

Buddha Monk "East Side Story"

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[intro: buddha monk]

Allah is god, we came here to travel
And speak the truth to those who do not know
themselves.
We do the knowledge to everythin in our existence
And expense forth the truth. if you cannot stand on
your
Own two feet, what must be done? nothin, you shall die
In your own inequity. I want y'all to feel me.
Let allah take this path to teach the truth to those
Who do not know themselves.

[babyface fensta]

Heat like a pressure cooker
Hard-boiled, like an egg, mad that they over-looked ya
Damn, shit never go right for a nigga like me
All my plots and schemes pretty much shattered
dreams
Forced to re-evaluate my situation, realization
I'm 5% of the original nation who know the truth
The youth nowadays are color-coded, minds eroded
Like rust on bumpers of old chevy's from 1962
I used to cop 'em, but I had to drop 'em
Get aboard shaky ground, still I roam the compound
Like the saint, remember who I am
I might just rob the bank in your town
Went from sleepin in crates on quincy street
Never havin a refridgerator full of food to eat
Fallin out the windows of east new york
Was knowledge, understandin when I stoppin eatin
pork

[spiritual assassin of zu manchuz]

Yo, pictures record my wonder years
The narrator, I write like diaries and journals
Layin with the bitch too much, swimmin in pools of
pussy
Mentally takes you out your zone, I'm livin un-satisfied
My eyes want to see gold bars in my palm
More suedes clark's, the fonz is poetry, islam is
science
Project shrimp scatters the grounds, whips and tyrants

Everyday's the same palace shit like the total thumper
Second time on this planet, things taken for granted
Advantage, presto, don't settle for less, strictly quality
garments

Yo, exercise your right to bear arms, peace to salute
the prostitutes

Constitution, precious moments in her life
From stark 8, eternal is life, extremely fast

[buddha monk]

Yo, this life's full of savagery and the devil's still after
me

I drink bacardi to set the mind free, puff trees in the
black teepee

I'm still hurtin from the shit the devil's still servin

It feels like a sayonce, but I'm trapped in chaos

Yo, me, oh, my it's chaos, livin in my hive

Back up, back up, for this time you must die

[chorus: drunken dragon of zu manchuz]

I've watched niggaz get shot rocked, they cold ass
locked up

In cells blocks, days of our lives, cheatin wives

Takin half a nigga's pie, enemies in disguise

Take ya clientel, ya girl and leave ya with the lies

[manly musa of zu ninjaz]

Yo, my fam's royal, hot like rotten camels in the desert

Drinkin rum, by these naked bitches rubbin me with
baby oil

We all loyal with big gats, connect like seeds and soil
bean with soil

Where all my nigga now wigs at? jim hat, where shorty
at with no kids at?

Like armored trucks with 25 bricks, I wanna stick that
Bein broke gave me the ice grill, if I can't smoke, I
might ill

Fight a dyke for tryin to steal

>from all my niggaz who can't grab, ain't no fun robbin
and can't brag

Cop grams and hand bags

That's like life with no map, a dolja soldier on the
wrong path

Tryin to road block the road to riches

If you got somethin, maintain what you go left

'cause the only thing to fear in this world is life or death

[redz of zu ninjaz]

Yo, this dream'll leave you fiendin for weight and a
triple beam

Life's a scheme, so, you add it all up and got your

plans to square off
Who was your man and bet this, I'm reckless on your
high style's check list
I dead this through bloody wars, government laws,
iritatin like sours
But soon to heal the ghetto neighborhoods where hittin
steal
Ain't no peace, young ones blasted by the beast
I'm from the east where each and every teach
You'll feel it in your physical, mental credentials, fuck a
nigga who sell,
Right?
It was simple, my crew leave a stain where they start
A half moon when we depart, a full moon when the I
sparks
You got to love it, some say the good and ugly live on
high society's
Made us, fuck what you say, they played us
9 servants, but feelin better when I'm goin for life
In my man's ride, that's yo' man, right?

[buddha monk]

You was my a-alike, 'cause stars will like to shine so
bright
Now you smoke crack pipes, sell ya whips for low price
Yo, what's wrong with you? m-o was known for jig-able
You had a crew, especially known to kill for you
Now you fucked up and no one even has a small clue
How you fell off and caught to these low down crack
blues
That's why I sing this song, I'll keep holdin on
It makes me stay strong and hold this fort down with
firearms
His life's pathetic for my man nine, don't even sweat it
I'ma help ya ass out, no need for things, but don't
forget it
'cause maybe on this cross road, I could take this same
load
And who can help my ass out on a path to receive
higher gold?

[chorus (x2)]

[outro: drunken dragon of zu manchuz]
...nigga!!!

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