

Voice In Fashion

"Killa from the Villa"

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[Intro: Buddha Monk]

Hahahaahahahahahahahaha

Once again it's the God Buddha Monk

Representin the Zu

1-1-2, 4-4-1 Franklin Av.

Peace to all my niggaz

The RZA, knowwhat!msayin?

We gon' drop this track for my nigga, Y-Kim
and Q-Base. And it's deadly, deadly.

[Chorus: Buddha Monk]

Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa

Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa

Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa

Ah, it's the killa straight from the villa

Thriller, pealer, mind cell dweller

[Buddha Monk]

There's no need to get frantic

The Zu attacks minds and shit gets real hectic

Makin the kill like 7 masters

Tearin up the skills with total disaster

I'm after punk-ass niggaz with laughter

Puttin stains in their raps, here, now and after

You want to test the style of the Shaolin foe?

The cut comes from far, it is eyes, noses and souls

That's not enough time to lick nuff shots

The tech, the callico and one in the block

The 3 is for the kill, that kills and wrecks skills

It doesn't really matter how you feel, I want you ill

If you dare peepin skills, pullin vains, holes in shins

Only thing that's left is eyes, noses and chins

Who, tell me? Who, tell me? Who, tell me?

Can be known within...

[Chorus]

[Buddha Monk]

I see it in your eyes and you're scared to fuckin death

You fuck around boy, I cut your fuckin neck

Your styles is wack like that of, um, a hot mode

Man over sightly with spiritual powders
I'm deadly to the grain with my Brooklyn Zu slang
A killa that leaves no trace or blood stains
You're fucked up, now it's time to go dirt for dirt
You want the Zu name, for that you must work
You should've been taught 7 scores and 5 mics ago
I take life like my mad Fidel Castro
There's war, things ain't just peace no more
I come thru like a Texas chainsaw
F.A. is where I rock with twin glocks
Makin shit hot, rockin mad peoples knots
You're hit, then you bleed, then you say you're shit
You wish I disappeared by same this I'll fix

[Chorus]

[Buddha Monk]

Behold, I'm the foe that stands in the chamber
I'm Mr. RipYou when releasin the danger
Monk, receiver and teaches us all things that you need
Snatchin niggaz by the neck and the mother feels the
pain
Lyrical master with diaster, BLAOW!
Push yor caps back like burnin dutch masters
The sword of my click is crazy mad thick
Makin deep cuts cuz I'm sick of all this shit
That's my style, son, I'm ready for the war
The hits from the God, prepare to hit the floor
Sparks of an element, movin in a 7
Feelin the wrath of the Buddha, no wait for you to check
it
Check this, here's the killa thru this danger
Not enough, enters 36 chambers
Heads that feel, that thrills with a new skill
Burns the eyes, kills like electric eels
Kill has been told, what's the Shaolin foes gold?
Cut razor sharp, inflict holes in souls
Master of disaster, Wu tapes are raptures
Cut many ducks, became a grand master
You want to oppose this deadly technique
Buddha's knowledge is wicked, wicked like 10 priests
echos

[Chorus]

[Outro: Buddha Monk]

You don't understand!
You don't motherfuckin understand!
Don't fuck with the Brooklyn Zu
if you don't have the motherfuckin skills!
You bitch-ass mothafuckers can suck my dick!!

Don't fuck with the Brooklyn Zu!!
Suck my motherfuckin dick!!

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