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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