

Helmut Zacharias

"Prepare for the Buddha Monk"

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[Hook: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Get prepared for the Buddha Monk
You wanna get high? Roll up the skunk
Ladies and gentlemen..

[Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Yo, turn this shit up, man
Turn the mics open.. turn the mic up, man
I want.. I want the mic.. I want the mic to shake
The mic don't even sound good at all
Man, what's up with that shit?
Each one of these niggaz try to say a rhyme
They don't wanna work through that shit
Kawl'msayin? Niggaz gotta learn how to feel that shit..
If you're feelin with me, then you're dealin with filth
If you can barely hear it then you need to go

[Hook 2X]

[Chorus 2X: 12 O'Clock]

It's a Buddha Monk show
Brooklyn Zu niggaz smoked, high off a duck low

[Babyface Finster]

Nosy wails tales from a High Plainz Drifta
Bounty Killer, most wanted villain
Dead or alive, to survive he strive off gun smoke
I toke, the Colt forty-five
Desert Eagle, rips through cerebral tissue
The issue, gun slingin, drug dealin, four wheelin
Appealin chicks, up jumps the bullshit
And it's a hit, a tale of two hoes
Songs about clothes, need to be thrown out ya fuckin
window
Niggaz lovin hoes, lickin their toes
I suppose you high from the candy, for the nose
Niggaz is a joke, I take a toke of the la
And all the botty boys go boom bye bye

[Chorus]

[Manley Musa]

If he fucked up

These niggaz spreadin rumors and get touched up

By M three-eighty-oh, Musa on the low

Get ya high with fly style, rugged profile

With chuckers, you know its time for some pound to go

Cock suckers, get they fuckin neck broke in my book

Strike, if you don't want to get hype then stay put

Pop shit like like liquid lips, spit like Mac's spit

Burnin in whips, sippin and dip cops and shit

The God can't slip, I hold the weight above my

shoulders

Fake toasters get bust back, you're still in the holster

Don't play this shit backwards, it goes "MC's lack this"

Deep in the corridors of the ghettos where I yap this

Heads try to plot on this, kidnap us like slaves, du'

Doggy, he's Wu, he's the brand new craze

Young child misbehave on brand new styles that's

bathed

And addict was holdin black back in his earlier days

I had badder days, that was better days and skills pays

Still got laid, rollin on through these street trades

Each corner is equality, baby, do you follow me?

Diggin in the Crates to write this sawed off biography

While your girl be hard, gosh in me, partially, properly

Cuz you know the Gods be, I be new born to this, see?

My mom's givin me a kiss and the first whif for me to

Live off this and your shit too

Gods teach Hebrew to a due to live proof through

My rhymes will be findin you, black will be designed

you

Dig into my chronicle, so I can unbondage you

They let you see what they want you to

But things is right in front of you

(Ladies and gentlemen...)

[Buddha Monk]

Yes, we leave your brain demented, these God-bodies

invented

A skill of Resident Evil with no follow-up sequels

My peoples, don't let the devil mislead you and beat

you

Wicked minds they feed through, sayin it here for the

people

It's unbelievable, weak minds they retrieve through

Schemin for the C.R.E.A.M., rejoice in the Land of the

Dreams

Slide the poison in the weak germs, black babies turn

to earthworms

In holocaust you must learn, dis-speak your devil terms

Your mind is tapped like forgery and everything you
say is watery
What you ought to do genius is stop karma like Twelve
Monkeys

[Chorus 2X]

[Shorty Shit Stain]

I be the rap head and the mic's my pipe
I'm about to get everybody high tonight
You ain't had no cool shit like this since '95
I can't be tried, it's mad live, people do or die
And I be comin with the good shit, soundin like dope
I know you smoke it, but you won't get high, off this
note
Have you upped Billy up like cocaine? You thought you
could reign?
But all you did was throw mad pain, like diamonds
You could send the lady's best friend
And when it come to makin lyrics, I will represent
Yo, climbin the charts like a cat
I'm rollin with mad clips and gats
I can't be stopped, like this is Shitty Shitty
And my Zu rolls thick, floodin the country with massive
hits

[Spiritual Assassin]

Yo, the pictures you painted and paragraphs is half-
assed
A hard task to accomplish, I'm a full definition of skills
Being impressive, one rhyme is selfish, it's known as
relatives
Objective and goal, make an emcee concentrate
You're frustrated, when you examined
Vocals' movin forward, with left and right pannin
You're shootin tranquilizers, reach out as Spiritual
touch
This Brooklyn warrior walks with stab wounds to the gut
You picked up twenty yards in rushin, menstrate
Got hit, your backbone couldn't hold the weight
Shit shift, like a burnt out clutch, position
Twenty-two yard line, you're out of fuckin commission
I'm fuckin up beats like Vodka from Finland, fatigue
shit is green
And left them calm like they we're all ready
My shit is point blank period like a bitch leanin heavy
Spillin over the same path, from my mouth you fall last

[Drunken Dragon]

This is lyrical insanity and mandatory we bust
All you so-called crazy niggaz still get touched

Son I thought you had shit locked down, look around
Manchuz took control of your stereo sound
Plus the crown for the new found kings of this rap thing
Victorious swing like Lo Han's, son no man could take
what I start
I keep the best for self, to get the poor part
Plus the boot like Columbus, S.T.D. spread like fungus
Touch hundreds, thousands, more than million
Oh no we're four billions, our way of light shines
through darkness
I spark this track like lye, pop dukes was a gemini
What's your sign?

scratching of the beat and beeping

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