

Buddahead

"Cuts To The Gut"

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[intro: buddha monk, (shorty shit stain)]

Yea, aight, yo

We just gon' shut all these mothafuckas up

(for all y'all gangsta mothafuckas)

Yea, that shit

[shorty shit stain of brooklyn zu]

It wasn't my fault you came outside without ya strap on

Tryin to get yo mack on and niggaz took oath of
possession

Should've rolled deep, get crooked by niggaz I creap

And catch ya when ya least expect, the hard head

For those livin trife, it cuts like a knife

Who choose to play dice, who choose to play dice

It's that, this one is a money maker

My album took that taker, I see ya nigga money and he
stashin

I caught that nigga and I had to quick react

And blast quick, nigga tried to front, he gonna laugh at

This type of style is hardcore, nigga tried to front

When he what? what? move on him, what?

But i'ma hit him with my utmost shit

If ya can't bring death, then ya can't represent

[chorus: buddha monk]

Deadly is the slang from the brooklyn zu

When we comin thru ya town, what ya niggaz gonna
do?

[dutch masta killa]

Never carried steal, before ya got that deal

But now ya wouldn't have got it, so now ya puffin
chronic

Two heads of drakness comin forth, there is many

Blind once or twice, then those heads become pennys

My swing is more deadly than a shot from yo gun

You see I swung once, but really I swung fourth

Just be by yo vision, now yo shit's on the floor

Shit like that, ya can't face with plasta

Sent niggaz back 'cause I am the dutch masta

Kill or pylon wack-ass styles in the mud

Minds deep in heart, this is gold wit yo gut
It's understood, oh he be someone you can't see
And that someone is me, too deep for you to believe
>from the day of yo birth till ya ride in the hurse
There's nothin that happens that could've been worse
Let me free, atom bomb will be the final sequel
Which all men are cremated equal

[buddha monk]

Never war, come back on four tracks
Niggaz wanna test the bees, ya must be wack
Never more, actual fact
Comin thru with the killa bees attack
My sword has the power to devour in any hour
Slang cuts ya brains, now ya veins only hang
Matter of sense, so I inflict the killa hits
Dirty will assist with this mix, breaks mad shit
There's is no crew that can test the 1-12 crew
Don't let me go suu!, killa bees comin thru
Break the war with the great and it kills with the slicin
I come with mad sins, I'm the happy man again
Come into my realm and I kill like the lizard palm
Can't prevail with the tails, now ya mind dwells
Into a dimension, no facts, only fiction
Who's sent to this train has three sixes on their skin

[dutch masta killa]

Bloaw! little hare was good, was dippy
The wild-ass hippy who always packed the heater
Lived the good life, was praised around, the hood life
He ran with his man from the second floor
Livin happy, puffin on the staircase wall
Greedy had a younger brotha, they both lived with
motha
Motha had no fatha, they both held each otha
And prayed for the otha, greedy saw the seat
Never knew the feat, at nite he would creap
Was still packin heat, the planned to catch a digga
Greedy caught the hiccups, one, two more, three
But nosey got away, the eighty-fiver man
Yea, he still strayed away, the clean eddie faked it
No icepick or fist, glock or tech-nine
He contemplated this, caught in the shootout
His man wanted his boot out, he was caught in a trance
He has his mask, laid out past dawn, now momma's
grave missed

[outro: dutch masta killa, (odb)]

Comin at 'cha from every type of angle
Ya know killa bees represent the bronx
Queens, manhattan, all over this world

The east coast, straight and down
Straight out of clark's
And all over everywhere
Medina warriors
(I love to hear the bees!)

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