

## **Bartels & Gaze**

### **"Undeniable Force"**

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\* only appeared on the promo version of this LP

[Buddha Monk]

(Intro... intro.. intro...)

It's the Manchuz, come to get on thru

It's the Buddha Monk with that slang that cuts  
All you other MC's, it's time for you to duck  
Other than the Wu, it's who, I know your crew  
I break out on that ass, like glass, mixed with glue  
You crazed, never amazed, with a name, you crave  
I come with that roughness style, that never fades  
You fucked, and you ducked, and you're hit with the  
front guns  
Niggaz should have told you that you're shed of luck  
To fuck with my shit, I'm that MC who's a killer  
Carried by the track, gonna be leavin spine chillers  
Let's get wicked, cuz your style is addictive  
It makes me mad, I grab my fuckin biscuit  
Dangerous fish, take these looks, and don't approach  
this  
I leave many wonderin, whether I'm God-less  
This drama, I drop shit like atom bombs  
and if you touch my skill, you're the one it will harm  
Why do you want a name that doesn't even fit you?  
I'm bustin out with actual facts, your style is wack  
Here's the run-down, I'm deadly like a virus  
Breakin down foes like the colonize pirates  
Why you wanna test the 'chuz?  
Like the fourty fuckin beams, what you niggaz wanna  
do?  
Huh? Shootin thru your town, nigga, lay that ass down  
It's the sharpness of this tiger that moves with no  
sound

See me get raw with my sharp-core style  
Shotguns, aimin at your chestpiece, BLAOW!  
See me get raw with my sharp-core style  
Shotguns, aimin at your chestpiece, BLAOW! BLAOW!  
BLAOW! BLAOW!  
Comes from far, but hits very near

It's the one and only, War, things and just peace no more!

[War of Zu Manchuz]

Gotta get the fuckin gauge, cuz niggaz actin stupid  
Time for the War to get hype with rebel shit  
Bodies droppin, like rain falls, that hit the ground  
My sounds breakin hard from the Bronx or the Brown'  
pound  
Avoidin oppenents, niggaz lookin hard and wonderin  
rocks  
I rock knots, and blocks, with my nine, glock  
So ease back, War comin thru with the army  
If you had Bambino family, you still couldn't harm me  
I strap your shack, like I keep your fuckin shipment  
War gets civil, react, like a mad villian  
>From Sing-Sing, bets that ass and have your things  
hang  
An eight plus one, son, no shame to my fuckin name  
The murder plain, who's to blame? What's my name?  
War child, son, it's time to rearrange your fuckin face  
You're a disgrace to my races  
The ghetto nationality, you nimble, cuz I aced it

[Buddha Monk]

See me get raw, with my Brooklyn Zu style  
Shotguns aimin at your chestpiece, BLAOW!  
See me get raw, with my Brooklyn Zu style  
Shotguns aimin at your chestpiece, BLAOW!  
We're not finished yet!  
You are now about to enter the realm,  
of, the Spiritual Assassin \*echos\*

[Spiritual Assassin of Zu Manchuz]

Yo, it stops, leaves your brain  
It's not stimulated to bring the pain  
I got 'em dazed, runnin thru mazes  
without flippin the pages, choppin heads off for ages  
Assassin's technique, your grave the punishment  
In the light, eyes close, and accurate with the slice  
Fightin fear, streets in here, clear  
Speak and chi is deep, deep in a vagina  
For attacks, gangstas backwards, so I creap up behind  
you  
Like ass, MC's is gased off of diesel  
So it's target practicin, with you fuckin weasels  
Over the top, your only zone is to get dropped  
Wesley Snipes, but I'm the sniper, thirty/thirty  
And rust leaks is dirty, it's on my fuckin bullets  
Now pull it!

[Buddha Monk]

Ahh.. watch out, here I come with my Deadly Venom  
Shootin thru your town like that old Bruce Jenner  
You're runnin, lookin for cover, but you discover  
I kill like atom bombs, there's no need for deep cover  
My missile rocks, flood watch, I missed spots  
I'm sure off to return, like Backland suffered germs  
many fall victim to the madness of my chemistry  
Blink one time, and I'm bound to demolish thee  
Ahh.. it's the killa straight from the villa  
Riddler, peddler, mind cell dweller

\*laughing\*

[Outro: Buddha Monk]

So, as you enter the realms \*echo\* of Manchuz \*echo\*  
There are too many chambers for you to enter without  
your crew  
We lock down, states to states, nations to nations  
\*echo\*  
cuz this is a Wu-Tang Killa Bees creation \*echo\*  
and we out \*echos\*

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