# No Frills

## Buddha Monk

[buddha monk]
Get off my mother fuckin life![poppa chief of zu ninjaz]
Yo, yo, this some zu shit!
Yo, ugh! I know you want it, and I wanna give it. ah![chorus x2: poppa chief of zu ninjaz]
I got this proposal i'ma slide across the table
Mansions, cars, horses, stables
Stocks and bonds, cds and t-bills
This time around, zu strictly frills![buddha monk]
Yo, you act like the sun don't shine
Then I decline and make that ass dumb, deaf and blind
Watch this spittin logic, just aimin at yo' noggen
Mind-bogglin, and damn right the zu will smash somethin
This verbal technique will soon be heard on every street
Just watch yo' peeps and watch sure you niggaz don't sleep
We defy the laws of gravity and burn thru yo' anatomy
Watch us work this *echos*
Three-hundred and forty pounds, this God will get down
With verbal smacks, bustin gats, jiggin nines in yo' backs
I don't play that, my silver spoon was bent way back
Hate to say that, but that's the way it is when you black
Not prejudice, but stay far away from six
And I won't give even if my balls gets bit
Stay reclined, never swine, twist the eighty-five wives
We can wine, to make this station all one mind[chorus x2][buddha monk]
Warn this, awareness, I come like a terrorist
Enter the bloodstream, beware, can you handle this?
Disasterous, it is i, the one lord and master
The buddha's weight is made with gats and gun silencers
Powerful thoughts increase, as I release
The knowledge on my brain, and it's wicked like ten beasts
It is not the who, it's the old brooklyn zu
Styles get raw like a freakland zoo
Fix this, flows drillin in the banquet
Buddha inflicts the hoes like bake's existence
I remain to cause pain, dirty words and slang
Yo, you fuck with the zu chain, ya headed for a headbang
Walk down my path, ya head is what I'm after
Save all those jokes and rhymes, no time for laughter[chorus x2][buddha monk]
I warnin this to mind delinquents, with rap flows I speak frequent

Ya body's cold niggaz and ya mind tolerance is low
I like brooklyn zu done sole, first nigga thrown out the window
Damn, thrity-two degrees below zero and it feels like a cold war
There's never more gun totin, ha, backyard tree smokin
The haren with tote nose, with love at first sight, eludin
Bit pressure tester, yea, zu mind collector
Close your mind like chester's so your body gets light like feathers
Whatever, you think zu disappear niggaz? ! ha, never!
I'm like a cold mind with head lice, yo, diggin in ya sector
I'm afraid for ya, we spread like the germ gonarhea
Fuck all you mamami's with no trace of pupmed water, see us
In God we shall trust, grafted skin we never touched
Flows like black dust, now think about God bust*sizzlin sound*(oh, what a rush!)

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