

Buddha Monk, Clack Clack

(Intro: Juice (Buddha Monk))

(Watch this) Talking shit? Juice, Buddha Monk (Uh)
The fuck, what the fuck (what the fuck, nigga)
Alright, ok, alright, let's go, yeah
Come on my niggas (two of the greatest pirates)
I'm bout to put y'all on, Buddha Monk
Here we go (Fuck this til six in the morning)

(Juice)

I like gluey ice, chain like Kool G.'s twice
Japanese shorty do me, naughty sushi night
Blue jeans, gucci hair wrapped in a doobie ice
Platinum ruby, cast in cream got her nice
Y'all grab and squeeze booties, I get head in the bed
Where the co-ed SUNY, Puerto Rican groupies do me
Y'all lose me, not enough heat to catch up
I'm already squeezin, y'all pickin' y'all gats up
Don't get it twisted, act up, left in a casket
Calculus professors can't even add my math up
Too much hoes, never could be too much gold
I poly with the crack, y'all niggas rap, I just flow
I mastered that dough, life's a bitch, I harassed that hoe
Young thugs, and I'm laughin' at po'
After that dough, spit that action packed flow
I'm still number one when I'm last on tracks, yo, I rock slow

(Chorus 4X: Juice (Buddha Monk))

Understand black, when the gun goes clack clack
I aim where ya hat's at, nigga, you ain't that phat (It's Brooklyn)

(Buddha Monk)

What the fuck is this beef nigga? Then let's settle this shit
I was born a Dirty Bastard when my daddy stuck dick
I major in gun toting, bring your wack ass beat
I silence the lamb that think that he want it with me
My gun blazes four mics, nuff to bring all night
Take on the nice souls, remove all you assholes
No need for Duck Low, you outer bug gets holes
Clack clack the fo'fo, clack clack and make sure
It's daddy warbuck, war for willing, armed and ready
No mission big, no mission small, so fuck all of y'all
You cats think you rapping, kid, you better suit your happening
Weak chicks, weak clips and also, weak dicks
Ain't that a bitch, keep your game, run your shit
It looks better on my wrist, then it did you, bitch

(Chorus 4X)

(Buddha Monk)

We used to play truth or dare consequences, now we play with pop getters
Hard hitters, that'll shut down ya spot, nigga
I'm not the same kid that used to cut in school halls
Sex in back stairs, spittin' gum on walls
I'm how that west was won, I left ya son
Copped ten from yo show, break out with yo hoe
And you probably thinking, he's not the best MC
But it's best for your health that you don't mess with me, come on

(Juice)

Yo, give me the night, cuz I ain't had a good day in a long
Right or wrong, I write bombs, entice the norm
I'm precised informed, I'm bright, when the lights is on
And a lot claim they hot, but they writing wrong
And I really don't think these cats is ready

Cause we type that fight with knives, gats, bats and semi's
Blastin' any, war wounds, splash on Henny
And if you snatch by the enemy, then stash ya memory
Cash and envy, nigga...

(Outro: Buddha Monk (Juice))

Clack clack.... (savages) it's Brooklyn (all you nigga)

Clack clack.... its Brooklyn

Clack clack.... its Brooklyn

Clack clack.... its Brooklyn