

Zu Ninjaz, Blazin'

(Intro: Buddha Monk)

Blazin'! Blazin'!

Ye-yeah, yo, yo, yo

Blaze.. check this shit out!

Yo yo...

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)

Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'!

(Do or die, nigga, you fuck around, die die nigga)

Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'!

(Yo my nigga fly by nigga)

Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'!

(Feel The Swarm niggas the fuckin' Duck Lo, nigga)

Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'!

(Do or die, nigga, you fuck around, die die nigga)

(Celo)

Bruise crews in ya brand new shoes

Lessons and jewels, eliminatin' all you wack crews

And rap crews with styles softere than styrofoam

I use an originality, suicidal like Ray Coon

Lyrical theifs bitin' my shit, you lose teeth

I smoke the beef like herb wrapped in a leaf with Popa Chief

Scott but hands glittered, like the language at Babel Tower

With the continents after the black load with flush shower

Ninjaz swing swords at you players and player haters

Doin' shows in fancy clothes, pimp hats and shiny gators

Perpetrators I bomb ya track with hooks and traps

Killin' you cats with all truth, actual facts

(Hook Ninja)

(Ordinarily, steadily) enormally, precisely

Slowly break down ya stamina and crush ya weak ass character

It's the itty bitty busta, the unidentifiable

I'm better, from drug dealer, cap pealer

Entrepreneur, rapper slash actor on ya TV screen

4-5-6 the guillotine, chop ya head off clean

Then flee the murder scene, I mean with this lyrical line I rhyme

It's the Ninja, props from the exit to the enter

With the same old wear that I wore last year

A little lighter, less food, more beer

Pocket full of wooden nickels

Printed in culture deal pickels, fans still cuz you fickle

Do ya best shit it tickles, haha

The world gonna laugh at you, said it again

Like the waistband in panties, niggaz is feminine

Bring it back like actual facts, pass it to me

You might not get it back!

(Buddha Monk)

Nigga shut the fuck up, pass the blunt

Uh, yuh, there he go again, look

Puff, puff, nigga puff puff pass

What's wrong with you?

I don't wanna hear that shit, nigga please!

(Raw)

Ya now entered to the Ninjaz Habitat, camouflaged in black

We attack from the back (Feel the swarm!)

Lyrical ambush begins, swords spin like whirlwinds

That constantly extend (Yo Duck Lo!)

Don't deal with hoes who choose to blow they nose

Fake niggaz with no dough posin' at our shows

Yeah, I pioneer my hits from last year

Masterpieces in stereo to lace up the radio
My authority overrules the majority
Indescent impurities, slaughter for my orderlies
My Ninjaz build like knights of the round table
Fertilize ya third eye if ya mind's unstable
Bust ya bluffs with slugs, wear ya hooks with rapper cables
My Zu's untamed, murderin' gangs with record labels

(Chorus: Buddha Monk)
Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'! Extreme!
Yo yo Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'!
(Do or die, nigga, you fuck around, die die nigga)
Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'!
(The swarm nigga feel the fuckin' Duck Lo nigga)
Blazin', hooks and traps, shit is amazin'!
Extreme assault.. yo, yo

(5 Foot Hyper Sniper)
Yo fuck you, you and you
You say you on point? You actin' like the next man
You got me starvin' and why you harvestin'
off of cash and truck jewelry? I need God degree
New wears? You don't care, you got me annoyed
Equality, ya foul ain't shit!
You stunk six, half the time you goin' raw in these Brooklyn tricks
You was born to ride dicks like them bitches in porno flicks
Why you ridin' my shit? Cuz I love to make hits
With thirty Zu misfits dressed in Ninja outfits
Take control like cop picks, relax while I rock shit
Ninjaz got that hot shit for mics like chocolate

(Popa Chief)
It's about pickin' through the right place at the right time
With ya right rhyme, Ninjaz stand on the gold mine
Flippin' the scripts, ninety-eight Tales from the Crypts
Bigger pools, bigger sips, international trips
Bigger arrows, bigger tips, ghetto antics
Combine with Ninja tactics, scientific, pornographic flicks get fetched
Don't believe it? You better check my statistics
Bust it, Popa Chief, far from a beginner
Breakin' the seam, disappear in thin air
Leavin' the rest of 'em, green with envy
or at least with jealousy cuz my team ain't friendly
It's not my fault I'm the lyrical Pathfinder
Like Beavis and Butthead, Doing America
Trailblazin', arson braisin'
A hero like Hogan, rippin' the illest slogans
We represent like the Nation of Domination!