

Buddha Monk f/ Drunken Dragon, Espionage

"Gots Like Come on Thru"

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[Intro: Buddha Monk]

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha...

Minds start to freeze, believe

It's the Wu-Tang, Killa Bees (Brooklyn Zoo)

Truths, Coming at your avenue

36 chambers that are fitted in you

When you thought it couldn't happen

We gonna take you to a new level, of hip-hop

[Chorus: all]

Wu, Gots like come on through

Su, That's the call of the Wu

Zu, Gots like come on through

Su, That's the call for the Zu

[Hook: all]

If you're from the east coast and

you're down with Brooklyn Zu

Su, That's the call for your crew

If you're from the west coast and

you're down with Brooklyn Zu

Su, That's the call for your crew

[Espionage]

Now call me heat miser blue in my top, you're not wiser

The lyrical rhymers, I burn that ass like lava

Magma, plus you can't bust my crust

They call me road runner, I leave that ass in the dust

I give the heat from beneath the Earth's core

Six million and fifty degrees, maybe more

Overground mounds, metallic minerals

I melt flesh, leaving mother fuckers in the mess

My crustal plate, you can't separate

My colossal force, BLAST, you're off course

Riding molten rock, I can flow non-stop

Condense with sea water, watch me spin like a top

For miles and miles deep, you can't endure the heat

Be the first to run, or the last nigga sleep

I saw with the glasses, thick like molasses

Now I breathe and exhale the poison gasses

[Chorus]

[Drunken Dragon]

Now take this, I hit you with the Drunken Dragon Fist
Got the punk for your mind leaving niggaz in bliss
I look deep into your eyes, deeper than your soul
Pulling out the inner thoughts, leave minds behold
I know exactly what your thinking, I wait for you to blink
And I hit you with a round to make your ego start
sinking
I send your wack ass back to class, learn something
So you can peep the real shit, and you can stop
fronting
On your phony block, with your phony glock until you
slip
When niggaz burn the drama they put teks on your lips
Hey son, I just thought about that shit
And you wanna be a gangsta rapper, boy you get the
dick
The Drunken Dragon, coming at you
And if I hear you say Brooklyn Zu, I say "Yo, who you?"
cuz

[Chorus]

[Buddha Monk]

Back the fuck up before I use my gat
Spray two to your mat, and four to your back
It's the hardcore warrior, straight from Medina
Look on my face it shows, no one meaner
Brooklyn Zu Killa Bees on the swarm
I be in your area so sound the alarm
Monks in the front know not to fuck with drunk
Knocking down niggaz, and the girl sees the lump
Shit is real, yes I'm hitting hard like steel
I'm coming through your town so it's best that you peel
For real, yes I get dirty with my skill
No snags in my thoughts, no time for my to trip up
Niggaz, your crazy, I leave no fucking traces
When I put it on that ass you'll be desintegrated
Crazy lunatic with the style that's sick
Somebody in my click is bound to set a pick
Your hit, by this trife shit that I fix
I'm just like the devil, I don't play no tricks, cuz

[Chorus]

[Hook]

[Outro: Buddha Monk]

Yeah, 1 2

Yeah, 170 New York Ave.
Ha ha ha
Peace to my brothers
And my nigga wack
Yo I love you niggaz
My little nephew
Peace to my steez
Peace to my Earth
Do that shit nigga
Do that shit nigga
There's too many tables
for you to fuck with me
Keep it real
mother fucker, pack steel
Don't fuck with me
Keep it real out there yo
Check it, it's the Ol' Dirty
Bastard, I love you nigga
I love you
It's gonna happen boy
Just watch for my shit

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