

Buddha Monk f/ Da Manchuz**"Long Axe, Short Axe"**

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[Intro: kung fu sample] *Banging empty glass on the table* Hey! Some wine! [Chorus 3X: Drunken Dragon (G-Note\$)] Yo, times is hardcore, we settling the score (The strength from equality, God, the Manchu law) [G-Note\$] Yo, things will defined, your rhymes is killed, not together A fifty two block is not the weapon, it's my sword Peep the shit I'm connecting, regret the move Pay the penalty, subtracting from your action Hit the fucking chess move, mad block the area Enter niggas fields and get bombed the fuck up Like Hamburger Hill, who it may concern And get burned, your company get back And leaving it work, just like torture Torching my character, makes things muthafuckin' worser Headquarters cross like waters, infiltrated Rob the snake, it's territory rapist Front you right there, then learn the shit click Choppin' heads, the significant Pray for death, like I'm the dirty dozen That's rushing, that got me cashed out Like cousin, it's quick to buy it out Like niggas in Iran, bombs are thought and Created by the hand, expand like building with magnums behind me Bombed the fuck up like a Texaco refinery [Drunken Dragon] I don't need no motivation, shoot at my creation Heart stop inside my brain, like mental constipation I start the domination on your nation, causing hysteria Dutch Master fusion in the area Erase ya, fact the fact, you never chase Drunk blows like this I'm coming hard with no tazer Burn with the flame of a Dragon First stage: the smoke, then comes the choking and gagging Crack that at wack ass niggas that try to bag Bitches like little boys, running home to their dad You fake this, to make this, never could take this The asiatic black man, that's how I end this Conversation, with a bit of revelation And to end the rhyme, cuz that's how our occupation Redefine, nigga, for my very, come and get Grow intelligent God, it's our vocabulary I break a nigga jaw, it's necessary If you can't stand the heat, stay away from the fury [Chorus 2X] [G-Note\$] (Drunken Dragon) Niggas is shook, and what the fuck yo ass know about a juks Giving phony looks, half way crooks get chopped down and sized And that's on the rise, that the whiter man lies (With no suprise, watch

out when you lingle One big footed tingle, my sperm
that tingle-jangle-jiggle) Yo, she caught the fever for
the flavor of a hit single Darts is slashing, long axing,
harassing your character Amateur, call your manager
(Here's a quarter for the slaughter It's bound vacation,
like adult free lanes) Taking a shit, and you still fit Well
now you relevant, to the situation Chopping off limbs
and Manchuz domination (I'm untraceable, biting
pencils Cuz your whole fucking format is eraseful You
jackass, you caught in the stable, disabled) I'm
cutting more heads than at the sight of 5-0 Cuz, I
swings high (Yo, and I swings low) Don't you know, it's
going down in the drunk game Snakes and Brooklyn
Zu, who brought Tiger Crane (The Spiritual Boxer,
strong like an ox Block you out your size, burn like out
your box) Yo, pass more wine on the rocks, more wine
More wine, more wine, more wine, more wine! [Chorus
4X] [Outro: G-Note\$ (Drunken Dragon) {kung fu
sample}] Long Axe, Short Axe, we on some ass
backward shit, kid (Chopping heads) Manchu, coming
through, out the throat, is the better (Tracking all
crews, bitch) Got muthafuckin' bombs/grenades, up in
here, hahaha, hahahaha {Hmm, I guess that you are
Long Axe, Short Axe, right...}

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