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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