

## **Buddha Monk**

# **"Spark Somebody Up"**

Visit "[Spark Somebody Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(All hip hop acknowledge, prepare to embark the known)  
News flash, they just let my ass out the damn door

You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(Yo, you, you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(That's right, everybody)

You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(I mean you and you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things you are doin', don't  
wanna do it  
(Don't do it)

Yo, I'm tired of these niggaz in this industry  
Procrastinate to assassinate me, what you high off  
some trees?  
I figure ya said that 'cuz yo' bitch was on yo' back  
Dead that, this vigilante wit' swords gon' come and  
chop down yo' facts

I stand amongst he square with a youth, phony prevail  
Anythin' other than that nigga, just condemned by Hell  
Is you slick just to do the shit like Buddhists?  
Heather B, three hundred sixty degrees, level move  
this

My audio shells is my surface and my third eye  
covered by mucus  
Oh, so there's a hundred-eight pressure points  
I'm sorry ya didn't know this  
Ha, ya hopeless, also soon to be homeless  
Ya betta sit back and start taken fuckin' dough to this

My dosage, sick like white lotus, don't never quote this  
Realize this tritan is mad ferocious  
For the minute, I rolls out my Old Earth's home  
Thug life became known and sold drugs like Al Capone

So, you'se a so-called thug nigga, here's a slug for ya  
wigga

How ya figure? Ya test the style that was born to be wit'  
ya  
I was born to be bad, the Brooklyn Zu, Thief of  
Baghdad  
Lay yo' ass on the grass and gimme all ya fuckin' cash,  
'cuz

You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(Yo, you, you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(Don't make me do it)

You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(You know who I be, nigga, what?)  
If ya keep on doin' the things you are doin', don't  
wanna do it  
(Level seven)

Yo, to each and every men, call yo' ten best friends  
And watch this verbal murder just start to begin  
Ha, like winds, my style enters yo' anatomy  
Reconstruct yo' mind, niggaz, and shake to' bone  
cavity

Are you mad at me? Take yo' ass to Buddha Monk's  
academy  
Get a crash-test course, nothin' new for the G-O-D  
You so silent, so silent then don't do it  
For to be all bad, plus styes that run up like blood fluid

Yo, I'm true to this, wet rap flows like breakin' mucus  
Hit you so hard, it feels like a shift in yo' uterus  
Have no clue to this? Oh, Buddha Monk's just movin' in  
this mist  
Yo, it's pure verbal murder when I get into yo' shit

You gonna make me spark somebody up  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(Level ten)

You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(I mean you and you and you)  
If ya keep on doin' the things you are doin', don't  
wanna do it

Watch these whirlwind kicks, we move forward this very  
day  
You pray that our kills it on yo' whole family  
This technique that we speak seeps inside the Devil's  
teeth  
Now you're body's been breached by the seven-dotten

priest

Stop the lyin', all hail to the God that's now residin'  
To teach the new souls the nightmares of lost foes  
I move worst than Babylon, son, I'll tally up ya arm  
Throw this knowledge like windstorms  
Crown the sovereigns that bear arms

We Manchuz, Masta Allah Rahmel now sees you  
And the Zig-Zag-Zag, seven fly picture this pyramid  
Can't erase this shit I gave you from the Devil, the  
triple-six  
Manchuz not duck low while Brooklyn Zu make body  
blows

Hide your feet on hot coals, North Star forty-eight track  
impose  
Lyrics assassin strike low, Buddha Monk is above the  
law  
Now it's war, things ain't just peace no more  
You niggaz hit the floor floor, face the, face the floor,  
floor

Say, you gonna, say, you gonna  
Say you gonna, you gonna make me  
You gonna make me spark somebody up  
You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(Buddha Monk, you've done it again)

If ya keep on doin' the things ya do  
(I don't wanna, yes, I don't wanna!)  
You gonna make me spark somebody up  
(This is dedicated to all those who think I'm a real MC)  
If ya keep on doin' the things ya do

Buddha Monk, you just keep bangin' 'em funky  
You just keep bangin' 'em funky  
You know you a crazy cat, right?  
Yes, that's right, baby

Visit [Buddha Monk](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.