

Buddha Monk, Bang It In Ya Whip

(feat. Babyface Finster & Shacronz)

(Intro: BabyFace Fensta, (Sha-Cronz),)

& Listen to I...& *echo*

(These punk-ass niggaz, they ain't ready)

(We made men, Haha!) Younah!mSayin? What, nigga?

(We--We been doin' this for years)

Y'all niggaz can't see this shit

& Du-du-du-dun-du-dun-da-dun&

Can't even fuck with this track

(Ain't nothin could stop us)

& Hee-ha-ha-ha-ha& You know, on the corse of desperados

(United Kingdom to the fullest) Word is bond

(Sha-Cronz) Peace to the Gods, UK, Poppa Wu

(Recognize) Buddha Monk, Sha-Cronz in the house

(Before we bring in drama) & Da-dun-da-da-dun&

Youknowwhat!msayin? All my niggaz about to get hit. Word up.

(Who we are, who we be) All my mommys about to get hit

(What we stand for) & Come on, hoo-hey-hey& Justice and equality

All my boriquas out there, too, up on the set

& My boriquas on the set& Youknowwhat!msayin?

Hit them niggaz like that, yo & Ha!&

(BabyFace Fensta)

It's the sinister, sick like clamidia

Burn like no vagina, your retina

Screwin like you hard, while I lick off your head

Pussy upper lips quiver as fright creaps in like a boa constrictor

Blow to your ego, clostrophobia, new sensation, revelation

Niggaz turn bitch, emotional winch

Get slapped around like faggot niggaz frontin

You unleashed the beast like the niece from Garfield east

Does the heads of the 12 priests, crab louse, won't catch it

Shut the fuck up, your mouth is like punks (Shut up!), always runnin (Ha!)

from the '90's, so I never will like onions and pills (Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu-Zu)

Leave you weary, teary-eyed and dreary (He-Heh-Heh-Huu-Ha!)

Create havoc with your bodily structure, your natural impulses

(ah-ah-ah) your sexual cravings, your freakish indulgence

Criminal antics, (hoo) your symnatics don't amaze me

Fuck around, you'll be pushin up daisies

Like them niggaz who slept when assassins crept through your villa

Grab you up... AHHH!

(Buddha Monk)

Who's the killa? Monk iodine

You got your eye on mines, niggaz, you wanna take mines?

Feel one down to your spine, several parts almost never find

Royal blood kin on your fetal line, I'm prepared to deal with fetal lines

Yo, check it out...

I took, blow, yo, you ran up the block and stuck 4

You should've known it was them bones, next page, close the door

Wait, I ain't finished yet with you so-called pros

You niggaz is packed like fuckin compactors

I'm blowin ya' back out, callin me the subcontractor

The actual nist gets broke like a wish

and marrow bones stay parrow in my zone like shadows

Niggaz is clones, blast off the Iron Palm, you're kept from sacred songs

The basics is first to hurts, so don't think fuckin Zu's could rest in dirt

The Projects is to eject shop up yets

The center, niggaz are scared to enter in

it's Buddha Monk, throw your head in the Cha-a-am-ber

(Sha-Cronz)

Yo, peep the real pro, put my skills to work

that show's Benz and about a mil' I'm worth
get higher than 10 kilohertz
Blank on tracks like hungry rodents
Rappers actin funny style and holdin
Frontin, posted up like bowlin
Pins rollin in Chevy's, while you're goin broke
Holdin a Benz, I'm heavy on the neck
Pissin weights, can't risk Kuwait
and objects, get these papas and escape
Ballad and Cronz is like a midget to an ape
Don't care if you got a biscuit and, uh, 8
niggaz rhymin with you, drama mental, time ain't with you
left dead, cops can't find a motherfuckin pistol
What?

(Chorus (x2): Buddha Monk)
We catchin large amounts, over-seas and upstate
Sha-Cronz, Buddha Monk and our nigga, BabyFace
It's an MC's fate to test the Zu's great
and we won't stop, until death is a bedmate

(Buddha Monk)
What? Alright, check this fly shit, this do or die shit
Monk drive-by hit, yea, bang it in ya whip
If I do it any way I wanna do it
Let me roast punks off this motherfuckin track that dumps
I'll elect to annihilate, serve on a fake MC
Who wanna test thee? Ha, nigga please
I'll serve you this here remedy, G-O-D fuckin up ya whole family
Yea, you know that's got to be me, swingin like Tarzan through trees
with a 9 in my hand, mane anybody who wants to battle this MC
and if that's not enough, then I'll huff and I'll puff
and mack yo' motherfuckin ass down, now stay down, ya low down
Better yet, here's a shot from the 4-pound
and the cops can't help ya, they yellin, "Blue-uniformed man is down"

(BabyFace Fensta)
What, niggaz, what?