

## **Brooklyn Zu f/ GZA**

### **"Knock Knock"**

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[Intro: Buddha Monk]

Ain't nothing changed, RZA Rectah  
Yo Gleanz, throw it up  
Yo, 12, you see him over there? (bododododo)  
Shitty, Merdoc, you take the front  
Zoo Keeper, you come wit me, let's go

[Chorus: Buddha Monk]

Knock knock, guess who came knockin' at your door  
It's them Brooklyn Zu dudes and we back for more  
Knock knock, we from the slum where poppers are  
from  
Get your facts right, game tight, ain't playing tonight  
Knock knock, this ain't right, cuz change light that bring  
light  
Same night, watch the story tonight  
Knock knock, if you didn't wanna play wit these cats  
You should of shut ya ass up, now it's lay where you at  
So knock knock

[Buddha Monk]

Dartsman, marksman, captain of the starship, you can  
mark this  
The night that you reached your darkening  
Zu blade master from the Dirt Dog Chapter  
Get snapshot, exit wound back and G cut after  
Lay my life on the line for any Cuffie Crime nigga  
Stand trial, lay 'em down, blame cats uptown now  
My dig, came to Dirt, nigga, so this off hurt critters  
Got ghost getter, under Roc-A-Fella in winter  
Peep me in the Maybach, 12 boomin' on haze back  
Gleanz, you got made gat, take aim, refrain at  
It's the payback, Shitty hit 'em wit the mack  
Merdoc gon' wild, Zoo Keeper got watch  
Damn right we do it, how we gotta  
After that, post up and bury chicks  
Sippin' on a new trick, the casualty's reality  
The gun game, the slug name, end game  
Ya life nothing but memories and shames

[Chorus]

[GZA]

For those who thought it would of been a drought  
forever  
Flood the city wit plenty rain and call wicked weather  
The scale of the event was unprecedented  
MC's reactions, delayed and hesitant  
Swords are bent, the gravity gon' mad  
Heavy rhymes they move through the galaxy on pads  
While traveling, they test air and change seasons  
Collide with exploding stars and rap breathings  
The dominant factor within the universe  
Highest form of light that live off the grains of Earth  
Never go against it, because it's not the objective  
Plus there's no room for error on the different  
descriptive  
Yo, I still write the raw uncut material  
Before I blast the mic, RZA scratch off the serial  
Words are like bullets, verses are like clips  
Rhymes are just guns, cannons that sink ships

[Chorus]

[12 O'Clock]

Dope man, dope man, I got the snub in my right hand  
Traffic coke in the Mazda van  
My whole team Supreme Clientele like Ironman  
28, turn a range in his tan, man  
When I drive with my seeds, there's no contraband  
Like shooting revolvers, it's auto jam  
Got the baseball bat, head's a ball, man  
MOney tall, and nigga, this is midget man  
Cut up coke, I'm Edward the Scissorhands  
Niggas is pussy, all I see is panties, man  
Carry tools on my belt, like a handy man  
Smoke O.G. kush with Method Man

[Chorus]

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