

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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