

Buddha Monk f/ Babyface Fenster**"Hang 'em High"**

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[Chorus: Babyface Fenster] Hang 'em high, hit 'em low
The rifle men, Crying Freeman Imbecile, incarceration
only made me a better criminal Hang 'em high, hit 'em
low Hang 'em high, hit 'em low Hang 'em high, hit 'em
low, low, low [Babyface Fenster] Your dialogue, don't
paint a real vivid picture Just oodles and noodles, ain't
it sad? Like living, with rats, roaches, and having an
abusive dad Some niggas is mad, I did the knowledge
to a jewel & ran with it Now I spit it, like it ain't no
shitted Stripe for mastery, culprits jealousy Seatings
clearly, like how sheisty and greedy niggas could be
Suppose to be family, must be, a bad connection
Reflection, resembles, Deacon Frost Blood suckers, the
price of fame it cost Stakes is high, sky's the limit I'm in
it to win it, a forerunner like Toyota Buy a bulk, or stack
a chunk of my cheddar Fuck a trendsetter, another
sound bwoy dying Compliments chain letter, Shanghai
killing Chico sticks and gangster flicks Boston baked
beans and other white meat Taste defeat, cuz you ain't
sweating it I'm letting it be known, only condone, real
works of art Assalant left no evidence, assassins don't
leave fingerprints It's a given, those that trespass, are
still living Praise dart... [Chorus] [Babyface Fenster] Heil
Hitler, fuck Schindler, Fenster claps all critics
Blasphemer, your shoes are mathematics Like them
niggas avicating violence Remember? Bad boys move
in silence Call me alias, information scarce A Manchu
subdue your crew like the flu You spic nigga cracker
jew Slanted eye gook, hypocrite, you talk that shit But
don't walk it, 'member me from "Who's the Killer?" Mr.
Sinister, verbally sharp like a dagger Stagger
opponents who swagger like thugs Braggadocious, you
love money, teach the truth Don't preach to the youth
about the wrong jewels Keep your fantasy, give me
reality any day In all actuality, music's a forum, use it
wisely It's ok to entertain, but material gain only
poisons the brain Of those influences, true riches is
knowledge of self A healthy servant of self worth,
you're God by nature That's why they hate cha, let's
take back our turf Get up, stand up, fight for you birth
right, fuck a platinum chain Them hoochies with coffin

coochies, refrain from mind games And scheming
things, devils, using tricknology To get ahead in
'monopoly', I topple the economy Crash, your 'wheels
of fortune', cuz you sell out if the 'price is right'
'Jeopardy', ya life, cuz a nigga'll smoke that ice Now
you a 'hollywood square', running scared Like Gregory
Hines, prepare, for land mines The redrum revisited...
[Chorus] [Outro: Babyface Fensta] Hang 'em high...
hang 'em high... I want a fist full of fucking dollars Yo,
dump nigga... burglar, burglar...

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