

Zu Ninjaz, Ninjitzu

(Intro: Raw (Celo))

Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
(Comin' at 'cha...)

(Chorus x2: Celo, Raw)

Niggaz wanna flow the distance they can't do
Karate, I'll kick ya ass with Ninjitzu
Niggaz wanna flow the distance they can't do
Karate, I'll kick ya ass with Ninjitzu

(Raw)

I wonder who's the real one, so pound my back
When confronted with the pressure yo they ready to trap
Not quick to bust a gat or short on that chit-chat
Ain't tryin' to hear that crap, all my Zu Ninjaz stick together like Kit Kats
All you bitch niggaz suck a dick that's fat
On all fours, once you got me you can't hold your's
You wait like inhabitable whores, I cut you up and now you hurt like sores
Ready to buy-in some more, cuz you fake niggaz be screamin' hardcore
When drama sets in you be shittin' ya draws
Scared to walk to the store
Feel ya life frightened cuz of the sightings you endure
I eat you steak niggaz for dinner, on the ender I'm Raw you tenor
You think you tough cuz you bigger, I'm the bigger committer
Yo I'm nice with my nift swift hand moves
Tight and quick kicks that got blows
Firin' for that man's toes, I prefer to settle beef like old school
Or bless, so why not give my knuckles a kiss you little bitch

(D.L.)

Another fat mastermind blast rhymes just like a nine
Nothin' nice or kind, I intertwine with the refined like fine wine
Designed mine, get better with time
Gettin' cheddar while you nickel and dime, my rhymes shine
It's prime time, so step in the spot and make the plot thicken
It's D.L., what the hell? Rhymes be bullshittin'
I burn down mics like arsons on purpose
Smashin' any worthless MC to come to surface

(Chorus)

(K-Blunt)

You guessed it, we be the best at this
Watch, you just, pushed the Lexus
I'm catchin' CREAM with the rap Dream Team
Craziest bunch of niggaz that you ever could've seen
Aiyo, fuck that, this is how I do when I rap
Brooklyn Zu consists of crazy-ass niggaz with gats
Watch the blade it might cut ya back, counter-attack
If you dare get locked in here like the Hunchback
Better yet, get ya whole shit taxed
Technique, and ya whole fuckin' style is wack
Kill yaself, kamikaze like Jax, more accurate than road maps
I separate like math, ya wack from the black
Division, from the fact, with the Gods on the hunt now ya hooked and trapped
Bring it on back

(5 Foot Hyper Sniper)

Bring it on back!
Yo yo.. I saved that for real!
My infrared blasts ya head, crazy like Screwface the fuckin' dread
Marked for Death, Steven Seagal control gangs like a ref
I bust you like a Tec.. Blaow! Blaow!
I make ya body wet, it means business

Uplift, the scratch when you itch, I'm somethin' sick
Rap A.K., match with slaves, roll 4-5-6, fat cars with the kit
Alkoholik with Tha Liks, I'm mad at pussy cuz I got a dick
I add on like a three point shot, lyrics shoots like blaow!

(Chorus)

(Break: Celo)
Niggaz wanna flow the distance, can't do it
Nigga, flow like fluid, burn right through it
Yo, niggaz know it, can't fuck with these poets
Word up, can't stop the flow
You know.. Zu Ninja, on attack
Bring it back.. nigga.. nuh, nuh, nuh

(Chorus)

(Outro: Celo)
Ah... ninjitzu, ninjitzu
Zu, Zu, ninjitzu, ninjitzu.. slicin' ya track