

# Buddha Monk, Bust Gats

(Intro: Derrick Sassin (Dungeon Masta))  
(Ahh man... yo son, it's about the 5 boroughs)  
B.X, B.K., D. Assassin, what? (Dungeon)  
Yeah (Lord Buddha Monk) Buddha Monk  
(How y'all feel?) What's good?  
(Haha) Bust gats, baby  
(Bust the gats, son, yo D, son) Uh-huh  
(Tell these niggaz why you The Assassin, man)  
OK.. (Holla)

(Derrick Sassin)  
I feel my wrist kick back  
Before you take a second to think, how real was that?  
The second one enters ya back, with mad rational force  
Before the third gets popped they tell us to stop and break North  
Run until I cough, the strings in this beat are the same ones I hear when I hold heat  
Lean Back like The Matrix, bust gats like The Matrix  
Couple bombs explodin' givin' you and ya crew a face-lift  
Face it, my inner Ayatollah will blow you a hole as big as the South Pole  
Come on, out you go  
I doubt ya so gangsta with that lead in ya bladder  
Now that's what I call a kidney stone, you bastard  
It feels like I'm kickin' shells to another universe  
Still shootin' up ya hearst until my trigger finder hurts  
I'm the worst, drinkin' fifths by myself, I was possessed by evil  
Forget that I did it and chilled with all my people

(Chorus: Derrick Sassin)  
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up before you get blown away  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker  
Didn't I tell you niggaz The Assassin is not a sucker?  
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up before you get blown away  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

(Dungeon Masta)  
Catch me in devious  
It's only the envious ones who wanna stake claim on oppressions  
Ways and actions is mysterious  
Free from lime light, pressure cut off air, veins tight  
Imagine all the crazy shit we do at night  
Off the roof top waitin' for someone to snipe  
I like to make the spot hot, nigga run the cash  
Don't make me have to send my little dudes for the stash  
Now, I'm too grown for the kiddie games  
Unless ya bitch wanna voluntarily give my brains  
D., check for I.D., po-po steps ahead of them  
I roll with scientists and crooks who not scared to hang ya body with fish hooks  
Don't make me tell ya ass again, you're no friend of me  
I'm public enemy number one, you don't know how I get down  
I lay you down face down, wanna get hostile?

(Chorus: Derrick Sassin)  
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up before you get blown away  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker  
Didn't I tell you niggaz that Dungeon is not a sucker?  
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up before you get blown away  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

(Buddha Monk)  
I notice a lot of cats that wanna be like me  
But go ahead and try it, you could never eat like me  
I'm first thought I'll see him, meet him, beat him, bleed him then leave him

Left dead on the canvas for the D's to retrieve him  
Toast nylon to the side, no eyes, 7:45  
Takes the weight of this ride for this 'scape to get by  
This is serious, ain't no chicks in this paper and shit  
Ya bitch thought on this that's why he takin' her and shit  
You better get with the Green Mile or be Destiny's Child  
Walkin' that wack ass back across the 8 Mile  
Don't you know, nowhere ya go is safe from me, bro'?  
I call wolves and try to get sent through to every hood  
Cock back the Lean Back, rat-a-tat-tat  
Duc-Lo or you'll be the next traitor to flow  
And my niggaz don't dance, we bust gats, hold up hands  
Get a head start and that diesel gat still in our hands

(Chorus: Derrick Sassin w/ Monk ad-libs)

You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up before you get blown away  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker  
Didn't I tell you niggaz the Monk is not a sucker?  
You bitches keep talkin', you need to shut the fuck up before you get blown away  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker  
Bust gats, bust gats motherfucker

(Outro: Buddha Monk (Derrick Sassin))

This is what it is  
(Bronx, New York.. Brooklyn, New York stand up  
New York City, here now, word up, Derrick Sassin  
Dungeon Masta) Training day (Buddha Monk  
Haha, bring it down.. bust gats)  
We out of here, that's what it is, training day