

# Buddha Monk, Spark Somebody Up

\* promo version "Fuck Somebody Up" had slightly different with "Fuck" instead of "Spark";

(Intro: Buddha Monk, (computerized deep voice), &lt;sampler singer&gt;)  
(all hip hop acknowledge, prepare to embark the known)  
&lt;Oooooohhhh) News flash: they just let my ass out the damn door  
Umm.. (yea)

(Chorus: Sampled singer)

You gonna make me spark somebody up (Yo, you, you and you)  
If ya keep on doin the things ya dooooo (That's right, everybody)  
You gonna make me spark somebody up (I mean you and you and you)  
If ya keep on doin the things you are dooooin, 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: Sampled singer, (Buddha Monk)

You gonna make me spark 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 spark somebody up (You know who I be, nigga, what?!)  
If ya keep on doin the things you are dooooin, 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' shiiiiit

(Chorus: Sampled singer, (Buddha Monk)

You gonna make me spark somebody up (hahahaha)  
If ya keep on doin the things ya dooooo (Level ten)  
You gonna make me spark somebody up (I mean you and you and you)

If ya keep on doin the things you are dooooin, 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 Rahmel now sees you  
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: Sampled singer, (Buddha Monk)

Say, you gonna (you)  
you gonna... (you and you and you)  
You gonna, ya gonna.. (what you gonna do?)  
Ya gonna make me spark 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 spark 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...