

Buddha Monk, East Side Story

(feat. Babyface Finster, Spiritual Assassin & Drunken Dragon)

(Intro: Buddha Monk)

Allah is God, We came here to travel
and speak the truth to those who do not know themselves.
We do the knowledge to everythin in our existence
and expense forth the truth. If you cannot stand on your
own two feet, what must be done? Nothin, you shall die
in your own inequity. I want y'all to feel me.
Let Allah take this path to teach the truth to those
who do not know themselves.

(BabyFace Fensta)

Heat like a pressure cooker
hard-boiled, like an egg, mad that they over-looked ya
Damn, shit never go right for a nigga like me
All my plots and schemes pretty much shattered dreams
Forced to re-evaluate my situation, realization
I'm 5% of the original nation who know the truth
The youth nowadays are color-coded, minds eroded
like rust on bumpers of old Chevy's from 1962
I used to cop 'em, but I had to drop 'em
Get aboard shaky ground, still I roam the compound
like the Saint, remember who I am
I might just rob the bank in your town
Went from sleepin in crates on Quincy Street
Never havin a refridgerator full of food to eat
Fallin out the windows of East New York
Was knowledge, understandin when I stoppin eatin pork

(Spiritual Assassin of Zu Manchuz)

Yo, pictures record my wonder years
The narrator, I write like diaries and journals
Layin with the bitch too much, swimmin in pools of pussy
mentally takes you out your zone, I'm livin un-satisfied
My eyes want to see gold bars in my palm
More suedes Clark's, the Fonz is poetry, Islam is science
Project shrimp scatters the grounds, whips and tyrants
Everyday's the same palace shit like the total thumper
Second time on this planet, things taken for granted
Advantage, presto, don't settle for less, strictly quality garments
Yo, exercise your right to bear arms, peace to salute the prostitutes
constitution, precious moments in her life
from stark 8, eternal is life, extremely fast

(Buddha Monk)

Yo, this life's full of savagery and the devil's still after me
I drink Bacardi to set the mind free, puff trees in the black teepee
I'm still hurtin from the shit the devil's still servin
It feels like a sayonce, but I'm trapped in chaos
Yo, me, oh, my it's chaos, livin in my hive
Back up, back up, for this time you must die

(Chorus: Drunken Dragon of Zu Manchuz)

I've watched niggaz get shot rocked, they cold ass locked up
in cells blocks, days of our lives, cheatin wives
Takin half a nigga's pie, enemies in disguise
Take ya clientel, ya girl and leave ya with the lies

(Manly Musa of Zu Ninjaz)

Yo, my Fam's Royal, hot like rotten camels in the desert
Drinkin rum, by these naked bitches rubbin me with baby oil
We all loyal with big gats, connect like seeds and soil bean with soil
Where all my nigga now wigs at? Jim hat, where shorty at with no kids at?

Like armored trucks with 25 bricks, I wanna stick that
Bein broke gave me the ice grill, If I can't smoke, I might ill
fight a dyke for tryin to steal
>From all my niggaz who can't grab, ain't no fun robbin and can't brag
cop grams and hand bags
That's like life with no map, a Dolja soldier on the wrong path
tryin to road block the road to riches
If you got somethin, maintain what you go left
cuz the only thing to fear in this world is life or death

(Redz of Zu Ninjaz)

Yo, this dream'll leave you fiendin for weight and a triple beam
Life's a scheme, so, you add it all up and got your plans to square off
Who was your man and bet this, I'm reckless on your high style's check list
I dead this through bloody wars, government laws, irritatin like sours
but soon to heal the ghetto neighborhoods where hittin steal
Ain't no peace, young ones blasted by the beast
I'm from the east where each and every teach
You'll feel it in your physical, mental credentials, fuck a nigga who sell,
right?
It was simple, my crew leave a stain where they start
A half moon when we depart, a full moon when the L sparks
You got to love it, some say the good and ugly live on high society's
made us, fuck what you say, they played us
9 servants, but feelin better when I'm goin for life
in my man's ride, that's yo' man, right?

(Buddha Monk)

You was my a-alike, cuz stars will like to shine so bright
Now you smoke crack pipes, sell ya whips for low price
Yo, what's wrong with you? M-O was known for jig-able
You had a crew, especially known to kill for you
Now you fucked up and no one even has a small clue
how you fell off and caught to these low down crack blues
That's why I sing this song, I'll keep holdin on
It makes me stay strong and hold this fort down with firearms
His life's pathetic for my man Nine, don't even sweat it
I'ma help ya ass out, no need for things, but don't forget it
cuz maybe on this cross road, I could take this same load
and who can help my ass out on a path to receive higher gold?

(Chorus (x2))

(Outro: Drunken Dragon of Zu Manchuz)

...nigga!!!