

Brooklyn Zu f/ Monk, RZA, Shavo Odadjian

"If I Had a Gun"

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[sample from "Zu Warriors"]

To become a Zu Warrior
One had to be brave, disciplined and selfless

[Intro: Buddha Monk]

Broadway... Zu....
Good looking on the track, baby
Yo, pass that forty, nigga
Ok...

[Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk]

If I had a gun, and you had a gun
Would you stand there, boy, or would you bust your
gun
But I know, that you won't
You scared to death, so duck low

[12 O'Clock]

The place that I'm from, is known through the world,
nigga
Guns and knives get carried by girls
It's the underground train station, bitches are squirrels
and I
Rock a four-four, named him Earl
He go ta twin sister and the handle is pearl
She hide under my shirt, so let's get 'em, girl
Her brother in the trunk, right next to the bird
When a nigga bust off a round, corners get curved
Shoot another one, and together they merge
And'll hit a nigga body, til it's blood in the shirt
His body in the hurse, on the way to the church
And grandma crying, get some tissue out of Archie
purse

[Chorus 2X]

[Buddha Monk]

I'm from a birth place, where memories are built
Numerous bodycounts, no trace of the killa
Only, Zu gorillas wait in alley to hit ya
Take gwop out ya pockets, then pistol whip you

You got guns, we got guns, shit
Try to find a Zu without the God Jewel, it'll never
happen
Do I ask for this life, hope she go alright
Momma made new fools, this clip duck and move me
New shoes, so new fools like Pro Tools
Line up fit to the Brook illy next tomb
I heard you say Brooklyn ain't like it used to be
That's because you're pussy and you always like you
used to be

[Chorus 2X]

[Monk]

You better chill, God, word to Allah, Lord, you terrycloth
A derelict that very soft, don't ever try to double cross
The Knights, that's a double loss, yellow tape ya block
off
In the West, it's a showdown, approach then we draw
down
If I had a gun, and you had a gun
I take three steps back, bust my gun and empty every
one
I had in the cartridge, even the one in the chamber
Real intelligent, bust was raised as a gangbanger
That's why my attitude is Rugged, so I get the fuck it
You bitch made, so what you got a gun, you won't bust
it
On Doc Doom, yeah, you can run but you can't hide
Scared to knuckle up, better duck when the slugs fly

[RZA]

I got guns wit multiple selections, guns with no
discretion
Bullets that change direction and catch you at the
intersection
Pop, scaredy cops off, whistle when I pop off
Whistle, blow your fucking socks off
Just my desire, get rid of you, if it's a miracle
You'll make it to critical, my bullets'll follow you to the
hospital
Catch you in secret places, show up in unusual spaces
Torched wit Iron Maiden, ya face get trapped in maces
Go back to back wit gats, cop walk the ten paces
Turn around and clap happy, niggas return to they
bases
I know real G's from Rally through Cali
From the southern cotton fields, to the Ohio Steel
Valley
From the Hills of Hollywood, to India in Bollywood
You get bucked-bucked-bucked, if you don't polly,

good...
I wish you would

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Shavo Odadjian]
O.D.B., rest in peace
Brooklyn Zu is about to takeover...

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