

# Buddha Monk, We Roll in Brooklyn

(Buddha Monk)

We wisemen, shut down your slot time for fronting  
Investigate new spots, to keep them dead pres' coming  
You wanted, a life time of dark coles, dark clothes  
Hitmen, marksmen, that creep when the night's full  
Stake out your area, barricade your door neighbors  
Lockdown 5-0, with a scope that hide low  
Shut down Verizon in a thirty block radius  
Love holding hostages who believe in athiests  
Who baked this, a nigga that's great at this  
Step your depth, wishing then, watch you laying there breathless  
Do I fear death? Please, a nigga cock and squeeze  
My four-four ends beef with all enemies  
And that shit that I'm drinking make me care even less  
About how many bodies, I done put to rest  
No cold sweat, no doc checks, just me and my vest  
If the clip starts, slash a nigga, across his neck  
You got a deathwish, huh? You wanna bust yo', huh?  
I get-get jive, rush two to your side  
You wanna stop my cash, that means no, lab  
Got bitches with no ass, a nigga please, kill that, nigga, I roll

(Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk)

We roll, in Brooklyn, it's Brooklyn  
We roll, in Brooklyn, now you know, it's Brooklyn

(Buddha Monk)

I don't sleep, I take precaution in every gun pleasure  
Send about four-five slugs, through your iceberg sweater  
Ring the alarm, it's Jeffrey Dahm', when it's on  
My bullets are Hannibal'ist, eating through you animals  
And you can't hide, from this firey heat  
Where the rain is from sleet, they still got eternal sleep  
Look, man, this nigga here, done shit in his pants  
Tears in his eye, asking for a mercy on his life  
But not tonight, he knows too much, this kid's gotta die  
Leave a witness, kid, and you will get life  
I swore before my daddy, on this day that he died  
If it's beef on the streets, I'mma roll on it, right, nigga I roll

(Chorus 2X)

(Outro: Buddha Monk)

Know it nigga...