Any Questions

The Buddha Experience

Yeah baby, it's time to pump the bottle, baby
Yeah, can you take to the re-rub off my shit?
Yeah, Hangmen 3
All y'all done it, all y'all funny
Shit can get ugly
One man summit, always blunted
Haters most wanted
I live it, y'all flaunt it
(Any questions)
Deep dish twenty
Y'all too friendly
My shit trendy
You really wanna know
Long time coming, long time hustling
It's all my money
House, cars, it's all mine, cousin
My life sumthin', y'all like frontin'
(Any questions)
Fuck that dump shit, if my gun click all y'all run quick
Y'all just talkin', Boston, Harlem, Own, Sparkin
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Ray like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from DC to Detroit to Chi-town
New Orleans, Texas and back down
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from Cleveland to Oakland
Down to LA, VA and back to NC
Yo, best done, who done popped up out of hidin'
Snuck out the bowels of Gotham, who gone stop em'?
The body mask wore '85, all solid
It's all roll-ed, let's get this green like it's call-ed
I floss a lot black and get to Boston, I'm hot
Actin' like I won't bring the black Porsche off the lot
Then do the right thing, y'all know Ray, y'all know Jinx
I'm like the night wing with the iced out bright wing
Go ahead dog, sleepin'? I'm a steal ya plate
Brought Ray and Made Men out to seal ya fate
More ya to none, beef, might borrow ya guns

I borrow ya funds, dog we'll spoil your fun
Eastside I lay at, I'm like whoa when ya play that
I'm not a killer cat to fix his mouth and say that
Bad Boy, Made Mens and high livin'
I'm outta here, streets, stay out of prison
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Ray like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from DC to Detroit to Chi-town
New Orleans, Texas and back down
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from Cleveland to Oakland
Down to LA, VA and back to NC
Four, five, sixes, arm tight bitches
The middle finger's up to all my critics
Flow so vicious, hate takin' pictures
I ain't feelin' niggas who fuckin' with the snitches
Hit you out the park like Manny, y'all can't stand me
Won't see me at the Grammy's
My team stunnin', the high beams are comin'
Doors flyin' open, my team start thumpin'
Leave your boys crawlin', who got your back? Call em'
Problems resolve them, there not that important
The last one standin', you the first one leavin'
The first one bleedin', now who the one breathin'?
95 south, don't ever try and follow
Fuck around, get hit by the hollow
Ray Benzino, Grand Marciano, Bad Boys
Made Men live at the Apollo
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Ray like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from DC to Detroit to Chi-town
New Orleans, Texas and back down
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from Cleveland to Oakland
Down to LA, VA and back to NC
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Ray like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from DC to Detroit to Chi-town
New Orleans, Texas and back down
If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from Cleveland to Oakland
Down to LA, VA and back to NC

If ya real, ya real, if ya ain't, ya ain't
Me and Black like big Shaq in the paint
We do it from Cleveland to Oakland
Down to LA, VA and back to NC

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/