

Buddha Monk f/ Drunken Dragon

"Who Want to Battle?"

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[Intro: Drunken Dragon] Niggas say they battling ..Say they battling... who battling, who battling? [Chorus: Drunken Dragon] Who want to battle, uh, meet me at the bar, rah Hit 'em with the raw, Drunk Dragon Fist Bazaar, uh Who want to battle, uh, meet me at the bar, rah Hit 'em with the raw, Drunk Dragon Fist Bazaar, uh Niggas say the battling, meet me at the bar Hit 'em with the raw, Drunk Dragon Fist Bazaar [Drunken Dragon] I smoke your whole party fast, me and my people crashing Live action, blasting, niggas without asking What, where, when, why, how dare you dare Ever declare war, drinking my beer Puffin' lah, like, oh, no he didn't Who you think you kidding with that flow you spitting? Bout to catch an ass whipping, for talking trash Listen to my nova blast, burning like kids cooking they kitchen Without no permission or parent supervision Apparently you missing this bomb shit, it's missing The sounds bob consecutive, at the crowd I set it off *Whistles* fireworks like July the 4th [Chorus: Drunken Dragon] Who want to battle, meet me at the bar Hit 'em with the raw, Drunk Dragon Fist Bazaar [Drunken Dragon] Who want to battle, step into my lair Dungeons and Dragons, who wants to be a player? Call me a hater, cuz it's the way my shit Make a nigga realize you're a faker Dope style taker, one sheisty move maker A little more soft and sweet, and I can bake ya Who done man take me for, ya want war? I kill you, you kill me, we still war Trapped by the law, yo, I'd rather get money Got no time for whores or these bonafied dummies Talking bout what you can do, well show and prove Some make moves, take your brain off snooze Eighteen Manchuz, scheme and lose Get fucked up like you had weed and booze And my dogs eat food, unless you choose To be the roast beef special on today's menu, yo [Hook: Drunken Dragon] Meet at the bar, it's the bizarre, bizarre, what Hit 'em with the raw, Drunk Dragon Meet at the bar, it's the bizarre, bizarre, what Hit 'em with the raw, Drunk Dragon [Drunken Dragon] I got snakes, creepin' all around my section Take my sword of justice, sever legs and collecting Soul power, from MC's I devour

Snatching niggas up by the collarbone, microphone
Regular, stranger, re-arranger My style is infinite, I
burn MC's when I spit Equipped with a masterful mind,
the rhyme simulated By the wine, the harborer, rhyme
writer Definite reciter, while you bite another nigga
rhyme I mastermind, the dirty dozen devastator Save
the wackness, for practice, I freeze ya flow Like Artic
winds, styles I invent, now [Chorus: Drunken Dragon]
Who want to battle, meet me at the bar, rah Hit 'em with
the raw, Drunk Dragon Fist Bazaar, uh Who want to
battle, meet me at the bar, rah Hit 'em with the raw,
Drunk Dragon...

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