

# Life's a Scheme

## Buddha Monk

[intro: buddha monk]

There are eight million stories  
In the naked city, choose one...  
Yo, it's time for a change, yo  
All our babies is dyin from aids  
Children are in the hospital  
'cause their moms beat them  
In broad day on the streets  
We got to change y'all  
That's how it's goin for you

So here it goes, c'mon now[chorus x4: buddha monk]

Life's a scheme, it's all about the cream  
Gotta get over life and fulfill ya dreams[buddha monk]  
I grew up on the streets, where shit was somethin terrible  
Drug dealers, gun slingers and fuckin rebels  
They was out to get knees to feed seeds  
Takin mad g's, killin their own breed  
Heartless to this game to get a gold chain  
Never thinkin who they killed, skin was the same  
It's too lazy to realize what you've done  
Here lays the brother's dead victim's son  
Things break out and kids start fallin  
When yo' kid is shot, these three gods will start callin  
You lost your foes and you lost your soul  
So ya hide up in ya house 'cause ya thinkin it's the gold  
Ah, now it's too late, they see you down that block  
Aimin at that head with two nines, never glocks  
So take up and take heed my friend  
Because now is the time, your life will now end  
'cause...[chorus x4][buddha monk]

As I stand on the corners with my friends, drinkin gin

Waitin for another nigga to commit a sin  
Ah, there he goes, just walkin down the block  
Thinkin that he's hot 'cause his glock rock knots  
Sprayin up shit 'cause he thinks he's the man  
Robbin and stealin from the niggaz in his clan  
He's trife, when he ignite, he socks light  
He put seven of my friends in the past life  
Yo, I'm tired of the shit that he's done

Let me call the gods and get the gitchy gun  
(blaow! blaow blaow! blaow!)  
Light chunks spray all over the place (ahhhh!)  
I seen the brother's face, put gun to his face[chorus x4][buddha monk]  
Yo, next on the menu, from here we continue  
A fifteen year old girl who wants to feed a fuckin kin too  
She had big tits, long dress with slits  
And every nigga on the block just wanted to dip  
But what they caught was bad ways and bad decisions  
That was one thing that the bitch forgot to mention  
Late in the hall, sex on the wall  
She's havin mad fun, you catchin clams on ya balls  
It doesn't matter to this type of trick  
'cause she knew she burnt niggaz, had a gun with two clips  
She laid and prayed 'cause the rent wasn't paid  
Till finally, one day the bitch caught the germ aids  
Now she feels that she shouldn't have done it  
To my fuckin niggaz, please weight ya fuckin garments[chorus x4]

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