

Buddha Monk f/ Da Manchuz, Kendra "New Improved"

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[Lee-Major] Yo, what? What? Run kid, run! You should break North for thinkin with your's Send out track signed sincerely hardcore Throw you in a choke hold hoe, smack you with the Mac-one-one My raps are double-action, run the track from the back end Don't have me bust your lip or have my glock slips That's one of you rap crews in the lip, huh? I'm two seconds off, I'm one second lost from a six-pack Now we put in together, we can all get that Huh? Puff forty the rocker, Shorty naughty with two squigs Three pulls then pass it back, don't even ask me why, black You may act, sane, you make act, shady I think he's still goin crazy over his baby Hailey Go 'head Hailey walk slow, my slow flow's so remarkable The rap attract until MC's come so I could spark a few Put you on starvin like a hostage, put you on like 'em Fossils What a rascal, triangular when I'm verbal head-bangin ya This style, lean on poles and watch heads fold and bang their pins like it's the same session So call the best that you know, uh, I'm numero uno Number one, hoe, whatever language you know You could've been my ace or my ill, we go through cases to beer Right now you goin aces of fear So it's a rhyme fract', don't turn out the lights and beast walk the streets, got you scared of the night [Chorus] "Play y'all niggas drunk, it ain't no mothafucka like me" (3X) "Cuz I be on, I be on some new improved next shit"

[Drunken Dragon] They call me Darth Vader when I'm invadin your space Raid your area (Yo Bazaar hit 'em with the mace) Leave that hard shit up under a rock, ya sound fake The platfrom shake, I'm like a human earthquake Feel the tremors, lights get dimmer, cut your power lines Short-shiggety-shine, illuminate your mind I heard too many rhymes slackin, too many MC's be lackin the skill that it takes (and they still rappin!) My apparatus is the baddest, my lyrical flow's the maddest Your style is the Pips without Gladys (HOO!) Light-Brite, these MC's be writin wack rhymes Claimin that they pullin fifty triggas at a time (Yo they lyin) I'm out firin, yo Puff you be While you poppin shit I'm puttin nuts up in your girl coochy I roll the mic up in the Philly Smoked it, now watch these MC's get silly from the contact,

Dragon, I rip mic's tight Poppin coochy in the daytime
and lyrics at night Damn right, Bob, I rock a rhyme non-
stop Straight from Brooklyn where my hip-hop gets
dropped [Chorus 2X] [G-Note\$] Ain't no mothafucka
like me.. On some next shit, holdin laser three-eighties
Givin laser dick to a bitch like Kendra, playa I'm on
tracks hustlin my pen, I'm a Nigga Wit Attitude like Ren
and Dre, keepin verses gangsta and I teach my little
couso's how to spit verbal ammo that I had Flex on they
dick and bomb shit up When my squad rolls up, it's
Nuthin But a G Thang We keep raps potent, that's a
gumbo thing Whodi! [Kendra] (Buddha Monk) Got y'all
niggas on ya back like I'ma fuck 'em in the V If you see
my cheetahs, China rings overseas (It's the darker
slower kamikaze gun totin Bust a rhyme, first one with
the Hennessy, drunk totin) It's motion on stage, put
niggas in a craze Musical chairs when I raise like flags,
a forte Hell raise, find ya by durags (durags) You crews
laugh, this staff blew too fast (We never knew that our
slang would cause too much impact on the Devil,
wantin to reject that but the kids is buyin that) Nigga's
tryin that, tricks we give, tricks with kids Tricks we live,
catchin licks, all in the demon's grip Need I say more?
Blow up Buddha-God, the stage shore Salute the lyrical
tear-up, we never fearin you Scarin you, too tough for
the wack, we never hearin you (You stuck by two of the
greatest captors (Yes) We bomby blue, blarin on every
track, if you ask us It's the BlackOut, bum-rush!) You
wanna get stupid? (Cold, ready to aim to bust back and
make noise) My corpse is a RZA from a Killah or nine
thriller Passin by Mumia is like trapped in the raw,
nigga (So who wanna test those who sue skin like
iodine) Acidic, my rock frequency like Jesus in Palestine
(Packin nickel-plated chrome nines I design lines to the
burn-freeze minds) Cross the River-Jordan in Timbs to
get mine It ain't a mothafucka like me! (It ain't a
mothafucka like me!) "Play y'all niggas drunk, it ain't
no mothafucka like me cuz I be on, I be on some new
improved next shit" [Chorus 2X]

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