

Buddha Monk, Fuck Somebody Up

(Intro: Buddha Monk)

All hip hop fanatics, prepare to lock & load)
News flash: they just let my ass out the damn door
Umm.. (yea)

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)

You gonna make me fuck somebody up (Yo, you, you and you)
If ya keep on doin the things ya dooooo (That's right, everybody)
You gonna make me fuck somebody up (I mean you and you and you)
If ya keep on doin the things you are doooooin, don't wanna do it (Don't do it)

(Buddha Monk)

Yo, I'm tired of these niggaz in this industry
Procrastinate to assassinate me, what you high off some trees?
I figure ya said that cuz yo' bitch was on yo' back
Dead that, this vigilante wit' swords gon' come and chop down yo' facts
I stand amongst the square with a youth, phony prevail
Anythin other than that nigga, just condemned by Hell
Is you slick just to do the shit like Buddhists?
Heather B, three hundred sixty degrees, level move this
My audio shells is my surface and my third eye covered by mucus
Oh, so there's a hundred-eight pressure points, I'm sorry ya didn't know this
Ha, ya hopeless, also soon to be homeless
Ya betta sit back and start taken fuckin dough to this
My dosage, sick like white lotus, don't never quote this
Realize this tritan is mad ferocious
For the minute, I rolls out my Old Earth's home
Thug life became known and sold drugs like Al Capone
So, you're a so-called thug nigga, here's a slug for ya wigga
How ya figure? Ya test the style that was born to be wit' ya
I was born to be bad, the Brooklyn Zu, Thief of Bagdad
Lay yo' ass on the grass, and gimme all ya fuckin cash!
cuz..

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)

You gonna make me fuck somebody up (Yo, you, you and you)
If ya keep on doin the things ya dooooo (Don't make me do it!)
You gonna make me fuck somebody up (You know who I be, nigga, what?!)
If ya keep on doin the things you are doooooin, don't wanna do it!
(Level seven)

(Buddha Monk)

Yo, to each and every men, call yo' ten best friends
and watch this verbal murder just start to begin
Ha, like winds, my style enters yo' anatomy
Reconstruct yo' mind, niggaz, and shake to' bone cavity
Are you mad at me? Take yo' ass to Buddha Monk's academy
Get a crash-test course, nothin new for the G-O-D
You so silent, so silent then don't do it
For to be all bad, plus styes that run up like blood fluid
Yo, I'm true to this, wet rap flows like breakin mucus
Hit you so hard, it feels like a shift in yo' uterus
Have no clue to this? Oh, Buddha Monk's just movin in this mist
Yo, it's pure verbal murder when I get into yo' shiiiit

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)

You gonna make me fuck somebody up (hahahaha)
If ya keep on doin the things ya dooooo (Level ten)
You gonna make me fuck somebody up (I mean you and you and you)
If ya keep on doin the things you are doooooin, dont wanna do it!

(Buddha Monk)

Watch these whirlwind kicks, we move forward this very day
You pray that our kills it on yo' whole family

This technique that we speak seeps inside the devil's teeth
Now you're body's been breached by the seven-dotten priest
Stop the lyin, all hail to the God that's now residin
To teach the new souls the nightmares of lost foes
I move worst than Babylon, son I'll tally up ya arm
Throw this knowledge like windstorms, crown the sovreigns that bear arms
We Manchuz, Masta Allah Now C He U
and the Zig-Zag-Zag, seven fly picture this pyramid
Can't erase this shit I gave you from the devil, the triple-six
Manchuz not duck low while Brooklyn Zu make body blows
Hide your feet on hot coals, North Star fourty-eight track impose
Lyrics assassin strike low, Buddha Monk is above the law!
Now it's war! Things ain't just peace no more
You niggaz hit the floor floor, face the, face the floor, floor

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)

Say, you gonna (you)
you gonna... (you and you and you)
You gonna, ya gonna.. (what you gonna do?)
Ya gonna make fuck somebody up (Buddha Monk, you've done it again)
If ya keep on doin the things ya dooooo
(I don't wanna, yes, I don't wanna!)
You gonna make me fuck somebody up
(This is dedicated to all those who think I'm a real MC)
I don't wanna do it, yo, don't wanna do it!

(Outro: computerized high-pitched voice)

Buddha Monk, you just keep bangin em funky
You just keep bangin em funky
You know you a crazy cat, right?
Yes, that's right, baby
huh-huh-huh-huh, yea...