

Buddahead

"Gots Like Come On Thru"

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[intro: buddha monk, (ol' dirty bastard)]
Ahahahaha
Minds start to freeze, at ease
Its the wu-tang killa beez
Brooklyn zu, where we roll, manchuz
Comin at yo' avenuez
36 chambaz at a theater near ya
(to all my muthafuckin niggaz in the place to be
And llllast man to me)
We gon' take hip hop to anotha level

[chorus: buddha monk & ol' dirty bastard]
Wu, gots like come on through
Su, that's the call of the wu
Zu, gots like come on through
Su, that's the call for the zu

[hook: buddha monk & ol' dirty bastard]
If your from the east coast and
You're down with brooklyn zu
Su, that's the call for your crew
If your from the west coast and
You're down with brooklyn zu
Su, that's the call for your crew

[buddha monk]
Yo, I make myself official with the 7-dotted temple
And the knowledge procedes to take off like emmitt's
missle
Its the rapfire comin from this lord, monk and sire
Cut like barbfire, ka-boom, just raise your hands higher
I get off even if it's battle or war, y'all niggaz hit the
floor
And word iz bond, it still prescibes laws, hate the
allegations
So, I slam on this nation with motivation and watch out
for the zu
Domination
We could take it to anotha level, glock-block that kills
treble
Honey rebels, and all y'all niggaz betta end up in fuckin

bellevue

Yo, I mean that, I'm a God and I cut you no slack
You wanna act, then I attack and just split your wig back
Your some lame ass nigga rockin tommy hilfiger
With 3 sizes larger just to make you look bigger
And all you people out there procrastinatin to stop the
assassination
You betta check up with your still and just watch the zu
nation

[chorus]

[drunken dragon - zu manchuz]

Now take this, I hit you with the drunken dragon fist
Got the punk for your mind leavinz niggas in bliss
I look deep into your eyes, diggin in your soul
Pullin out the inner thoughts, leave minds behold
I know exactly what your thinking, I wait for you to blink
And I hit you with a round to make your ego start
sinking
I send your wack ass back to class, learn something
So you can peep the real shit, and you can stop
fronting
On your phony block, with your phony glock until you
slip
When niggaz burn the drama they put teks on your lips
Hey son, I just thought about that shit
And you wanna be a gangsta rapper, boy you get the
dick
The drunken dragon, comin at you
And if I hear you say brooklyn zu, I say "yo, who you? "
'cause

[chorus]

[buddha monk]

Back the fuck up before I use my gat
Spray two to your neck and four to your back
It's the hardcore warrior, straight from medina
Look on my face it shows, no one meaner
Brooklyn zu killa bees on the swarm
I be in your area so sound the alarm
Monks in the front know not to fuckin drunk
Knocking down niggaz, and the girl sees the lump
Shit is real, yes I'm hittin hard like steel
I'm comin through your town so it's best that you peel
For real, yes I get dirty with my skill
No slacks in my thoughts, no time for my to trip up
Niggaz, your crazy, I leave no fuckin traces
When I put it on that ass you'll be desintegrated
Crazy lunatic with the style that's sick

Somebody in my click is bound to set a pick
Your hit, by this trife shit that I fix
I'm just like the devil, I don't play no tricks, 'cause

[chorus]

[hook]

[outro: buddha monk, (ol' dirty bastard)]
1-1-2, 4-4-1 frankin av.
Peace, to my nigga wack
(it's all good, it's all bad
Dirty runs for the mayor next year, finally
You'll neva see meeeeeeee)
Zu zu zu zu zu zu zu
Suuuuuuuuuuuu!!

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