

# Buddha Monk, Cut's to the Gut

(feat. Shorty Shit Stain & Dutch Master)

(Intro: Buddha Monk, (Shorty Shit Stain))

Yea, aight, yo  
We just gon' shut all these mothafuckas up  
(For all y'all gangsta mothafuckas)  
Yea, that shit

(Shorty Shit Stain of Brooklyn Zu)

It wasn't my fault you came outside without ya strap on  
Tryin to get yo mack on and niggaz took oath of possession  
Should've rolled deep, get crooked by niggaz I creap  
and catch ya when ya least expect, the hard head  
For those livin trife, it cuts like a knife  
Who choose to play dice, who choose to play dice  
It's that, this one is a money maker  
My album took that taker, I see ya nigga money and he stashin  
I caught that nigga and I had to quick react  
and blast quick, nigga tried to front, he gonna laugh at  
This type of style is hardcore, nigga tried to front  
When he WHAT? WHAT? Move on him, WHAT?  
But I'ma hit him with my utmost shit  
If ya can't bring death, then ya can't represent

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)

Deadly is the slang from the Brooklyn Zu  
When we comin thru ya town, what ya niggaz gonna do?

(Dutch Masta Killa)

Never carried steal, before ya got that deal  
But now ya wouldn't have got it, so now ya puffin chronic  
Two heads of drakness comin forth, there is many  
Blind once or twice, then those heads become pennys  
My swing is more deadly than a shot from yo gun  
You see I swung once, but really I swung fourth  
Just be by yo vision, now yo shit's on the floor  
Shit like that, ya can't face with plasta  
Sent niggaz back cuz I am the Dutch Masta  
Kill or pylon wack-ass styles in the mud  
Minds deep in heart, this is gold wit yo gut  
It's understood, oh he be someone you can't see  
and that someone is me, too deep for you to believe  
&From the day of yo birth till ya ride in the hurse  
There's nothin that happens that could've been worse  
Let me free, atom bomb will be the final sequel  
Which all men are cremated equal

(Buddha Monk)

Never war, come back on four tracks  
Niggaz wanna test the Bees, ya must be wack  
Never more, actual fact  
Comin thru with the Killa Bees attack  
My sword has the power to devour in any hour  
Slang cuts ya brains, now ya veins only hang  
Matter of sense, so I inflict the Killa hits  
Dirty will assist with this mix, breaks mad shit  
There's is no crew that can test the 1-12 crew  
Don't let me go SUU!, Killa Bees comin thru  
Break the war with the great and it kills with the slicin  
I come with mad sins, I'm the happy man again  
Come into my realm and I kill like the lizard palm  
Can't prevail with the tails, now ya mind dwells  
into a dimension, no facts, only fiction  
Who's sent to this train has three sixes on their skin

(Dutch Masta Killa)

BLOAW! Little hare was good, was dippy  
The wild-ass hippy who always packed the heater  
Lived the good life, was praised around, the hood life  
He ran with his man from the second floor  
Livin happy, puffin on the staircase wall  
Greedy had a younger brotha, they both lived with motha  
Motha had no fatha, they both held each otha  
and prayed for the otha, Greedy saw the seat  
Never knew the feat, at nite he would creap  
was still packin heat, the planned to catch a digga  
Greedy caught the hiccups, one, two more, three  
But Nosey got away, the eighty-fiver man  
Yea, he still strayed away, the clean Eddie faked it  
No icepick or fist, glock or tech-nine  
He contemplated this, caught in the shootout  
His man wanted his boot out, he was caught in a trance  
He has his mask, laid out past dawn, now momma's grave missed

(Outro: Dutch Masta Killa, (ODB))

Comin at 'cha from every type of angle  
Ya know Killa Bees represent the Bronx  
Queens, Manhattan, all over this world  
The east coast, straight and down  
Straight out of Clark's  
And all over everywhere  
Medina Warriors  
(I love to hear the Bees!)