

# Bang It In Ya Whip

## Buddha Monk

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[intro: babyface fensta, (sha-cronz), ]

\*echo\*

(these punk-ass niggaz, they ain't ready)

(we made men, haha!) younahi'msayin? what, nigga?

(we--we been doin' this for years)

Y'all niggaz can't see this shit

Can't even fuck with this track

(ain't nothin could stop us)

you know, on the corse of desperados

(united kingdom to the fullest) word is bond

(sha-cronz) peace to the gods, uk, poppa wu

(recognize) buddha monk, sha-cronz in the house

(before we bring in drama)

Youknowwhati'msayin? all my niggaz about to get hit. word up.

(who we are, who we be) all my mommys about to get hit

(what we stand for) justice and equality

All my boriquas out there, too, up on the set

youknowwhati'msayin?

Hit them niggaz like that, yo [babyface fensta]

It's the sinister, sick like clamidia

Burn like no vagina, your retina

Screwin like you hard, while I lick off your head

Pussy upper lips quiver as fright creaps in like a boa constrictor

Blow to your ego, clostrophobia, new sensation, revelation

Niggaz turn bitch, emotional winch

Get slapped around like faggot niggaz frontin

You unleashed the beast like the niece from garfield east

Does the heads of the 12 priests, crab louse, won't catch it

Shut the fuck up, your mouth is like punks (shut up!), always runnin (ha!)

From the '90's, so I never will like onions and pills (zu-zu-zu-zu-zu)

Leave you weary, teary-eyed and dreary (he-heh-heh-huu-ha!)

Create havoc with your bodily structure, your natural impulses  
(ah-ah-ah) your sexual cravings, your freakish indulgence  
Criminal antics, (hoo) your symnatics don't amaze me  
Fuck around, you'll be pushin up daisies  
Like them niggaz who slept when assassins crept through your villa  
Grab you up... ahhh![buddha monk]  
Who's the killa? monk iodine  
You got your eye on mines, niggaz, you wanna take mines?  
Feel one down to your spine, several parts almost never find  
Royal blood kin on your fetal line, I'm prepared to deal with fetal lines  
Yo, check it out...  
I took, blow, yo, you ran up the block and stuck 4  
You should've known it was them bones, next page, close the door  
Wait, I ain't finished yet with you so-called pros  
You niggaz is packed like fuckin compactors  
I'm blowin ya' back out, callin me the subtractor  
The actual nist gets broke like a wish  
And marrow bones stay parrow in my zone like shadows  
Niggaz is clones, blast off the iron palm, you're kept from sacred songs  
The basics is first to hurts, so don't think fuckin zu's could rest in dirt  
The projects is to eject shop up yets  
The center, niggaz are scared to enter in  
It's buddha monk, throw your head in the cha-a-am-ber[sha-cronz]  
Yo, peep the real pro, put my skills to work  
That show's benz and about a mil' I'm worth  
Get higher than 10 kilohertz  
Blank on tracks like hungry rodents  
Rappers actin funny style and holdin  
Frontin, posted up like bowlin  
Pins rollin in chevy's, while you're goin broke  
Holdin a benz, I'm heavy on the neck  
Pissin weights, can't risk kuwait  
And objects, get these papes and escape  
Ballad and cronz is like a midget to an ape  
Don't care if you got a biscuit and, uh, 8  
Niggaz rhymin with you, drama mental, time ain't with you  
Left dead, cops can't find a motherfuckin pistol  
What?[chorus (x2): buddha monk]  
We catchin large amounts, over-seas and upstate  
Sha-cronz, buddha monk and our nigga, babyface  
It's an mc's fate to test the zu's great  
And we won't stop, until death is a bedmate[buddha monk]  
What? alright, check this fly shit, this do or die shit  
Monk drive-by hit, yea, bang it in ya whip  
If I do it any way I wanna do it

Let me roast punks off this motherfuckin track that dumps  
I'll elect to annihilate, serve on a fake mc  
Who wanna test thee? ha, nigga please  
I'll serve you this here remedy, g-o-d fuckin up ya whole family  
Yea, you know that's got to be me, swingin like tarzan through trees  
With a 9 in my hand, mane anybody who wants to battle this mc  
And if that's not enough, then I'll huff and I'll puff  
And mack yo' motherfuckin ass down, now stay down, ya low down  
Better yet, here's a shot from the 4-pound  
And the cops can't help ya, they yellin, "blue-uniformed man is down"[babyface fensta]  
What, niggaz, what?

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