

# Buddha Monk, Got's Like Come On Thru

(feat. Ol' Dirty Bastard & Drunken Dragon)

(Intro: Buddha Monk, (Ol' Dirty Bastard))

Ahahahaha

Minds start to freeze, at ease

Its the Wu-Tang Killa Beez

Brooklyn Zu, where we roll, Manchuz

Comin at yo' avenuez

36 chambaz at a theater near ya

(To all my muthafuckin niggaz in the place to be

And llllast man to me)

We gon' take hip hop to anotha level

(Chorus: Buddha Monk & Ol' Dirty Bastard)

Wu, Gots like come on through

Su, That's the call of the Wu

Zu, Gots like come on through

Su, That's the call for the Zu

(Hook: Buddha Monk & Ol' Dirty Bastard)

If your from the east coast and

you're down with Brooklyn Zu

Su, That's the call for your crew

If your from the west coast and

you're down with Brooklyn Zu

Su, That's the call for your crew

(Buddha Monk)

Yo, I make myself official with the 7-dotted temple

And the knowledge procedes to take off like Emmitt's missile

Its the rapfire comin from this Lord, Monk and sire

Cut like barbfire, ka-boom, just raise your hands higher

I get off even if its battle or war, yall niggaz hit the floor

And word iz bond, It still prescribes laws, hate the allegations

So, I slam on this nation with motivation and watch out for the Zu domination

We could take it to anotha level, glock-block that kills treble

Honey rebels, and all yall niggaz betta end up in fuckin Bellevue

Yo, I mean that, I'm a god and I cut you no slack

You wanna act, then I attack and just split your wig back

Your some lame ass nigga rockin Tommy Hilfiger

With 3 sizes larger just to make you look bigger

And all you people out there procrastinatin to stop the assassination

You betta check up with your still and just watch the Zu nation

(Chorus)

(Drunken Dragon - Zu Manchuz)

Now take this, I hit you with the Drunken Dragon Fist

Got the punk for your mind leavinz niggas in bliss

I look deep into your eyes, diggin in your soul

Pullin out the inner thoughts, leave minds behold

I know exactly what your thinking, I wait for you to blink

And I hit you with a round to make your ego start sinking

I send your wack ass back to class, learn something

So you can peep the real shit, and you can stop fronting

On your phony block, with your phony glock until you slip

When niggaz burn the drama they put teks on your lips

Hey son, I just thought about that shit

And you wanna be a gangsta rapper, boy you get the dick

The Drunken Dragon, comin at you

And if I hear you say Brooklyn Zu, I say "Yo, who you?" cuz

(Chorus)

(Buddha Monk)

Back the fuck up before I use my gat  
Spray two to your neck and four to your back  
It's the hardcore warrior, straight from Medina  
Look on my face it shows, no one meaner  
Brooklyn Zu Killa Bees on the swarm  
I be in your area so sound the alarm  
Monks in the front know not to fuckin drunk  
Knocking down niggaz, and the girl sees the lump  
Shit is real, yes I'm hittin hard like steel  
I'm comin through your town so it's best that you peel  
For real, yes I get dirty with my skill  
No slacks in my thoughts, no time for my to trip up  
Niggaz, your crazy, I leave no fuckin traces  
When I put it on that ass you'll be desintegrated  
Crazy lunatic with the style that's sick  
Somebody in my click is bound to set a pick  
Your hit, by this trife shit that I fix  
I'm just like the devil, I don't play no tricks, cuz

(Chorus)

(Hook)

(Outro: Buddha Monk, (Ol' Dirty Bastard))

1-1-2, 4-4-1 Frankin Av.

Peace, to my nigga Wack

(Its all good, its all bad

Dirty runs for the mayor next year, finally

You'll neva see meeeeeeee)

Zu Zu Zu Zu Zu Zu Zu

SUUUUUUUUUUUU!!