

Buddha Monk f/ Popa Chief

"Down With U"

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[Intro: Popa Chief] It's Cohen.. hah.. Popa Chief/Black Unicorn Daddy Warbucks/Buddha Monk (Aiyo my Zu conglomerates, we goin in!) [Popa Chief] Twist up the George Burns to this Peace to my constituents, smell my music My hip hop goes hood to hood, set to set Block to block and still got mega-props Y'all might as well as call the cops I'm the biggest hater on the block Brooklyn Zu's cream of the crop They don't want it with Pops Cuz I'm sicker than Miss Evans' boy With a case of the clap, y'all healthy raps Versus my one foot in the grave raps You might as well, stick ya dick in a bear trap You wish you was hot as turtlenecks in the summertime I'm a cold piece of work like the wintertime High-caliber slang, dead center, every time Chin tuck you winded, this can't be fixed with a bandage There's no excuse, no luggage, no excess baggage Submit, pay homage, free my people from bonage! [Chorus: Popa Chief] This is for my broke as shit niggaz who don't give a fuck Fortieth lick niggaz, trained to bust niggaz Rusty gun niggaz, my hungry niggaz, starvin niggaz Guess what? We just like y'all niggaz This is for my soap opera bitches, my fuck you baby daddy bitches My foodstamp, nail and weave bitches Club hoppin bitches, nailed her in the booth bitches Guess what? We wanna do it all of you bitches [Buddha Monk] Aiyo go to the liquor store, grab the Chardonay chick Then hit the corner and sell five of those black, man Next hit the studio, grab a little cutie yo Big butt, tits like the size from the movie show Pants saggin down with a gat, don't fail me now Only trust those from the seventh realm Only lay vocals niggaz when the chips is down Fuck bein down, it only keeps ya pockets more broke Dance to the drum beat off MP's ASR-10s, triffin tracks with a squeeze So blackout when I roll up with the A-Team And spray things, not in the air, straight at you teens And no time for is you is or is you ain't But baby bitch ya crazy, I gotta get this money I'm full focused, man, these C-Notes, evils? No Hey so wine, wheat, noodles and platinum songs [Chorus] [Popa Chief] Yes a sucker falls every minute You can't take it with you when you die so you might as well spent

it Coke and hot metal, a cold heart Criminal activities, a
fool and his money soon part An old lady's purse gets
snatched, ghetto roaches hats Tough guy meets his
match, cat-sized rats No baseball, just knives and
baseball bats A Range over flats, razors and gats
Nobody gets tested, everywhere there's drug infested
If you want hustle, invest it And I splurge over beer and
the herb The nouns and verbs, a couple of drunken
cellar birds A beautiful mind is a terrible thing to waste
So many criminal minds takin up space I rap race at a
rigorous pace, keeps all my slang laced Cuz I wanna be
the one that they congratulate! [Chorus X2]

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