Sometime Faces

Buddha Monk

[intro: buddha monk, (unknown singer sample), {computerized deep voice}]
(smiling faces.. smiling faces.. sometimes)
Now tell me, just let me get you now
Ya right there God {robberies}
Innocent bystanders {shots laid out}
{this one's the new one} you can't do that
{here's somethin you've been waitin to hear}
What up god? (smiling faces.. smiling faces.. sometimes)
Come.. come follow me {come on motherfuckers}
(smiling faces.. smiling faces.. sometimes)
{the tiger, check it out on these streets}[chorus: buddha monk & drunken dragon]
Come follow me on this journey of deep darkness
Where most niggaz bust off slugs and do robberies
The victims are some known and some unknown
While the good die yound and the bad makes it home[buddha monk]
Here's an innocent bystander, shot while out, random
By this kid named ty who received his first handgun
Bobby's hot from two shots that tore his knot
Now the doctor prescribed, he might not live long ?
He got his vest on, suited up with army fatigues
To find this kid, and make sure I make his ass bleed
Now we multiple by six, a pick and mad up the fast ?
Flintch, nigga move and ya bound to get hit
We tied his rich, the nigga started screamin like a bitch
Now his eyes red, blood drippin out of his head
Is he dead? no, never take his motherfuckin ?
His last request, asked to remove his last breathe
Grabbed his chest and separated the head from the neck[chorus][buddha monk]
Now ? to make a meal with your man from out of state
You first mistake, hated the nigga who sells weights
On the corner, fifth and eighth is where he caught the mad papes
He once moved faster than a rock off the place
Set up a plate, called over to this gril named chase
Her skin is smooth, ? than a buck-fifty inch
Dressed up in lace, watered hair, long, black and fake
Her skin is caped, nails done up by fuckin stakes
Gotta somethin to make, checkmate, the plan is goin great
He asked the name, my friends call me ?
He didn't know the plan was to stop his money flow

He lay in the land of the dreams, saw how to suck stacy's toes
Now mr. large comes in from the back row
>from where I stand, it looked like he had a fo'-fo'
His mistakes, ah, she burns rubber from the ac'
Now the nigga lays, just lays flat on his back
Her surprise, he didn't look with his right eye
Or the third eye, now the streets rain bloody murder
The nigga lost, caught two slugs from a a thug
In his mug, another body bagged, was drugged[chorus][various talk][sample]
Smilling faces, smiling faces.. sometimes (x8)

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