

Buddha Monk "Royal Monk"

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[intro: buddha monk, (dutch masta killa)]
Ain't no smokin no God damn dutch in here at night
(what the fuck!? who the fuck!?)
(that what it's all about, zu zu zu zu)
(yea, hahahahaah. lions and tigers and bears)
(that's what it's all about)
(lions and tigers and bears)
Look at this shit comin at y'all
(lions and tigers and bears)
Watch out
(lions and tigers and bears)
(lions and tigers and bears)
(lions and tigers and bears)
I'ma hit you in ya head on time, boy
(lions and tigers and bears)
(lions and tigers and bears)
Prepare for the war, check it
(lions and tigers and bears)

[buddha monk]
My creation comes from a style, abominations
Assassination, cuts on thru like an arabian
First one steps, dies from vocals of buddha's breathe
What's next? ashes left standin with contacts
The buddha's criminology is like the study of
anthropology
Most knowledge cuts minds, it's mathematics,
psychology
So lets proceed to give lyrics of ass-whippins
This will flow on, from generations of twelve kins
Forced to give you death by means of temptation
My excellerated thoughts and chemistry are
annihilation
Dare to cross this path and oh loser.. bring it back, ah
Dare to cross the path of seven thieves of bagdad
Monk whips like whiplash, stains the brain fast
Brains will be cracked with swiftness of hurricanes
Within this blowin verses, God lives in this game
No time to deal with the mentality, style is no formality
What's the reason for you wantin to live in this reality?
Only deal with cautions, with devils and snakes
Try to gain from my style, and that ass will get draped

No laughs, just grins, no mistakes that wake kins
Deals with all you fuckin ill-minded delinquents
Raps get tossed up, I'm ferocious like white lotus
Diagnosis, shows and proves, no hocus pocus
My lyrics froze mcs at velocity speeds
Like packin dry ice, the mind catches burn freeze

[interlude: buddha monk, (dutch masta killa)]

Hahahaha (zu zu zu zu) give it to me now!

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

[buddha monk]

The psychos grab ya arms, it's time to head for battle
Mona lisa leaves it, ah fuck the boards, here comes the
rebel

Raw is the slang of this tiger

My balls digs in skins, don't worry I ain't gonna bit ya

Safe as plantbase, no need for domination

Zu comes with styles of gods from many generations

Forces in the dark, shall come to the light

I prevail, I rip chins and I tear ligaments out like frost
bite

You hold up ya shield, just notice I got tight skills

Cuts to the left, protectors of the right grill

Palms of the mysteries, your styles cannot fuck with me

Cuts on the body, it's the technique that's inside me

Warpath is made from the gun and the blade

The only one that's hit, it's the one with the six-tray

Things that I do, it's just like the devil

Doin mad shit to cause mad trouble

Throw up ya shit 'cause I'm crazy fuckin pissed

I'll beat that ass with chains, sticks and whips

[outro: dutch masta killa, (buddha monk)]

And that's it, that's how it goes (zu zu zu zu)

Be real or be phony, moni, macaroni (zu zu zu zu)

Chillin, not real to the grain (zu zu zu zu)

We keep it real, family (zu zu zu zu)

Fam', I want a lot of land (zu zu zu zu)

All my fam' is a clan (zu zu zu zu)

Thirty-six returns (zu zu zu zu)

Brooklyn zu (zu zu zu zu)

Huh-huh-hahaha (zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

Gz-gza-gza-gza-booka-booka-booka (zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

(zu zu zu zu)

Boom boom boom boom

Watch yo thoughts as they pass thru yo memory

Don't try to be a friend to me 'cause you enemy

Remember me

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