

# Buddha Monk, Nigga Wut... La-La

(Intro: Juice)

Again? What the fuck? Uh-huh  
On the track, right?

(Juice)

Buddha and me, we the nicest, we don't need that ice shit  
Head from half dikers, jollies of all sizes  
No prize for second place, while I'm the hypest  
Haters came to cypher, mack 10's, I light ya  
Lay pipes since minors, game tight as plyers  
Ashtma, I'm still high in project risers  
Street kid disguisers, doorag crisis  
Timb construct stylist, rhymes run through ya houses  
Roof blown off, survive of the soon laws  
Bulletproof cocoon door, Brooklyn shoot the tools off  
I overheat excite bikes, one by the spine right  
Two hundred a seat, keep niggas on they feet  
Reach six feet of N speed, left that in the streets  
Understand my street speech, we be in on easy  
Grimey under shiesty, divided by greasy  
Highly flammable, burner, bust my attitude, b  
Not much to fuck with, don't press ya luck, kid  
Trust me, nigga, hey, you can do worst  
I have ya whole fucking family layed out in a hearse  
And I don't like guns nigga, better run nigga, go, go

(Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk)

La-la-la, la-la-la-da-la, laaa-ahh  
La-la-la, la-la-la-da-la, laaa-ahh  
La-la-la, la-la-la-da-la, laaa-ahh  
And if you don't know, now you know, nigga

(Buddha Monk)

What's this town represented by me? It's Brooklyn  
Bring the war on, niggas I suggest that you throw ya vest on  
I love this shit, settle nothing less than it  
Cap at you assholes, clack clack on you assholes  
Shit, you critics don't wanna see my clips or  
How many times I just flipped yo bitch  
It's a stick-up, stick-up! Don't ya get up, get up  
Now you know you done fucked up, right, right, right  
And you don't care if your quitters is mad at me  
I love to, walk the streets, carrying heat  
I love to, fuck with freaks in the back of the jeep  
I love to, bounce to a moet hit this on writer's sheet, let's go

(Chorus)