

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...