

Pieta Brown

"Drunken Master"

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Don't be a bull in a china shop
Pick up my foot and then the next one drop
Drunken style is his martial arts
You can't push him around like some old hand cart
I sleep on nails and we eat broken glass
I am no fool, I keep my mind intact
Stumble down the street people passin' remarks
Cause when me walk, me walk and me talk

I am a drunken master
Test my crew buck-up in a disaster
I am a drunken master

Don't be a bull in a china shop
Pick up my foot and then the next one drop
Stumble down the street people passin remarks
Cause when me walk, me walk and talk
Sleep on nails and I eat broken glass
I am no fool I keep my mind intact
Drunken style are me martial art
Can't push me around like no old hand cart

I am a drunken master
Test my crew bukup in a disaster

I am a drunken master

Yi, er, san, si, wu, liu, chi, ba
Screamin comin atchya drunken master
Ba, chi, liu, wu, si, san, er, yi
Kick karate from me high dea me knee
Troddin the fertile crescent with me nine section whip
Scrip itta writ in heiroglyphic sanskrit

Mix this music just like a chemist
Wordsmith by osmosis
Mystic chopstick inna your brainbasket
Like a locksmith your cerebelum gets picked
Esoteric like a jedi mind trick
You'll get your fix on his kicks
Yi, er, san, si, wu, liu, chi, ba

Screamin comin atchya pietaster
Ba, chi, liu, wu, si, san, er, yi
Just like joon rhee, nobody bothers me

Test my crew bukup on a disaster
I am the drunken master

I am the drunken master
Test my crew bukup on a disaster
I am the drunken master

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