

Buddha Monk, Royal Monk

(Intro: Buddha Monk, (Dutch Masta Killa))

Ain't no smokin no God damn dutch in here at night

(What the fuck!? Who the fuck!?)

(That what it's all about, Zu Zu Zu Zu)

(Yea, hahahahaah. Lions and tigers and bears)

(That's what it's all about)

(Lions and tigers and bears)

Look at this shit comin at y'all

(Lions and tigers and bears)

Watch out

(Lions and tigers and bears)

(Lions and tigers and bears)

(Lions and tigers and bears)

I'ma hit you in ya head on time, boy

(Lions and tigers and bears)

(Lions and tigers and bears)

Prepare for the war, check it

(Lions and tigers and bears)

(Buddha Monk)

My creation comes from a style, abominations

Assassination, cuts on thru like an Arabian

First one steps, dies from vocals of Buddha's breathe

What's next? Ashes left standin with contacts

The Buddha's criminology is like the study of anthropology

Most knowledge cuts minds, it's mathematics, psychology

So lets proceed to give lyrics of ass-whippins

This will flow on, from generations of twelve kins

Forced to give you death by means of temptation

My excellerated thoughts and chemistry are annihilation

Dare to cross this path and oh loser.. bring it back, ah

Dare to cross the path of seven thieves of Bagdad

Monk whips like whiplash, stains the brain fast

Brains will be cracked with swiftness of hurricanes

Within this blowin verses, God lives in this game

No time to deal with the mentality, style is no formality

What's the reason for you wantin to live in this reality?

Only deal with cautions, with devils and snakes

Try to gain from my style, and that ass will get draped

No laughs, just grins, no mistakes that wake kins

Deals with all you fuckin ill-minded delinquents

Raps get tossed up, I'm ferocious like white lotus

Diagnosis, shows and proves, no hocus pocus

My lyrics froze MCs at velocity speeds

Like packin dry ice, the mind catches burn freeze

(Interlude: Buddha Monk, (Dutch Masta Killa))

hahahaha (Zu Zu Zu Zu) Give it to me now!

(Zu Zu Zu Zu)

(Zu Zu Zu Zu)

(Zu Zu Zu Zu)

(Buddha Monk)

The psychos grab ya arms, it's time to head for battle

Mona Lisa leaves it, ah fuck the boards, here comes the rebel

Raw is the slang of this tiger

My balls digs in skins, don't worry I ain't gonna bit ya

Safe as plantbase, no need for domination

Zu comes with styles of Gods from many generations

Forces in the dark, shall come to the light

I prevail, I rip chins and I tear ligaments out like frost bite

You hold up ya shield, just notice I got tight skills

Cuts to the left, protectors of the right grill

Palms of the mysteries, your styles cannot fuck with me

Cuts on the body, it's the technique that's inside me
Warpath is made from the gun and the blade
The only one that's hit, it's the one with the six-tray
Things that I do, it's just like the devil
Doin mad shit to cause mad trouble
Throw up ya shit cuz I'm crazy fuckin pissed
I'll beat that ass with chains, sticks and whips

(Outro: Dutch Masta Killa, (Buddha Monk))
And that's it, that's how it goes (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Be real or be phony, moni, macaroni (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Chillin, not real to the Grain (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
We keep it real, family (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Fam', I want a lot of land (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
All my Fam' is a Clan (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Thirty-six returns (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Brooklyn Zu (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Huh-huh-hahaha (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Gz-gza-gza-gza-booka-booka-booka (Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
(Zu Zu Zu Zu)
Boom Boom Boom Boom
Watch yo thoughts as they pass thru yo memory
Don't try to be a friend to me cuz you enemy
Remember me