

Popa Wu, Prepare for the Buddha Monk

(Hook: Ol' Dirty Bastard)

Get prepared for the Buddha Monk
You wanna get high? Roll up the skunk
Ladies and gentlemen..

(Intro: Ol' Dirty Bastard)

Yo, turn this shit up, man
Turn the mics open.. turn the mic up, man
I want.. I want the mic.. I want the mic to shake
The mic don't even sound good at all
Man, what's up with that shit?
Each one of these niggaz try to say a rhyme
They don't wanna work through that shit
Knaw!msayin? Niggaz gotta learn how to feel that shit..
If you're feelin with me, then you're dealin with filth
If you can barely hear it then you need to go

(Hook 2X)

(Chorus 2X: 12 O'Clock)

It's a Buddha Monk show
Brooklyn Zu niggaz smoked, high off a duck low

(Babyface Finster)

Nosy wails tales from a High Plainz Drifta
Bounty Killer, most wanted villain
Dead or alive, to survive he strive off gun smoke
I toke, the Colt forty-five
Desert Eagle, rips through cerebral tissue
The issue, gun slingin, drug dealin, four wheelin
Appealin chicks, up jumps the bullshit
And it's a hit, a tale of two hoes
Songs about clothes, need to be thrown out ya fuckin window
Niggaz lovin hoes, lickin their toes
I suppose you high from the candy, for the nose
Niggaz is a joke, I take a toke of the la
And all the botty boys go boom bye bye

(Chorus)

(Manley Musa)

If he fucked up
These niggaz spreadin rumors and get touched up
By M three-eighty-oh, Musa on the low
Get ya high with fly style, rugged profile
With chuckers, you know its time for some pound to go
Cock suckers, get they fuckin neck broke in my book
Strike, if you don't want to get hype then stay put
Pop shit like like liquid lips, spit like Mac's spit
Burnin in whips, sippin and dip cops and shit
The God can't slip, I hold the weight above my shoulders
Fake toasters get bust back, you're still in the holster
Don't play this shit backwards, it goes "MC's lack this"
Deep in the corridors of the ghettos where I yap this
Heads try to plot on this, kidnap us like slaves, du'
Doggy, he's Wu, he's the brand new craze
Young child misbehave on brand new styles that's bathed
And addict was holdin black back in his earlier days
I had badder days, that was better days and skills pays
Still got laid, rollin on through these street trades
Each corner is equality, baby, do you follow me?
Diggin in the Crates to write this sawed off biography
While your girl be hard, gosh in me, partially, properly
Cuz you know the Gods be, I be new born to this, see?

My mom's givin me a kiss and the first whif for me to
Live off this and your shit too
Gods teach Hebrew to a due to live proof through
My rhymes will be findin you, black will be designed you
Dig into my chronicle, so I can unbondage you
They let you see what they want you to
But things is right in front of you

(Ladies and gentlemen...)

(Buddha Monk)

Yes, we leave your brain demented, these God-bodies invented
A skill of Resident Evil with no follow-up sequels
My peoples, don't let the devil mislead you and beat you
Wicked minds they feed through, sayin it here for the people
It's unbelievable, weak minds they retrieve through
Schemin for the C.R.E.A.M., rejoice in the Land of the Dreams
Slide the poison in the weak germs, black babies turn to earthworms
In holocaust you must learn, dis-speak your devil terms
Your mind is tapped like forgery and everything you say is watery
What you ought to do genius is stop karma like Twelve Monkeys

(Chorus 2X)

(Shorty Shit Stain)

I be the rap head and the mic's my pipe
I'm about to get everybody high tonight
You ain't had no cool shit like this since '95
I can't be tried, it's mad live, people do or die
And I be comin with the good shit, soundin like dope
I know you smoke it, but you won't get high, off this note
Have you upped Billy up like cocaine? You thought you could reign?
But all you did was throw mad pain, like diamonds
You could send the lady's best friend
And when it come to makin lyrics, I will represent
Yo, climbin the charts like a cat
I'm rollin with mad clips and gats
I can't be stopped, like this is Shitty Shitty
And my Zu rolls thick, floodin the country with massive hits

(Spiritual Assassin)

Yo, the pictures you painted and paragraphs is half-assed
A hard task to accomplish, I'm a full definition of skills
Being impressive, one rhyme is selfish, it's known as relatives
Objective and goal, make an emcee concentrate
You're frustrated, when you examined
Vocals' movin forward, with left and right pannin
You're shootin tranquilizers, reach out as Spiritual touch
This Brooklyn warrior walks with stab wounds to the gut
You picked up twenty yards in rushin, menstrate
Got hit, your backbone couldn't hold the weight
Shit shift, like a burnt out clutch, position
Twenty-two yard line, you're out of fuckin commission
I'm fuckin up beats like Vodka from Finland, fatigue shit is green
And left them calm like they we're all ready
My shit is point blank period like a bitch leanin heavy
Spillin over the same path, from my mouth you fall last

(Drunken Dragon)

This is lyrical insanity and mandatory we bust
All you so-called crazy niggaz still get touched
Son I thought you had shit locked down, look around
Manchuz took control of your stereo sound
Plus the crown for the new found kings of this rap thing
Victorious swing like Lo Han's, son no man could take what I start

I keep the best for self, to get the poor part
Plus the boot like Columbus, S.T.D. spread like fungus
Touch hundreds, thousands, more than million
Oh no we're four billions, our way of light shines through darkness
I spark this track like lye, pop dukes was a gemini
What's your sign?

scratching of the beat and beeping