

Zu Ninjaz f/ Manchuz

"Back of the Church"

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[Intro: K-Blunt]

Turn my mic up a little bit, so I won't have to scream
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Buddha Monk, word, yo, yo, aight..

[K-Blunt]

All stand at attention, it's a spank in the lung
Some of y'all niggas be sometime
Sometime you build, sometime you rhyme all the time
We break out the snake pit, make hits
Blood in, blood out, dealin with the bullshit
Too complex, make it easy, elementary
So we can, teach these babies
Crawl before you walk, think before you talk
Don't mislead 'em, fall you bleeder
Now take me to your leader
Decention in the ranks, divide and conquer
What you say, thanks to the weed and liquor
Cocaine and bitches, diamonds, big chains, more
riches
Shiny cars and nothin man-maken
Reach these stars, get in where you fit in
Who you be, who you are
I be your father, in the Vanguard
Conductor of the orchestra
Universal Soldier, Zu Ninja!

[Delta One]

Thoughts controllin your destiny
Your memories, floatin in cups of Hennessey
Logically, it's like, niggas battle to bite
So I rip mic's tight and vibe, right
We shine on eachother to the climax
On your best systems, I'm deep like addiction
Whenever I'm cross-mixin, the slang
Delta One drama with them joints that will spark up your
brain
Now your rhymes are defeated from my circle of fame
Beats not tame, run loose out an individual
I enter you, contact, essen-tual
The hip-hop sentinel, over-dosin you

Out of a chosen few
No host to guide you across the East Coast
You held a few tight knives, but who's to pay the price?
Throw the dice, seein through my father's eye-sights
85% of them could change your life to kill the hate
The pain is great, to exchange, moments of your fate
Now we came so strong, the pain is gone
Mama said, "Don't aim home, or you might blast him in
the arm.
Son, my word is based on the strength of the strong.
You'll be the same one, now you got your life in his
palm."

[Spiritual Assassin]

Yo relax like pools, and spar, the broads
85er's and Gods, peep the announcement
Stick your neck out, niggas give their ass to kiss
Leave ya assed out and bone dry like dried up tears
My thoughts, thermeate collector's addition
Cherish life on my seven and a half mic's
It's precious like black Dad's kids, valuable
Natural like resources, symbolic to 100% fruit juices
Yo the truth ran from the East like Musa from police
Gonna leep over obsticles like a pair of rules
Never step in the next man Wally shoes
Who the fuck wanna spar inside a highway?
Yo we cross-break boulevards, on the block is like
shootouts
Cookouts, charcoil niggas is hot on the grill
I reveal to the ears, embrace with open arms
Thrown, incasin my rhyme, Brooklyn the gold frame
Praise my name and the niggas I run with
World Class, yo we're legends

[5 Foot Hyper Sniper]

Yo true like the Terminator
I Shoot to Kill, an MC like Space Invaders
Lyrical exterminator, in this music we call rap
Incinerate my top cats, kill the mice in the back
Yo don't continue, the God kills the jack
Read your Scooby, snap! That's the way we attack
a hip-hop track, like a Predator
Wild life, ready to fight, the Brooklyn mic
Yo if niggaz persist, I'm tearin ya, Ike-smack!
Now we got it right, Zu Ninjaz performin tonight
On stage, under the lights, rhymes tight
Blow like crack in the pipe
Fans addicted to the target bases like Christ

