

# Royal Monk

## Buddha Monk

[intro: buddha monk, (dutch masta killa)]  
Ain't no smokin no God damn dutch in here at night  
(what the fuck!? who the fuck!?)  
(that what it's all about, zu zu zu zu)  
(yea, hahahahaah. lions and tigers and bears)  
(that's what it's all about)  
(lions and tigers and bears)  
Look at this shit comin at y'all  
(lions and tigers and bears)  
Watch out  
(lions and tigers and bears)  
(lions and tigers and bears)  
(lions and tigers and bears)  
I'ma hit you in ya head on time, boy  
(lions and tigers and bears)  
(lions and tigers and bears)  
Prepare for the war, check it  
(lions and tigers and bears)[buddha monk]  
My creation comes from a style, abominations  
Assassination, cuts on thru like an arabian  
First one steps, dies from vocals of buddha's breathe  
What's next? ashes left standin with contacts  
The buddha's criminology is like the study of anthropology  
Most knowledge cuts minds, it's mathematics, psychology  
So lets proceed to give lyrics of ass-whippins  
This will flow on, from generations of twelve kins  
Forced to give you death by means of temptation  
My excellerated thoughts and chemistry are annihilation  
Dare to cross this path and oh loser.. bring it back, ah  
Dare to cross the path of seven thieves of bagdad  
Monk whips like whiplash, stains the brain fast  
Brains will be cracked with swiftness of hurricanes  
Within this blowin verses, God lives in this game  
No time to deal with the mentality, style is no formality  
What's the reason for you wantin to live in this reality?  
Only deal with cautions, with devils and snakes  
Try to gain from my style, and that ass will get draped  
No laughs, just grins, no mistakes that wake kins  
Deals with all you fuckin ill-minded delinquents

Raps get tossed up, I'm ferocious like white lotus  
 Diagnosis, shows and proves, no hocus pocus  
 My lyrics froze mcs at velocity speeds  
 Like packin dry ice, the mind catches burn freeze[interlude: buddha monk, (dutch masta killa)]  
 Hahahaha (zu zu zu zu) give it to me now!  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)[buddha monk]  
 The psychos grab ya arms, it's time to head for battle  
 Mona lisa leaves it, ah fuck the boards, here comes the rebel  
 Raw is the slang of this tiger  
 My balls digs in skins, don't worry I ain't gonna bit ya  
 Safe as plantbase, no need for domination  
 Zu comes with styles of gods from many generations  
 Forces in the dark, shall come to the light  
 I prevail, I rip chins and I tear ligaments out like frost bite  
 You hold up ya shield, just notice I got tight skills  
 Cuts to the left, protectors of the right grill  
 Palms of the mysteries, your styles cannot fuck with me  
 Cuts on the body, it's the technique that's inside me  
 Warpath is made from the gun and the blade  
 The only one that's hit, it's the one with the six-tray  
 Things that I do, it's just like the devil  
 Doin mad shit to cause mad trouble  
 Throw up ya shit 'cause I'm crazy fuckin pissed  
 I'll beat that ass with chains, sticks and whips[outro: dutch masta killa, (buddha monk)]  
 And that's it, that's how it goes (zu zu zu zu)  
 Be real or be phony, moni, macaroni (zu zu zu zu)  
 Chillin, not real to the grain (zu zu zu zu)  
 We keep it real, family (zu zu zu zu)  
 Fam', I want a lot of land (zu zu zu zu)  
 All my fam' is a clan (zu zu zu zu)  
 Thirty-six returns (zu zu zu zu)  
 Brooklyn zu (zu zu zu zu)  
 Huh-huh-hahaha (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 Gz-gza-gza-gza-booka-booka-booka (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)  
 (zu zu zu zu)

Boom boom boom boom  
Watch yo thoughts as they pass thru yo memory  
Don't try to be a friend to me 'cause you enemy  
Remember me

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