

Buddha Monk f/ C.C.F. Division**"U.K. Get You Shot Up"**

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[Intro: Free Murda] Yeah, U.K. United Kingdom, Lil' Free, Sha-Cronz, Tory Popa Wu [Chorus 2X: Free Murda, (ShaCronz)] Yo, we touch niggas Hush niggas when we pop up U.K. will I get you shot up (If you keep the blocks hot, throw the glocks up Let's get this money son, fuck being locked up) [Free Murda] What don't kill us, makes us stronger Niggas believin what they ain't seein Wanna be what they ain't Freedom or death, leave in a slink to get you aired out Runnin through the P's, get it cleared out Niggas wonderin, what my whereabouts The same shit, don't wear out Peep my dress codes, niggas fear it now Lil' Free tear it down, where your chest at? Killin me, nigga where you gon' rest at? Here, hot one, test that Pop one hit you in your mess cap Playin the buildin, don't hit you I'm slayin your children, grief in the night Hit you with the heat in the night One day while you chillin, have you sleep with a knife Sleep on me, and never wake up U.K. will never break up Gangstas I ganged up on your a banged up These lame ass niggas, my name's known to lay ass niggas [Chorus 2x] [Terra Tory] Drop like acid rain, niggas seem to drown in the fame Many clowns in the game, holdin a pound of aim Get you in the Range, fish turn strange Burnin the FDR, switch your lanes, times is changed Everything ain't goin the same You holdin the fame, control and maintain Soldiers invades, stay in your toes, guard your frame All praises due to the God, that's why the world came Step back, that's why the fuck they call me Jet Black Consume purple haze in the Ac' U.K. creepin through cracks, reachin for stacks Leave you leak, lead in your back Party's we crash, duke smash dudes that act fool Aimin at y'all rap crews, like these, we snatch jewels All about the CREAM, nigga Cash Rules U.K. always shine, every time we pass through [Chorus 2x] [ShaCronz] I flow bent, watch me get rid of y'all Rovers I'm laced with action, make it happen durin critical moments Make drama, say what I wanna say on tracks Game strong, just coped the new Timbs, grey on black Most toters, every New Year I spray on that Me and S and B on roofs, de-ray on cats This money, an inheritance, it cleanse my

evidence Shyheim run the reverends, been through
pain ever since Cats get juiced up like fruit flies, don't
hesitate to shoot guys Who thee? You're too hard, guns
fully-loaded like the news vibes Sparkin what they
publicize, all lies in this Kid, get in your skills like
soricus We don't play, we buy the bitch U.K. survive the
trick, we claim but never lie to chick Cronz never hot as
snitch, my object not to kill blacks But I still pack the
gat, my Tommy Hil' slacks I will, I peal caps, feel that
and keep it movin pa' [Chorus 2x]

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