

# Buddha Monk, Nightmare on Zu Street

(Chorus: all)

Now we came here to party and to turn this mother out  
So get up on the dance floor, let me hear you scream and shout  
The Zu came here to party, let me see you shake that body  
If you ever try to test us, well nigga that's your ass

(Buddha Monk)

All my enemies, let me do my thing please  
Do my thing, do my thing, do my thing  
What's the Brooklyn Zu? Buddah Monk that's who  
Hit em over hip hop right back to size 2  
Fuck your crew, nothin new when the god comes through  
Cut your momma one time, make the people say "Oooooooo"  
It's professional, hip hop, murder to the shack  
Who want it? Step your ass right up on deck  
We can scrap over verbal combat, styles like a gat  
You been murdered once you seen the cassette or DAT  
That's a fact, never slack, move forward like a mack  
Kings of style black with my rhymes laid down on wax  
Who's next, take a step up in this verbal combat  
Catch a smack from this Brooklyn Zu artifact  
Take your wack style right back, put it in your pack  
Now I'm goin insane with my Brooklyn Zu train

(Chorus)

(Spiritual Assasin)

Yo niggaz is confused, lost in the mind of my pews  
There's nothin but havin a battle and  
To have your fuckin rhyme staggerin  
I'm sharp like a javelin bein thrown  
Like baseballs I'm crashin through windows in twin homes  
Snake venom, I'm much worse once up in em  
One dose'll have you comatose  
While that nigga's gettin ripped from the throat  
Scorchin hot thoughts, shoot the rot plot in your forts  
So you're shot down, had a seat bought  
Tryin to flow, yo  
In a forest we harvest with element ninjas  
Strength ingore pain when it entered  
Watch your fuckin style get tested  
When I cut I leave behind dirty ass infections  
Now choose your muthafuckin wepaon  
35 boxcutters sits in the midst  
Now blessin The Manchuz with my secret songship, Zu

(Chorus)

(Drunken Dragon)

Nigga banish you in verbal combat like Johnny Cage  
Fuckin with the beast unleashed like Primal Rage  
Turn the next page, it's another headliner  
Manchuz stalked out your wack show like Mel's Diner  
I'm the giggalo a.k.a. the muthafucker  
Start the new world order and here's the chloro, huh  
Too much intelligence to borrow, you're short mad cash  
I shit on niggaz so hard water splash on my ass  
Graced by an inch, I was smoother than a hustler  
Crooklyn Zoo trussler, musty cattle rustler  
Gut and bone crusher, dragonfist bizarre  
Wizard to god, rollin with the bomb squad