

Voice In Fashion

"Art of War"

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[Intro: Buddha Monk]

I want the whole entire Clan

I want that shit to sound like it was stompin, for real

At ease, 10-4

There's only one that will ? to have the powers of truth

I want my soldiers to be dignified soldiers (Sir, yes, sir!)

I want you to march forward and bring forth the truth

chanting of "Zu" begins

I want you to go forth at 1,200 feet per a second

My troops are you ready? (Sir, yes, sir!)

Buddha Monk? (Yes, sir)

I want you to show and prove the powers that the ???

Are you ready ??? (Yes, sir)

army soldier marching chant begins

Pick up the pace!

army chanting speeds up

Take your left foot up!

chanting stops

[Buddha Monk]

You must be crazy to sacrifice your life against this Manchu'

I bomb you with the tactics, and I don't warn bastards

So think fast, watch this God cut like glass

Bring your frame fast and make you do the thirty yard dash

That's yo' ass, my kills make me the last man that stands

It's that Brooklyn Zu, damn, they want you to raise your fuckin hands

I'm equipped with some shit that's dark, kill light like an eclipse

Now bow down to this God, and all wish you will give to I

Then infiltrate, I make moves like an earthquake

Make them bitches get down and pass it to you on a slate

Then my oddessey sees many Gods, I thought I see you flinch

Don't mind him, yo, drag him, punch him in his shit!

Assassin with quick slashin, verbal smashin
There's no need to be askin, who be burnin you fuckin
bastards
I'm mastered, and I'll attack like a praying mantis
So visualize these words, over across seas enhance it
You're banished, the retro-scale shows a hundred
percent damage
Most niggaz parish from fuckin with the Brooklyn Zu
elements!

[Interlude: Buddha Monk]

chanting starts up again

Don't never fuck with the Brooklyn Zu elements!

All my soldiers, stand forth!

Show no fear!

Pick up your feet!

Now there needs to be some teachin goin on!

Are you ready ???

chanting stops

[Buddha Monk]

Alright, enough of nice, this next recite

Take life niggaz, and burn slowly down your windpipe

Sharp as ever, hellbound Brooklyn Zu predator

Whatever, we can get down in any weather

I'm a marksman, fat, round, royal blood kin

Dirty psycho trend, (SUUUUUU!) here come the

Brooklyn Zu men

There's a thousand men rushin in on one way, how can
you win?

Monk accompanied by X-Men and 4 psychos who'll

babble off your shin

I'm tired of y'all heathin, schemin to make me start
leakin

The first nigga open his mouth is the first nigga to start
bleedin

Yo, I mean this, I'm like a Q-Tip cleanin out yo' penis

And most of you niggaz will rotate around me like
you're fuckin Venus

At ease, here's a tissue for your nose bleed

Watch this Zu God seize, like seeds, that of Johnny
Appleseed

You wanna battle? First power, I see, hears you

Defy the laws of gravity, then my brain injects in you!

Now!

chanting starts again and continues to fade

roaring

