

B. Jon

"Nightmare on Zu Street"

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Chorus:

Now we came here to party and to turn this mother out
So get up on the dance floor, let me hear you scream
and shout
The Zu came here to party, let me see you shake that
body
If you ever try to test us, well nigga that's your ass

Verse One: Buddha Monk

All my enemies, let me do my thing please
Do my thing, do my thing, do my thing
What's the Brooklyn Zu? Buddah Monk that's who
Hit em over hip hop right back to size 2
Fuck your crew, nothin new when the god comes
through
Cut your momma one time, make the people say
"Oooooooo"
It's professional, hip hop, murder to the shack
Who want it? Step your ass right up on deck
We can scrap over verbal combat, styles like a gat
You been murdered once you seen the cassette or DAT
That's a fact, never slack, move forward like a mack
Kings of style black with my rhymes laid down on wax
Who's next, take a step up in this verbal combat
Catch a smack from this Brooklyn Zu artifact
Take your wack style right back, put it in your pack
Now I'm goin insane with my Brooklyn Zu train

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Verse Two:

Yo niggas is confused, lost in the mind of my pews
There's nothin but havin a battle and
To have your fuckin rhyme staggerin
I'm sharp like a javelin bein thrown
Like baseballs I'm crashin through windows in twin
homes
Snake venom, I'm much worse once up in em
One dose'll have you comatose
While that nigga's gettin ripped from the throat
Scorchin hot thoughts, shoot the rot plot in your forts
So you're shot down, had a seat bought
Tryin to flow, yo
In a forest we harvest with element ninjas
Strength ingore pain when it entered
Watch your fuckin style get tested
When I cut I leave behind dirty ass infections
Now choose your muthafuckin wepaon
35 boxcutters sits in the midst
Now blessin The Manchuz with my secret songship, Zu

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Verse Three: Drunken Dragon

Nigga banish you in verbal combat like Johnny Cage
Fuckin with the beast unleashed like Primal Rage
Turn the next page, it's another headliner
Manchuz stalked out your wack show like Mel's Diner
I'm the giggalo a.k.a. the muthafucker
Start the new world order and here's the chloro, huh
Too much intelligence to borrow, you're short mad
cash
I shit on niggas so hard water splash on my ass
Graced by an inch, I was smoother than a hustler
Crooklyn Zoo trussler, musty cattle rustler
Gut and bone crusher, dragonfist bizarre
Wizard to god, rollin with the bomb squad

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