

## **Buddha Monk f/ Brooklyn Zu, Da Manchuz, Ol' Dirty Bastard**

### **"Prepare for the Buddha Monk"**

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[Hook: Ol' Dirty Bastard] Get prepared for the Buddha Monk You wanna get high? Roll up the skunk Ladies and gentlemen.. [Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard] Yo, turn this shit up, man Turn the mics open.. turn the mic up, man I want.. I want the mic.. I want the mic to shake The mic don't even sound good at all Man, what's up with that shit? Each one of these niggas try to say a rhyme They don't wanna work through that shit Knawl'msayin? Niggas gotta learn how to feel that shit.. If you're feelin with me, then you're dealin with filth If you can barely hear it then you need to go [Hook 2X] [Chorus: 12 O'Clock] It's a Buddha Monk show Brooklyn Zu niggas slumped, high off at Duck Low [Babyface Fenster] Nosy wails tales from a High Plainz Drifta Bounty Killer, most wanted villain Dead or alive, to survive we strive off gun smoke I toke, the Colt forty-five Desert Eagle, rips through cerebral tissue The issue, gun slingin, drug dealin, four wheelin Appealin chicks, up jumps the bullshit and it's a hit, a tale of two hoes Songs about clothes, need to be thrown out ya fuckin window Niggas lovin hoes, lickin their toes I suppose you high from the candy, for the nose Niggas is a joke, I take a toke of the lye and all the batty boys go boom bye bye [Chorus] [Chilli Black] Simply fucked up These niggas spreadin rumors and get touched up by M three-eighty-oh, Musa on the low Get ya high with fly style, rugged profile with chuckers, you know its time for some pound to go Now suckers, get they fuckin neck broke in my book Strike, if you don't want to get hype then stay put Bop shit like like liquid lips, spit like Mac's spit Burnin in whips, sippin and dip cops and shit The God can't slip, I hold the weight above my shoulders Fake toasters get bust back and still in the holster [Lee-Major] Don't play this shit backwards, it goes "MC's lack this" Deep in the corridors of the ghettos where I yap this Heads try to plot on this, kidnap us like slaves, du' Doggy, he's Wu, he's the brand new craze Young child misbehave on brand new styles that's bathed and addict was holdin black back in his earlier days I had badder days, that was better days and skills pays Still got laid, rollin on through these street trades Each

corner is equality, baby, do you follow me? Diggin in  
the Crates to write this sawed off biography While your  
girl be hard, gosh in me, partially, properly cuz you  
know the Gods be, I be new born to this, see? My  
mom's givin me a kiss and the first whif for me to live  
off this and your shit too Gods Ezekiel, do a due to live  
proof through My rhymes will be findin you, black will  
be designed you Dig into my chronicle, so I can  
unbondage you They let you see what they want you to  
but things is right in front of you [Ol' Dirty Bastard]  
Ladies and gentlemen... [Buddha Monk] Yes, we leave  
your brain demented, these God-bodies invented A  
skill of Resident Evil with no follow-up sequels My  
peoples, don't let the devil mislead you and beat you  
Wicked minds they feed through, sayin it here for the  
people It's unbelievable, weak minds they retrieve  
through Schemin for the CREAM, rejoice in the Land of  
the Dreams Slide the poison in the weak germs, black  
babies turn to earthworms In holocaust you must learn  
to speak your devil terms Your mind is tapped like  
forgery and everything you say is watery What you  
ought to do genius is stop karma like Twelve Monkeys  
[Chorus 2X] [Shorty Shitstain] I be the rap head and the  
mic's my pipe I'm about to get everybody high tonight  
You ain't had no cool shit like this since '95 My Cuffie  
tribe is mad live, people do or die and I be comin with  
the good shit, soundin like dope I know you smoke it,  
but you won't get high, off this note Have you up, really  
up like cocaine, you thought you could reign? but all  
you did was throw mad pain, like diamonds You could  
say I'm the lady's best friend and when it come to  
makin lyrics, I will represent Yo, climbin the charts like  
a cat I'm rollin with mad clips and gats I can't be  
stopped, like this is Shitty City and my Zu rolls thick,  
floodin the country with massive hits [G-Note\$] Yo, the  
pictures you painted and paragraphs is half-assed A  
hard task to accomplish, I'm a full definition of skills  
being impressive, one rhyme is selfish, it's known as  
relatives Objective and goal, make an emcee  
concentrate You're frustrated, when you examined  
Vocals' movin forward, with left and right pannin You're  
shootin tranquilizers, reach out as Spiritual touch This  
Brooklyn warrior walks with stab wounds to the gut You  
picked up twenty yards in rushin, menstrate Got hit,  
your backbone couldn't hold the weight Shit shift, like a  
burnt out clutch, position Twenty-two yard line, you're  
out of fuckin commission I'm fuckin up beats like Vodka  
from Finland, fatigue shit is green and left them calm  
like they we're all ready My shit is point blank period  
like a bitch bleedin heavy Spillin over the same pad,  
from my month, befall ass [Drunken Dragon] This is

lyrical insanity and mandatory we bust All you so-called  
crazy niggas still get touched Son I thought you had  
shit locked down, look around Manchuz took control of  
your stereo sound Plus the crown for the new found  
kings of this rap thing Victorious swing like Lo Han's,  
son no man could take what I start I keep the best for  
self, to get the poor part Plus the boot like Columbus,  
S.T.D. spread like fungus Touch hundreds, thousands,  
more than million Oh no we're four billions, our way of  
light shines through darkness I spark this track like lye,  
pop dukes was a gemini What's your sign? \*scratching  
of the beat and beeping\*

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