

# Buddha Monk, Who's There?

(Intro: Buddha Monk (Fung See U))

(Yo yo, fuck that, these niggaz talkin' that bullshit out here, man)  
(They bitch niggaz, man) Yeah yeah yeah, don't worry about it, Fung  
These niggaz ain't sayin' shit, yo check this out (fuck them niggaz!)

(Buddha Monk)

This one right here I'ma throw down for y'all  
Just because I did that, don't mean I care for y'all  
Brooklyn, nigga, the town of Biggie and Jay-Z  
Where both of them made money and now, of course, me  
Steppin' up to bat, ya out before ya swung  
I don't have rap cyphers, I laugh at rap cyphers  
What I need? I need to get in here and spit this quick  
So I could get thirty thousand closer to get gettin' rich  
Lampin' on the Island sippin' Hennessey and Red  
That's just for a vacation, I'ma live B.K. 'til I'm dead  
And fuck bein' iced out, I'd rather live in a nice house  
With my seeds, could smell the sea and not worry about goin' out  
Still bang, still sell them thangs  
Still clap at ya man, still first on ya man  
It's B.K., baby, and that was one take

{\*beat kicks in\*}

(Intro 2: Buddha Monk)

Yeah fuckin' young bucks  
Y'all can't fuck with us, nigga  
It's Team Elite, what?  
Buddha Monk, first see major, nigga

(Buddha Monk)

Make me Elite off the Team, nigga, my blood dirty hungry  
Thirsty fuckin' horny for the love of this game  
The streets ain't my fame but it's whole top aim  
Sell raw 'caine, live, cry, die, change  
And remember the name but you can't you're at aim  
Divin' from them things, survivin' from them things  
Whoa now, don't get too cocky, it might change  
Just cuz you with ya man, ain't a damn thing changed  
I glide for these rocks, re-up all my weed spots  
And please trust, Team Elite ain't far with the heaters  
All we need is us, take G's and bust, roll weed and puff  
You sleep then indeed, God, you will trust  
When I came in the door, I said it before  
Don't make it a homicide, lay yo' ass on the floor  
And Brooklyn don't care if y'all niggaz is bad  
And Brooklyn don't care if you die by my hand  
It's.. keep ya mouth closed, live life long  
It's.. it doesn't matter who's right or who's wrong  
It's.. Duc-Lo, some niggaz gettin' it on  
It's.. duck five-oh, bust at them rascals  
On the F.D.R. switchin' lanes, bustin' back, liftin' the pain  
You got one, did his man, dropped him, get around that van  
Well done, dunn, he stashed the car so they won't find me  
And trial me for any one of those Brooklyn robberies

(Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk)

Who's there? (Nigga, I don't know, I don't know)  
Who's there? (Nigga, I don't know, I don't know)

(Fung See U)

Welcome to Hell where cats survive off crack sales  
Where ya fifteen in the jail cell and can't make bail  
Where there's so much gunfire it's foggy city

Where cats release shots off a raw intensity  
Where motherfuckers like to get dough, live low  
To plough, pull motherfuckers out their car window  
My city dark and gloomy, ain't no sunshine  
Unless you lookin' down the barrel of a bloody-ass nine  
Pick up a package, on the Mason Dixon Line  
Guided by the angel of crime, I'm in it through time  
I'm not a role model, I just sip on forty bottles  
With my nigga Rilo reminicisin' about The Apollo  
The monument was shaped like a bullet that's hollow  
That's why I envision myself never ever seein' tomorrow  
My niggaz stretch from D.C. to Brooklyn  
When you hear "SUUU!" you know who the fuck's in command  
Welcome to Dodge City where the ex-mayor had a crisp hand  
And wouldn't serve a nigga without, a bird in the hand  
Let's go, the black commando, the inner-city Rambo  
Leave hoods in shambles, who the fuck wanna gamble?  
We don't talk where I'm from, we just, roll and get 'em  
A bunch of niggaz yellin' "Brrrr.. high high high-stick 'em!"  
From B.K. to the D.C., my niggaz keep it grimy  
Beef is where ya find me with a whole bunch of crimies

(Chorus 4X)