My dosage, sick like white lotus, don't never quote this  
Realize this tritan is mad ferocious  
For the minute, I rolls out my Old Earth's home  
Thug life became known and sold drugs like Al Capone So, you're a so-called thug nigga, here's a slug for ya  
wigga  
How ya figure? Ya test the style that was born to be wit' ya  
I was born to be bad, the Brooklyn Zu, Thief of Baghdad  
Lay yo' ass on the grass and gimme all ya fuckin' cash, 'cuz You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(Yo, you, you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(Don't make me do it) You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(You know who I be, nigga, what?)  
If ya keep on doin' the things you are doin', don't wanna do it  
(Level seven) Yo, to each and every men, call yo' ten best friends  
And watch this verbal murder just start to begin  
Ha, like winds, my style enters yo' anatomy  
Reconstruct yo' mind, niggaz, and shake to' bone cavity Are you mad at me? Take yo' ass to Buddha Monk's  
academy  
Get a crash-test course, nothin' new for the G-O-D  
You so silent, so silent then don't do it

For to be all bad, plus styes that run up like blood fluidYo, I'm true to this, wet rap flows like breakin' mucus  
Hit you so hard, it feels like a shift in yo' uterus  
Have no clue to this? Oh, Buddha Monk's just movin' in this mist  
Yo, it's pure verbal murder when I get into yo' shitYou gonna make me spark somebody up  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(Level ten)You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(I mean you and you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things you are doin', don't wanna do itWatch these whirlwind kicks, we move forward  
this very day  
You pray that our kills it on yo' whole family  
This technique that we speak seeps inside the Devil's teeth  
Now you're body's been breached by the seven-dotten priestStop the lyin', all hail to the God that's now residin'  
To teach the new souls the nightmares of lost foes  
I move worst than Babylon, son, I'll tally up ya arm  
Throw this knowledge like windstorms  
Crown the sovereigns that bear armsWe Manchuz, Masta Allah Rahmel now sees you  
And the Zig-Zag-Zag, seven fly picture this pyramid  
Can't erase this shit I gave you from the Devil, the triple-six  
Manchuz not duck low while Brooklyn Zu make body blowsHide your feet on hot coals, North Star forty-eight  
track impose  
Lyrics assassin strike low, Buddha Monk is above the law  
Now it's war, things ain't just peace no more  
You niggaz hit the floor floor, face the, face the floor, floorSay, you gonna, say, you gonna  
Say you gonna, you gonna make me  
You gonna make me spark somebody up  
You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(Buddha Monk, you've done it again)If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(I don't wanna, yes, I don't wanna!)  
You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(This is dedicated to all those who think I'm a real MC)  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya doBuddha Monk, you just keep bangin' 'em funky  
You just keep bangin' 'em funky  
You know you a crazy cat, right?  
Yes, that's right, baby

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