

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 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)