

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, Manhatten, 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!)