

Brooklyn Zu f/ Killah Priest, Masta Killa "Eat Ya Food"

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[Chorus 2X: 12 O'Clock]

KP, Wu-Tang (see), Brooklyn Zu
Wit Killa on this track, we'll crush your crew
It's just like chess, think before you move
Don't make it your last move, we'll eat your food

[Shorty Shitstain]

I'm my own creation, and I mastered my tongue
They not ready for the butcher, son
Call me jetter home wrecker, but I cannot wreck ya
home
You wreck your own home, and now your girl wanna
bone
I guess she wanna rock and roll wit a stallion
Them BK niggas always wilding
What ya'll thought that New York was gone?
But I was in the country, banging those 808's, now facts

[12 O'Clock]

My style's like Gladys and the Pips
Patti LaBelle and David Ruffin from the Tempts
Patron and the kush got me bent, it make no sense
In my pocket is dough, in your, it's lint
I done seen more pussy than that white boy Larry Flynt
I bought my shit, you pay rent
Plus the bracelet on my arm, nigga, cost ten cent
And I borrowed a couple chains from Miss Ateen
Sagrent

[Chorus 2X]

[Killah Priest]

I'm cool as ice on the mic, make the world ignite
So nice on the dice, hit cee-lo twice
Kilo slice, weed blow illegal life
squeeze chrome, needles, pipes, with peepholes
Egos fight, desert eagle light
Keep hoes at a febel price
Priest, the pharaoh of the ghetto
In all boroughs, life and thorough
Live from a rebel, fire from the devil

[Buddha Monk]

My life post wit twin ghost, delete chumps, deep ghost
Plus heat toast, stay street code and eat souls
Try to stay right, but I'm labeled I'm a Black Knight
I just might take life by end of the night
Take the gangsta Zu banger from the Dirt Dog
Chamber
Slugs stopped then your Timb boots is getting a'
scuffed
If you need it, I got it, you want it, come and get it,
listen
My heat is an option, man, and you gon' be leaking

[Chorus 2X]

[Masta Killa]

Yo, you see the universal flag, design a wicked sword
swing
Thoughts connect, see banging flows keeping you wet
For all the ladies, this may apply, she fly
Like Bedstuy, see Killa talk, East New York
Where heads fly, stay high off the best shit
Thinking you can test it, the humbleness got you
fucked up
To run up, and now you've become my enemy, no kin in
me
Penalty for ways and acts, if you offend me
Ladies grab your man up in the party
Freak to the words I speak, I be the crew Chief
RZA Rah spinning the beat, summer heat
Got 'em bugging on the street, to teach the uncivilized
I'm held responsible to build before I kill something
Voice of the people, I reap the terrible classic
None equal to the truth I build
With the microphone skill

[Chorus 4X]

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