Buddha Monk, Warrior Chiefs

sounds of fighting

(Intro: sampled)
I'm the warrior chief.
I'm the merciless God of anyone that disturbs me in my universe.
Fuck with me and you will suffer my wrath.

(Buddha Monk)
It's assassination day, so the devil now prays
That the bombs from this God don't sound no alarms
Now y'all stay calm, let me move like Rahmadan
Speak one word then you're gone, drop like Hiroshimo bombs
Creation of this playing made by 36 Chambers
It's death by wishes and mad niggaz is getting headaches
I'ma warn you, this shit here is about to get pathetic
And there's fucking boys getting shipped out by FedEx, If I said it
Then it's best that you protect your fucking head, kid
I re-design your chromosomes and make that shit my fucking home
Get out my war zone! and I'll leave you hit down all alone
I attack, that Killa Bee's chopping with an axe

(Dutch Masta Killa)
Fuck, it's dangerous in this game to bust
In holes, while triffels gain your trust
Representing Brooklyn from the Hook on
No question, we keep the truck on
Hoes, now get your fuck on
Now you're suck on some shit, we bust a nut on
All you niggaz waiting for this bitch, just hold on
Desert eagles busting at seagels flying the coup
I see you're face dipped in the plate, eating my soup
Now you're on a negative vibe, then rob me
Brooklyn Zu, we float through like foreign currency

(Spiritual Assassin of Zu Manchuz)
Sixteen kings, international
Going against the odds and the curse
A universal traveller verse
The first to peep this right or wrong turf
Trapped in the Earth's atmosphere
Knowing the wisdom and the knowledge, things is never clear
A hundred and eighty degree angle, straight line, bridge
Naked asylum, strangle this kid
That man move got rocked away far like hemmy's
Vision slightly off, they keeping one with the froth
Learning pussy, john protection, court minister, three six zeros
Spillin treble, a bow and arrow in hands of a crossed-eye indian

(BabyFace Fensta)
Like Jeff Domer and his barrel of dicks, I shred cliques
Crews, camps, clams, shit, the Iron Fist
Infiltrator of Shaolin, but Manchurian
Learned secrets in divine pamplets
Manuals numerous with horrendous skills
Intentional calculated kills from the hills
When Zu Street had nightmares, Manchuz came on through
Assassin's interior, humble exterior
You're getting warrier, stagering from the javelin
Rhymes get ate, like Pharoah Gram's, see eight
Motivate, Manchuz cleaned the plate
Went back for seconds, turned MC's to reverends
Ricans, Born Again Christians
Believing in mysteries and their histories
Nimble and swift like cheaters

We be crumbling divisions with murderous intentions

(Drunken Dragon of Zu Manchuz)
It's the number one rap creator forcing rhymes to make your mind boggle
Guzzling MC's like a bottle of OE, Drunken, pass me another cup
Round them up, mad jam, bust some rhymes and make them duck
Too late, watch your fucking aisle, I'm Mike Tyson
When I'm slicing, rhymes are accurate and precise then
Hitting straight to the point, I don't smoke joints
I only drink and puff blunts, so my niggaz appointed me
Malik, the Drunken Dragon, I'll burn your ass if you're lyrics are sagging
Cuz your rhymes are shitty, y'all move quick and niggaz say did-he
Do what I think he just did, that kid is witty
I don't need a welcome commitee, I just appear when I intend to
Roast an MC cuz that's an my agenda, sure contender, wack MC offender
Drop your draws, Manchuz'll get up in you

(Poppa Chief of Zu Ninjaz)
The click got crime with it, rolled back like I cracked a jackel
Breaking ankles, gang tackle
Most wanted like Tickle Me Elmo last Christmas
Today seems the perfect day to test my sword play
Planned it, before I did it, then I shitted
Lovely like Jada Pinkett naked in Jason's Lyrics
Bank on it, got my monkey wrench and my shank on it
Give me a beat like this and I get stank on it
Players is getting older, the older's getting younger
The Gods is getting wiser, crackheads getting bolder
I wouldn't tell you nothing to hurt you, unless I don't like you
One way or another Zu gon' get you

(Shorty Shit Stain of Brooklyn Zu)
I keep the toast in the harness
About to stick some foreigners
Run your garment, cuz I hear my stomach calling
It's a predicament, I'm falling
but you don't see me crawling
Cuz I'ma get this loot if it kills me
I'll lock your shit down like a master lock
Rolling with a master flock
Brooklyn Zu, those the warriors
No claiming colors, but strictly claiming hawk of fame
I'm leaving niggaz we the stain on their brain
Street life, we roll dice and rock diamonds
Cuz we shining as we bubble on this gold mine
And sip fine wines with all my kinds
Crazy cuffies, crazy cuffies
You niggaz bring your ruffy ruffy
Rhymes is falling like a bag of illy
Niggaz dealing with the real, come hear me

(War of Zu Manchuz)
Duel, I must stalk for the murder behind this shit
War lies in the bloody pill like alligators
Perpetrators got laced, War written on his face
Nigga lost his place and his concentration in his place
Clip full for too long leaks it empty
Reload, shots at the sky, boo you watch a mole
This original Manchu, technical assassin
Gun, ax, whipper, we bounce of your block with satisfaction
Destroy your anatomy aggressively
Killing niggaz was meant be be
Not logically, but self-explanatory
Your man died in a blaze of glory
Sword slash cut your bodies